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REV. JOHN MURRAY.

RECORDS

OF THE

LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN MURRAY,

LATE

MINISTER OF THE RECONCILIATION,

AND

SENIOR PASTOR OF THE UNIVERSALISTS CONGREGATED IN BOSTON.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE RECORDS CONTAIN ANECDOTES OF THE WRITER'S INFANCY, AND ARE EXTENDED TO SOME YEARS AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS PUBLIC LABOURS IN AMERICA.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A BRIEF CONTINUATION

TO THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY A FRIEND.

To Christian Friends this Volume makes appeal;
FRIENDS are indulgent—CHRISTIAN FRIENDS CAN FEEL.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY BOWEN AND CUSHING,

1827.

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PREFACE.

THE pages which compose the Volume now presented to the public, were originally designed only for the eye of a tender and beloved friend.

They were written at the earnest request of one, to whom the Author was endeared by many years of intimate friendship, and still more by those divine and soul-soothing tenets, of which it was his distinguished lot to be ORDAINED the Promulgator.

For those who, like this individual, have dwelt with rapture upon the blessed assurance of the boundless and enduring love of a redeeming God, as powerfully exhibited by those lips which rarely opened but to expatiate upon the glad tidings which was the theme of the angelic song: For those, who loved the philanthropic, the inspired Preacher, for the sake of the glorious inspiration; these sheets will possess the strongest, and most important interest: To such, and to such only, they are addressed. It is in compliance with their solicitations that they are sent into the world, and it is not even expected that those who turned a deaf ear to his consolatory message, and who knew not the powers of his mighty mind, or the pure, and exalted benevolence of his heart, will have any interest in inquiring, "*What manner of man was he who told these things, nor what spirit he was of?*"

BOSTON, MAY 2, 1816.

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LIFE

OF

REV. JOHN MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

Containing an Account of the Author's Birth and Parentage, until the Decease of his Father.

How sweetly roll'd over the morning of life,
How free from vexation, from sorrow and strife;
Kind Nature presented rich scenes to my view,
And every scene she presented was new.
But soon was the morning of life clouded o'er,
And its charming serenity lost;
Too soon was I forced to abandon the shore,
And on ocean's rude billows be tost.

YOUR earnest solicitations, my inestimable, my best friend, have, with me, the force of commands, and consequently I am irresistibly impelled to retrace for your gratification, as many of the incidents of early life, as live in my memory. Assured of your indulgence, I unhesitatingly commit to your candour, and to your discretion, the following sheets.

I am induced to regret, that my anecdotes of this charming season are not more multiplied. Were my recollection perfect, my enjoyments would be reiterated, but this would not be right, therefore it is not so; every season has its enjoyments, and the God of Nature has thought proper to keep them distinct, and appropriate.

I think, if I mistake not, I was ushered into this state of being on the 10th day of December, in the year of our Lord, *1741; four* years before the rebellion, in

Scotland, of forty-five. I mention this circumstance, as it proved to me, in early life, a source of some vexation. The rebellion terminated in the destruction of many of the Scotch nobility of my name, and this same rebellion was long the subject of political controversy, which generally finished in the execration of the Scots, and, on account of my name, I was looked upon as a party concerned.

I drew my first breath in the island of Great Britain, in the town of Alton, in Hampshire. This town boasts a Church, a Presbyterian and a Quaker meeting-house; a celebrated free school, an extensive and very useful manufacture, and it is environed by a plantation of hops. Alton is seated on the River Wey, 18 miles east-north-east of South-Hampton, and 48 miles west-south-west of London.

Being the first born of my parents, it is not wonderful that my appearance gave much joy, nor that the little complaints, incident to infancy, gave great apprehension. It was in consequence of some little indisposition, that they solicited and obtained for me private baptism. My parents were both sincerely religious, though members of different sects. My father was an Episcopalian, my mother a Presbyterian, yet Religion never disturbed the harmony of the family. My mother believed, as most good women *then* believed, that husbands ought to have the direction, especially in concerns of such vast importance, as to involve the future well being of their children, and of course it was agreed, that I should receive from the hands of an Episcopalian minister, the rite of private baptism; and as this ordinance, in this private manner, is not administered, except the infant is supposed in danger of going out of the world in an unregenerate state, before it can be brought to the church, I take for granted I was, by my apprehensive parents, believed in imminent danger;

yet, through succeeding years, I seemed almost exempt from the casualties of childhood. I am told that my parents, and grand parents, had much joy in me, that I never broke their rest nor disturbed their repose not even in weaning, that I was a healthy, good-humoured child, of a ruddy complexion, and that the equality of my disposition became proverbial. I found the use of my feet before I had completed my first year, but the gift of utterance was still postponed. I was hardly two years old, when I had a sister born; this sister was presented at the baptismal font, and, according to the custom in our Church, I was carried to be *received*, that is, all who are privately baptized, must, if they live, be publicly received in the congregation. The priest took me in his arms, and having prayed, according to the form made use of on such occasions, I articulated with an audible voice, AMEN. The congregation were astonished, and I have frequently heard my parents say, this was the first word I ever uttered, and that a long time elapsed, before I could distinctly articulate any other. Indulged, as I said, by bounteous nature, with much serenity of mind, every one was happy with me. I was fond of being abroad, and a servant was generally employed to gratify me. During these repeated rambles, I experienced some "hair breadth 'scapes," which, while they excited the wonder of my good parents, they failed not to record. From these frequent promenades, I derived that vigorous constitution, or at least its stability, which has prolonged my abode in this vale of tears, through many serious disorders, which have seemed to promise my emancipation. I do not remember the time when I did not behold the works of Nature with delight; such as the drapery of the heavens, and of the flowers of the garden, and of the fields; and I perfectly recollect, *before* I was clothed in masculine

habiliments, that I was delightedly occupied in opening the ground, throwing it into some form, and planting in regular order, little sprigs broken from the gooseberry, or currant bushes. My pleasures of this nature were, however, soon interrupted by going to school; this was my first affliction, yet, to imperious necessity, the sweet pliability of human nature soon conformed my mind: Nay, it was more than conformed; I derived even felicity, from the approbation of my school dame, from the pictures in my books; and especially from the acquaintance I formed with my school mates.

It does not appear to me that I was what the world calls naturally vicious. I was neither querulous, nor quarrelsome; I cannot trace in my mind a vestige of envy. I rejoiced in every advantage possessed by my little comrades, and my father was accustomed to exclaim, "Never, I believe, was such a boy; he absolutely delights as much in the new garments worn by the children of our neighbours, as in his own;" and indeed, as far as I can recollect during this sweet morning of life, my most complete satisfaction resulted from the gratification of others. I never enjoyed any thing alone, my earliest pleasures were social, and I was eager to reciprocate every good office. It is true I encountered difficulties, from the various dispositions of those with whom I associated, but, in my infant bosom, rancour or implacability found no place. Being however too fond of play, and ambitious of imitating my seniors, I had little time for reading; yet I learned, and at six years old could read a chapter in the Bible, not indeed very correctly, but I rarely paused at a word; however difficult, still I read on. My father I remember used sometimes to laugh out—a levity which, by the way, he seldom indulged—but he did sometimes laugh out, and say, "This boy sticks at nothing, *he has a most* astonishing invention; how it is he

utters such sounds, and passes on with such rapidity, I cannot conceive:" but my blunders were more frequently marked by a staggering box on the ear, which necessitated me to stop, when I was obliged to recommence, and go over the whole again. This conduct originated, even at this early age, more *fear* than *affection* for my father. I was studious to avoid his presence, and I richly enjoyed his absence. To my brothers and sisters, who were multiplied with uncommon rapidity, I was warmly attached, and as our mother contributed all in her power to our gratification, our pleasures were not surpassed, by those of any little group, which came under our observation.

My parents were the religious children of religious parents, and grand parents; they were the more religious on that account; and, as the descendants of ancient noble families value themselves on their pedigree, stimulating their children from considerations of ancestry to act up to the illustrious examples which they exhibit and emblazon, uniformly insisting that they shall avoid mixing with the plebeian race; so, as soon as I appeared to pay attention to interesting tales, I was made acquainted with the characters of my grand parents.

My paternal grandfather, however, possessed only negative religion; that is, his affection for my grandmother obliged him to conform to her, in every thing; and he esteemed himself happy, in being blest with a wife, who, from principle and inclination, was both able and willing to take upon herself the care, and culture of her children. How long this grandfather lived, I am unable to say, but my grandmother was, with respect to her religious attachments, more fortunate in a second marriage. She was united to a Mr. Beattie, a man of considerable note, in every point of view. It *was by this gentle*man's name, I became ac-

quainted with my grandmother; I remember, v very young, to have seen his picture, which gave i very high idea of his person. It was his son, who governour of the fortress, in the harbour of C My grandmother soon lost this second husband, never married again. She was, in the morning meridian of her life, a celebrated beauty: the ren of a fine face were visible when I knew her, I r beheld a more beautiful old lady. Traces of afflu were conspicuous in her dwelling, her furniture apparel; she was an immediate descendant of an cient and honourable family in France; her fat name was Barroux, one of the Noblesse, and a d er in the town of Paimboeuf, on the river Loire tween the city of Nantes, and the mouth of said r Mr. Barroux having buried his Lady, who left two daughters, thought proper, as was then the cu of people of distinction, to educate his eldest dau in England; this step banished her from her r country, and from her father: she never saw e more. Attaching herself to a family of Episcopa she became a zealous Protestant, which, together her selecting a husband of the same persuasion, firmed her an Exile for ever. The irritated fe of her father admitted no appeal, his affections totally alienated, he was a high spirited, obstinate and he swore in his wrath, he would wed the woman he met, provided he could obtain her co and she were not absolutely disgusting. The firs presented happened to be his chambermaid, he known to her his vow, was accepted with grat and they were speedily married. Not many after this event, the old gentleman died, leavi issue by his second marriage, and, as he left no his daughter, who continued under the paternal *entered into* possession of the whole estate; she,

ever, survived her father only three weeks, when my grandmother became the only legal heir to the property, both of her father, and her sister.

A large share of the personal estate was conveyed to England, by two priests; and the real estate was tendered to my grandmother, on condition that she would read her recantation, renounce the damnable doctrines of the Church of England, and receive the Host, as the *real presence*. My grandmother, and my father, after a conference, which continued but a few moments, cheerfully concurred in a relinquishment of the estate, and united in declaring, that, on terms so calculated to prostrate their integrity, they would not accept the whole kingdom of France. The clergymen returned to the Gallic shore, and the person left in the house, for the purpose of taking charge of the estate, until the heirs at law should recover their senses, continued in quiet possession of an inheritance, worth five hundred pounds sterling per annum. When the estate was thus, upon religious principles, surrendered, I was about five years of age; but having frequently heard my father circumstantially relate the transaction, as I advanced in life, my bosom often acknowledged a latent wish, that he had accepted an inheritance, to which his natural claim was indubitable, upon the terms offered by the ecclesiastics, which were, that my grandmother, and my father, should in so many words, qualify themselves for the possession of their right, while in their hearts, they continued to judge for themselves. But from a conduct so questionable, the guileless heart of my upright parent spontaneously revolted; and, for myself, while revolving years gave me to exult in his decision, the detection of so reprehensible a principle, in my own bosom, and at so early a period, originated much contrition. Yet, notwithstanding the very considerable sacrifice made by

my father, his uniform efforts commanded all the necessaries, and many of the elegancies of life. His children multiplied; four sons and five daughters augmented his felicities, he received from nature a strong mind, his parents bestowed upon him a good education, and he was universally respected and beloved.

The parents of my mother were well known to me, her father's name was James Rolt, his ancestors were all English; he was in early life a *bon-vivant*, and even when he became the head of a family, his reprehensible pursuits were nothing diminished; the silent sufferings of his wedded companion were strongly expressed in her wan countenance, and broken health. The circumstances of his conversion from dissipation to a life of severe piety were rather remarkable; and were considered in his day as miraculous.

Of the piety of my paternal grandfather, or my maternal grandmother, I have little to say. I have never heard that they allowed themselves in any improper indulgencies, and as they were the admirers of their devout companions, it is a fair conclusion, that they were at least negatively pious, and that if they did not lead, they cheerfully followed, in cultivating a pious disposition in the minds of their children; and, by consequence, Religion becamet he legitimate inheritance of my immediate parents. The conversion of my paternal grandmother, from the tenets in which she was educated, increased her zeal, while the inheritance, sacrificed from conscientious principles, gave her to consider herself more especially heir of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; and conscious that she had fully concurred with my father, in depriving their children of a temporal treasure, they were sedulously anxious to inculcate a persuasion of the necessity of securing another.

It is wonderful, that while it was the great business, both of my father and my mother, to render their children feelingly solicitous to secure an interest in the Redeemer, that they might thus be entitled to a blessed and happy futurity, they were both of them very rigid Calvinists.

The doctrines, taught by that gloomy Reformer, they undeviatingly taught in their family: and hence my soul frequently experienced the extreme of agony. Naturally vivacious, to implant religion among my juvenile pleasures required the most vigorous and uniform effort. Religion was not a native of the soil, it was an exotic, which, when planted, could only be kept alive by the most persevering attention. Hence Religion became a subject of terror. I was not ten years old when I began to suffer; the discovery of my sufferings gave my fond father much pleasure, he cherished hope of me when he found me suffering from my fears, and much indeed was I tortured by the severe, unbending discipline of my father, and the terrifying apprehensions of what I had to expect from the God who created me. The second son of my parents was naturally of a pensive, gloomy disposition. He was more piously disposed, and less fond of amusement than myself, and hearing much of Cain as the eldest son of Adam, of Esau as the eldest son of Isaac, and of Abel and Jacob as the younger sons, my soul was frequently filled with terror, verily believing my brother was the elected, and myself the rejected of God. This appalling consideration, even at this early period, frequently devoted my days and nights to tears and lamentation. But stability dwelt not with me, and the pleasing expectations of my father were often blasted; my attachment to my play-mates, and their childish gambols, revived, and when engaged in appropriate amusements, I often forgot the immediate terror of the rod, and of future mis-

ery; both of which, as often as I reflected, I painfully believed I should endure. My father took every method to confine me within his walls: it was with difficulty he prevailed upon himself to permit my attendance at school, yet this was necessary, and to school I must go; while that rigid and extreme vigilance, which was ever upon the alert, produced effects diametrically opposite to the end proposed. My appetite for pleasure increased, and I occasionally preferred the truant frolic, to the stated seasons of study, yea though I was certain severe castigation would be the consequence. Pious supplications were the accompaniments of the chastisements which were inflicted, so that I often passed from the terror of the rod, to the terrifying apprehensions of future and never-ending misery. Upon these terrific occasions, the most solemn resolutions were formed, and my vows were marked by floods of tears. I would no more offend either my father or *his* God; I dared not to say *my* God, for I had heard my father declare, that for any individual, *not* the elect of God, to say *of* God, or *to* God, "OUR FATHER," was nothing better than blasphemy; when most devout, I was prevented from deriving consolation from my pious breathings, by a persuasion that I was a reprobate, predestined to eternal perdition. In fact, I believed that I had nothing to hope, but every thing to fear, both from my Creator, and my father: and these soul-appalling considerations, by enforcing a conclusion, that I was but making provision for alternate torture, threw a cloud over every innocent enjoyment.

About the time that I attained my eleventh year my father removed to Ireland, and though I dreaded going with him any where, I was the only individual of the family whom he compelled to accompany him. Yet I *was captivated* by the charms of novelty. London

filled me with amazement, and my fond, my apprehensive father, was in continual dread of losing me; while the severity he practised to detain me near him, by invigorating my desires to escape from his presence, increased the evil.

We quitted London in the middle of April, and reaching Bristol, tarried but a little while in that city. At Pill, five miles from Bristol, between my father and myself, a final separation was on the point of taking place. In the Bristol river the tide is extremely rapid, I stepped into a boat on the slip, and letting it loose, the force of the current almost instantly carried it off into the channel, and had it been *ebb* instead of *flood* tide, I must inevitably have gone out to sea, and most probably should never have been heard of more: but the flood tide carried me with great rapidity up the river, and the only fear I experienced was from the effects of my father's indignation. The poor gentleman, with a number of compassionate individuals, were engaged, until almost twelve o'clock, in searching the town, and the harbour, and had returned home relinquishing every hope of my restoration. In the midst of the stream I found a large flat-bottomed boat at anchor, to which, making fast the boat I was in, I consequently proceeded no farther. At midnight, I heard voices on the side of the river, when earnestly imploring their aid, and offering a liberal reward, they came in their boat, and conveying me on shore, conducted me to my lodgings; but no language can describe my dismay, as I drew near my father, who was immediately preparing to administer the deserved chastisement, when the benevolent hostess interposed, and in pity-moving accents exclaimed: "Oh, for God's sake, let the poor Blood alone; I warrant me has suffered enough already." My father was softened, perhaps he was *not displeased* to find a pretence for mildness;

he gave me no correction for this offence; he even treated me with unusual kindness. We were detained in Pill three weeks, wishing for a favourable wind, three weeks more at Minehead, and three weeks at Milford Haven. Thus we were nine weeks in performing a passage, which is commonly made in forty-eight hours, and instead of my father's reaching Cork before the residue of his family, they were there almost at the moment of our arrival. In Cork we were at home; there dwelt the respected mother of my father, and in easy circumstances; many changes, however, had taken place in her family, although the remains of affluence were still visible. My father fixed his residence in the vicinity of this city, and a most pleasing residence it proved.

About this time the Methodists made their appearance, and my father was among the first who espoused their cause. His zeal for vital religion could hardly be surpassed, and it appeared to him that this innate, and holy operation, rejected by every other sect, had found refuge in the bosoms of these exemplary people. But though my father espoused the cause, he did not immediately become a Methodist: the Methodists were not Calvinists. Yet, if possible, he doubled his diligence, he kept his family more strict than ever; he was distinguished by the name of saint, and became the only person in his vicinity, whom the Methodists acknowledged as truly pious. With the religion of the Methodists I was greatly enamoured; they preached often, and in the streets; they had private societies of young people, and sweet singing, and a vast deal of it, and an amazing variety of tunes,—and all this was beyond expression charming. At this period the health of my father began to decline. Physicians concurred in opinion, that his complaints indicated a pulmonary *affection.* Again his efforts were renewed and invigor-

ated, and, poor gentleman, his labours were abundantly multiplied. The ardent desire of his soul was to render every individual of his family *actively* religious, and religious in his own way; but as his children necessarily mingled more or less with the children in the neighbourhood, they caught words and habits which he disliked, and application was made to the rod, as a sovereign panacea.

In the course of my twelfth year, my father was overtaken by a very heavy calamity; his house, his houses, and indeed almost every thing he possessed, were laid in ashes. He had only a moment to snatch to his bosom a sleeping infant from its cradle, when a part of the house fell in; an instant longer and they would both have been wrapped in the surrounding flames, and a deep sense of this preserving mercy accompanied him to his grave. Thus every event of his life seemed to combine to render his devotions more and more fervent. It was happy for us that my respectable grandmother still lived, whose extricating hand was an ever ready resource.

It was my father's constant practice, so long as his health would permit, to quit his bed, winter as well as summer, at four o'clock in the morning; a large portion of this time, thus redeemed from sleep, was devoted to private prayers, and meditations. At six o'clock the family were summoned, and I, as the eldest son, was ordered into my closet, for the purpose of private devotion. My father, however, did not go with me, and I did not always pray; I was not always in a praying frame; but the deceit, which I was thus reduced to the necessity of practising, was an additional torture to my labouring mind. After the family were collected, it was my part to read a chapter in the bible; then followed a long and fervent prayer by my father; breakfast succeeded, when the children being sent to school, the

business of the day commenced. In the course of the day, my father, as I believe, never omitted his private devotions, and, in the evening, the whole family were again collected, the children examined, our faults recorded, and I, as an example to the rest, especially chastised. My father rarely passed by an offence, without marking it by such punishment as his sense of duty awarded; and when my tearful mother interceded for me, he would respond to her entreaties in the language of Solomon, "*if thou beat him with a rod, he shall not die;*" the bible was again introduced, and the day was closed by prayer. Sunday was a day much to be dreaded in our family; we were all awakened at early dawn, private devotions attended, breakfast hastily dismissed, shutters closed, no light but from the back part of the house, no noise could bring any part of the family to the window, not a syllable was uttered upon secular affairs; every one who could read, children and domestics, had their allotted chapters. Family prayer succeeded, after which, Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest was assigned to me, my mother all the time in terror lest the children should be an interruption. At last the bell summoned us to Church, whither in solemn order we proceeded: I close to my father, who admonished me to look straight forward, and not let my eyes wander after vanity. At Church, I was fixed at his elbow, compelled to kneel when he kneeled, stand when he stood, to find the Psalm, Epistle, Gospel, and collects for the day, and any instance of inattention was vigilantly marked, and unrelentingly punished. When I returned from Church, I was ordered to my closet; and when I came forth, the chapter, from which the preacher had taken his text, was read, and I was then questioned respecting the sermon, a part of which I could generally repeat. Dinner, as breakfast, was taken *in silent haste*, after which we were not suffered to walk,

even in the garden, but every one must either read, or hear reading, until the bell gave the signal for afternoon service, from which we returned to private devotion, to reading, to catechising, to examination, and long family prayer, which closed the most laborious day of the week. It was the custom for many of our visiting friends to unite with us in these evening exercises, to the no small gratification of my father; it is true, especially after he became an invalid, he was often extremely fatigued, but, upon these occasions, the more he suffered, the more he rejoiced, since his reward would be greater, and indeed his sufferings, of every description, were to him a never-failing source of consolation. In fact, this devotional life became to him second nature, but it was not so to his family. For myself, I was alternately serious, and wild, but never very moderate in any thing. My father rejoiced in my devotional frames, and was encouraged to proceed, as occasion was given, in the good work of whipping, admonishing, and praying. I continued to repeat my pious resolutions, and, still more to bind my soul, I once vowed a vow unto the Lord,—kissing the book for the purpose of adding to its solemnity,—that I would no more visit the pleasure grounds, nor again associate with those boys who had been my companions. Almost immediately after this transaction I attended a thundering preacher, who, taking for his text that command of our Saviour, which directs his disciples to "*swear not at all*," gave me to believe I had committed a most heinous transgression, in the oath that I had taken; nay, he went so far as to assure his hearers, that to say "*upon my word*," was an oath, a very horrid oath, since it was tantamount to swearing by Jesus Christ, inasmuch as he was the word, who was made flesh for us, and dwelt among us. This sermon rendered me for a long season truly wretched, while I had no individual *to whom* I could confide my distresses.

To my father I dared not even name my secret afflictions, and my mother, as far as the tenderness of her nature would permit, was in strict unison with her venerated husband. The depression of my spirits upon this occasion was great, and enduring; but for revolving months I continued what they called a good boy, I was attentive to my book, carefully following the directions which were given me, and, on my return from school, instead of squandering the hours of intermission with idle associates, I immediately retired to the garden, which constituted one of the first pleasures of my life; in fact, the cultivation of fruits, and flowers, has, in every period of my existence, continued to me a prime source of enjoyment. My paternal grandmother was the Lady Bountiful of the parish; having made it her study, she became an adept in the distillation of simples, she had a very large garden adjoining to my father's, and she cultivated an amazing variety of plants. As I was her favourite assistant, she gradually obtained my father's permission, that I should appropriate to her a large part of my time, and the hours which I consequently devoted to this venerable lady, in her garden, and in her habitation, were to me halcyon hours. It was my study to enrich her grounds with every choice herb, or flower, which met my gaze, and I was ever on the alert to collect plants of the most rare description. This was confessedly an innocent amusement; it would bear reflection, and was therefore delightful. Alas! alas! it was too replete with felicity to be continued. I was soon compelled to relinquish my pleasant occupation. My father found it necessary to remove from the neighbourhood of his mother, and her garden no more bloomed for me.

We were speedily established in the vicinity of a nobleman's seat, in which was instituted an academy of *high reputation*. It was under the direction of an Epis-

copalian clergyman, who, being well acquainted with, and much attached to my father, had frequent opportunities of hearing me recite many chapters from the bible, which I had committed to memory, and becoming fond of me, he earnestly importuned my father to surrender me up to his care. "He shall live in my family," said he; "he shall be unto me as a son, I will instruct him, and when opportunity offers, he shall become a member of the University: he has a prodigious memory, his understanding needs only to be opened, when he will make the most rapid progress." But my father, trembling for my spiritual interest, if removed from his guardian care, returned to this liberal proposal the most unqualified negative, and my writing-master immediately sought, and obtained the situation for his son, who was about my age. In this academy many noblemen's sons were qualified for Trinity College, Dublin, and in a few years one of those ennobled students, selected my fortunate schoolmate as a companion; he passed through Trinity College, and received its honours, from which period I never again beheld him, until I saw him in a pulpit in the city of London.

Though my social propensities, at every period of my life greatly predominated, yet the close attention paid me by my father, greatly abridged every enjoyment of this description. Yet I did form one dear connexion, with whom I held sweet converse. But of the society of this dear youth I was soon deprived. Recalled by his family, he was to leave town upon a Sunday morning, and instead of going to Church, I took my way to his lodgings, for the purpose of bidding him a last farewell. The ill health of my father prevented him from attending Church on that day, but tidings of my delinquency were conveyed to him by a gentleman of his acquaintance, and my punishment, as I then *believed, was more* than proportioned to my

fault. Still, however, I had sufficient hardihood to run great hazards. A review of several regiments of soldiers was announced; I could not obtain leave to be present, yet, for the purpose of witnessing a sight so novel, I was determined to take the day to myself; I suffered much through the day from hunger, and I anticipated my reception at home. In the evening, I stopped at a little hut, where the homely supper smoked upon the frugal board; the cottagers had the goodness to press me to partake with them; my heart blessed them; I should, like Esau, have given my birthright, had it been mine to bestow, for this entertainment; but, blessings on the hospitable inhabitants of this island, they make no demands either upon friend, or stranger; every individual is welcome to whatever sustenance either their houses, or their huts, afford. I sat down, and I eat the sweetest meal I ever eat in my life, the pleasure of which I have never yet forgotten, although the paternal chastisement, which followed, was uncommonly severe.

The time now approached when it was judged necessary I should engage in some business, by which I might secure the necessaries of life. The conscience of my father had deprived me of an estate, and of a collegiate education, and it was incumbent upon him to make some provision for me. But what was to be done? If he sent me abroad, I should most unquestionably contract bad habits. Well then, he would bring me up himself; but this was very difficult. He had for some time thrown up business, but new expenses must be incurred. Finally, however, I commenced my new career, and under the eye of my pains-taking father. I did not however like it; yet I went on well, and, dividing my attention between my occupation and my garden, I had little leisure. It was at this period I *began once more* to experience the powerful operation

of religion, and *secret* devotion became my *choice.* Perhaps no one of my age ever more potently felt the joys, and sorrows of Religion. The Methodists had followed us to our new situation, and they made much noise; they courted, and obtained the attention of my father, and he now joined their society. They urged him to become a preacher, but his great humility, and his disbelief of Arminianism were insuperable bars. He was nevertheless a powerful assistant to the Methodists. Mr. John Wesley was a great admirer of my father, and he distinguished him beyond any individual in the society; perseveringly urging him to become the leader of a class, and to meet the society in the absence of their preachers: to all which my father consented. I think I have before observed, that I was devoted to the Methodists, and for the very reason that rendered my father apprehensive of them,—they were *very social.* The Methodists in this, as in every other place, where they sojourned, by degrees established a permanent residence. They first preached in the streets, practised much self-denial, and mortification, inveighed against the standing religion of the country, as impious and hypocritical, declaring the new birth only to be found among them. To this general rule, they, however, allowed my father to be an exception; and his open espousal of their cause contributed greatly to building them up. They gained many proselytes, it became the fashion for multitudes to become religious; and it is in religion as in every thing else, where once it is followed by a multitude, multitudes will follow. The very children became religious. A meeting-house was speedily obtained, a society was formed, and classes of every description regularly arranged. There was one class of boys; it consisted of forty, and Mr. John Wesley appointed me their leader. Twice in the course of every week *this* class met in a private apart-

ment. The business of the leader was to see that the members were all present; for this purpose he was furnished with a list of their names, and when they were all assembled, the leader began by singing a hymn. I was once pronounced a good singer, and although I never had patience to learn music by note, I readily caught every tune I heard, and my notes were seldom false. I repeat, that I was delighted with the music introduced by the Methodists. I collected their most enchanting tunes, and singing them frequently in my class, I obtained much applause. Prayer succeeded the hymn; I was accustomed to extemporary prayer, I had usually prayed in sincerity, and my devotion upon these occasions was glowing, and unfeigned. Examination followed the prayer; I examined every individual separately, respecting the work of God upon his heart, and both the questions, and responses, evinced great simplicity, and pious sincerity. A word of general advice next ensued, a second hymn was sung, and the whole concluded with prayer. This was a most delightful season, both for my parents, and myself. I became the object of general attention, my society was sought by the grey-headed man, and the child. My experience was various, and great; in fact, I had experienced more of what is denominated the work of God upon the heart, than many, I had almost said than any, of my seniors, my parents excepted. Devout persons pronounced that I was, by divine favour, destined to become a burning, and a shining light; and from these flattering appearances my father drew much consolation. I was frequently addressed, in his presence, as the child of much watching, and earnest prayer; this, to my proudly-pious parent, was not a little flattering; it was then that I derived incalculable satisfaction, from these very legible marks of election: And though the Methodists insisted, that the doctrine

of election, before repentance and faith, was a damnable doctrine; yet they admitted, that, after the manifestation of extraordinary evidences, the individual, so favoured, was unquestionably elected. Thus, by the concurrent testimonies of Calvinists, and Arminians, I was taught to consider myself as distinguished, and chosen of God; as certainly born again. Yet, as it was next to impossible to ascertain the moment of my new birth, I became seriously unhappy, but from this unhappiness I was rescued, by reading accounts of holy and good men in similar circumstances; I now therefore lived a heaven upon earth, beloved, caressed, and admired. No longer shut up under my father's watchful care, I was allowed to go out every morning at five o'clock to the house of public worship; there I hymned the praises of my God, and united in fervent prayer with the children of the faithful; meeting several of my young admiring friends, we exchanged experiences, we mingled our joys and our sorrows, and, by this friendly intercourse, the first was increased, and the second diminished. In all our little meetings we were continually complaining to, and soothing each other, and these employments were truly delightful. The mind cannot be intently occupied on contrary matters at the same time, and my mind being filled with devotion, my waking and my sleeping moments were invariably engaged in religious pursuits; it was in truth my meat, and my drink, to do what I believed the will of my heavenly Father. At this period, I should have been wrecked upon the sand-built foundation of *self-righteousness*, as many of my young friends were, had it not been for the unbroken vigilance of an experienced and tender father. He saw the danger of too great elation, and he laboured to keep me humble in my own estimation. "You now, my dear," said *he*, "*think* you know every thing; but

when you really attain superior information, you will be convinced you know nothing." This assertion appeared to me extremely paradoxical; but I have since learned to appreciate its rationality and its truth. I know not how long I proceeded in this delightful path; nothing from within, or without, interrupted my course, and I well remember, that I fancied myself on the verge of perfection. I saw, or imagined I saw, undeviating rectitude within my grasp. I was conscious of no wishes, but those which I considered the legitimate offspring of the religion I professed. I wondered what had become of my evil propensities; they were however gone, and, I believed, they would no more return: my days, my weeks, rolled on, uniformly devoted to pursuits, which created for me unutterable self-complacency. On Sunday morning I arose with the sun, and like our first parent in a state of innocence,

> "Straight towards heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
> And gazed awhile the ample sky."

Thus after a night of charmly refreshing, and undisturbed repose, with spirits innocently gay, I arose, washed my face, and hands, repeating a short supplication, which my father never, on those occasions, omitted: "O, Almighty God, who hath ordained this watery element for the use, and support of nature, by which I am at this time refreshed, and cleansed, O! purify my soul, by the operation of thy blessed spirit, as a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." I then retired to my closet, offering the orisons of my gladdened heart, and habited for church. I sat down to my book, until my father made his appearance, when the family being summoned, and the morning prayer ended, we breakfasted, but it was a light repast, and soon dispatched. At eight o'clock, I attended the Methodist meeting; at half past nine, I returned home, and devoted the time to reading, until

after ten, when the bell summoned me to church, where the Methodists at that time attended; at church I was remarked for my devotion. From the church I returned to my closet, after which I read the Bible, responding to the interrogations of my father, relative to the sermon, by repeating it nearly verbatim. Dinner over, I again retired to my closet; from which, by my father's desire, I made my appearance, to read for him some devotional book, until the bell again commanded my attendance upon public worship; but, to my great consolation, I had not, when I returned home, as on the Sunday sketched in a former page, to spend the residue of the day in saddening glooms; at five o'clock, the Methodist meeting again opened, to which the multitude flocked; there I saw, and there, with affectionate admiration, I was seen; there, when the terrors of the law were exhibited, I was delighted by the assurance of eternal security therefrom; and there, when the children of the Redeemer were addressed in the soothing and plausive strains of consolation, my heart throbbed with pleasure, and tears of transport copiously evinced the rapture of my soul. Society meeting succeeded the close of public service; three classes of the people were denominated Methodists: The congregation, who, as outer-court worshippers, were only *hearers*, and *seekers*; members of the society, who were classed; and members of the band society, who were *genuine believers*. The two latter met every Sunday evening after meeting, and no individual, who was not furnished with a ticket, could gain admittance. This ticket was a badge of distinction; it gave the possessor entrance, all others were shut out, and the door was locked. No words can describe my sensations, when I obtained a seat *inside* the closed door; when I listened, while the preacher in a low voice addressed the children of God. The house was not unfrequently

filled with the dissonant sounds of terror, and joy, issuing from the discordant voices of those, who were in the valley, or on the mount. From this society, I returned home, to unite in family devotion, repeat the fundamental points in my religion, retire to my private devotions, and then to bed. Monday morning, I arose at five o'clock, and, after the same preparation as on Sunday, attended meeting, returned to breakfast, occupied myself with the business of the day, until dinner; after dinner, and an interval passed in private devotion, to secular affairs again, until evening; then once more to the Methodist meeting, returned, attended family and private devotions, and to my chamber: often not to rest, but to my book, till midnight. Thus was my time spent, two evenings in the week excepted, which were devoted to my class, and one night in the week, when the society assembled, as on Sunday evening; but, alas! the fervour of spirit, excited on those occasions, cannot, in the nature of things be very durable. There were individuals in my class, who proved untoward, they began to be weary in well-doing; this was a source of sorrow, the first I had experienced for a long time; added to this, repeated complaints reached my ear, and not unfrequently slanderous reports—reports one against another! This tortured me; I consulted the preachers, disputes ran high, the interposition of parents became indispensable, and the class was broken!! This was to me a severe trial; I had derived high satisfaction from the connexion, and from the fame, which it had bestowed upon me; I however lost no reputation, it was generally believed I had performed my duty, and that no boy, beside myself, would have kept such a set of beings together, and in such order so long.

This was a season replete with events, which possessed for me no common interest. Constantly in society, I

formed many attachments, and I began to fear that the love of social enjoyments would, like Aaron's rod, swallow up my best affections. From conviction of error, I sought retirement; I loved reading more than any thing else, but I sighed for variety, and as the full soul loatheth the honey comb, I began to sicken at the constant repetition of devotional books. My father read history, and some few novels, but he took special care to secure those books from his children. We were allowed to read no books but the bible, and volumes *based* upon this precious depository of whatsoever things are good, and excellent. I sometimes, however, glanced my eye over my father's shoulder, and finding Tom Jones, or the history of a Foundling, in his hand, the efforts at concealment, which he evidently made, augmented my anxiety to read. I remember once to have found Clarissa Harlowe upon his table. Hervey's Meditations, and Young's Night Thoughts, were not interdicted books, and their plaintive sadness obtained an easy admission into the inmost recesses of my soul. To Milton too I gave some hours, but I could not read blank verse, nor did my father wish to encourage my attempts in this way. He saw I had too strong a passion for novelty, and he deemed it prudent to check me in the commencement of my career.

Although my devotional ecstacies were diminished, yet I was steadily attentive to the religious exercises, and I believed myself daily increasing in goods. It is true my life was as variable as the weather; sometimes on the mount and sometimes in the valley, sometimes alive to all the fervour of devotion, and sometimes, alas! very lifeless: Now rejoicing in hope, and anon depressed by fear.

The preachers, visiting the adjacent villages, often requested my father to permit my attendance; his consent delighted me; I reaped, from those little excursions, abundant satisfaction, and the preachers being my elders,

and much acquainted with the world, I collected from their conversation much to instruct, and amuse. They were, however, young men, they collected young company, and they were excellent singers; this was a most pleasing circumstance. My affections naturally glowing, I soon formed strong attachments, and, the CRAFT of Mr. Wesley changing his candidates with every new quarter, the farewell sermons generally dissolved the whole congregation in tears, and my bosom was often lacerated with many, and deep wounds.

An order from the Bishop now arrived, calling upon the people to prepare for confirmation, and young persons were directed to wait upon the parish minister for the requisite instruction. Although the Methodists considered themselves Episcopalians, yet they were detested by the clergy of that Church; their zeal seemed a standing satire upon them; and their indignation was proportioned to the progress made by the new sect. We, however, presented ourselves as candidates for confirmation; though young, I was pretty generally known, and it soon became evident, that I had incurred the displeasure of my minister. No question was proposed to me, but his oblique reflections were abundant; I determined however, to address him; and one day when he was cautioning those, who were honored by his attention, against those expectations about which the wild Enthusiasts of the day were fanatically raving, such as the extraordinary operations of the spirit, &c. &c. exhorting them to consider themselves in their baptism made members of Christ, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, I ventured to ask: Did I sir, in my baptism, receive all these advantages? In a most ungracious manner, he replied: "Undoubtedly." Then, sir, allow me to ask, what can I want more? Of what use is confirmation? "What do you mean by asking these impertinent questions?" I ask for information, I came hither to be instructed. "No, you came here to instruct me, you want to see your pat-

ron, John Wesley, in the pulpit. You have no business here." I conceive, sir, I have business here; I am one of your parish, I was warned to attend, for the purpose of receiving instruction; and to whom should I apply, but to my minister? He deigned not to answer me, but when we again assembled, I observed: I remember, sir, when we were last here, you told us, there was no such thing as a *feeling* operation of the spirit of God; I request therefore to know, how we are to understand that article of our Church, which pronounces the doctrine of election full of especial comfort to all godly persons, and such as *feel* in themselves the workings of the spirit of the Lord? "You have nothing to do with the articles, you do not understand them." I should suppose, sir, that every member of a Church had something to do with the articles of his Church; and if I do not understand them, suffer me to come to you for information. "You are an impertinent fellow, and if you thus proceed, I shall order the clerk to put you out of the Church." You may order me out yourself, sir; only tell me to go, and I will instantly depart. Not another syllable was uttered to me, upon this occasion. But upon the following Sunday, when the young people of the congregation were again to be catechised, I appeared with the rest, and our teacher uttering a severe and pointed sarcasm, I was sufficiently abashed to cover my face with my hat—when, in a very angry tone, he commanded me to depart from the Church, he would suffer no laughter there. I assured this Christian preacher, that I did not laugh, that I felt no disposition to laugh; he insisted, that I did, and with great confusion I withdrew from the altar: but waiting for him in the porch of the Church, I humbly implored his pardon, while I informed him, that he had done me much wrong; that I had too sacred a veneration for the place I was in, to depart myself unbecomingly while under its roof; that I had not the smallest inclination to mirth; that the consideration of his denying the operation of the spirit upon

the heart had too much disturbed, and grieved me. "Well, I do still say, there is no especial operation of the spirit: I have never experienced any thing of this description." How then, suffer me to ask, could you say, when you were ordained that you felt yourself moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you the office of a teacher? "You know nothing of the matter, you are very impertinent." Many were standing by, who seemed pleased with the advantage I had so apparently gained, and while thus remunerated for the insult I had received, I returned home in triumph.

Sometime after, as I was passing the street, one of my acquaintance asked me, if I knew the bishop was at that moment engaged in confirming the young people of our parish? I instantly repaired to the Church, and to my great surprise, found the information correct; my good priest had not intended I should be apprized of the business. I advanced however to the altar, and presented myself to the bishop. My priest appeared exceedingly irritated, and made a communication to the bishop, in a tone too low to be understood by me; but his Lordship replied aloud, "it is of no consequence what they are, provided they understand what they are about." From this reply I concluded the priest had accused me of Methodism. It happened that I was the first of the circle presented round the altar, and he began as follows:

Bishop. What is your business here.

Murray. My lord, when I was baptized, my sponsors promised, in my name, to renounce the Devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, with all the sinful lusts of the flesh. They engaged also, that so soon as I should have learned the creed, the Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments, they would introduce me to this ordinance; as, however, they have neglected so to do, I beg leave to present myself.

Bishop. What idea have you of this ordinance?

Murray. I conceive, my lord, that the engagement

entered into at my baptism, cannot be fulfilled without the aid, and operation of the spirit of the Lord; and I am taught to consider this ordinance as a mean of grace, through which I may obtain the aid of the Holy Spirit, so requisite to my well doing.

Bishop. (With a softened voice) Have you ever been at the Communion?

Murray. Yes, my lord, and although I ventured at first with fear and trembling, yet deriving therefrom *real consolation*, I have never since absented myself. "You are right," said the Bishop, and immediately laying his hands upon my head, he prayed for me, with the greatest apparent fervour. Turning to a lad, who stood next me, he asked him the same question he had previously addressed to me; he was unprovided with an answer. "This is astonishing," said the bishop; "I should have thought you would at least have learned to answer from the youth who spoke before you;" and he gave my priest a glance, which called the blush of confusion into his face. I was extremely gratified, so were my friends in general, and my pious father in particular. Mr. John Wesley now made us a visit, he paid me the most distinguishing attention, and the regards of such a man were, to a young heart, truly flattering; he cherished the idea that I should shortly become a useful labourer in the field, which he so sedulously cultivated. One thing, however, gave him anxiety,—the probability that I had imbibed my father's damnable principles, for such he denominated the Calvinistic tenets; yet he hoped better things of me, and things which accompanied salvation. When in my father's house, he manifested toward him the greatest kindness and friendship; but on leaving the country, he charged his followers to keep a strict watch over him, lest, through the influence of his great piety, he should infuse his abominable sentiments into the minds of some of the brethren. Mr. Wesley's disciples considered him the Apostle of the age: and I experienced a

reverential awe in his presence; yet there were points in his conduct, which excited my wonder, and which, in any other character, I should not have hesitated to pronounce wrong; but I should have believed it criminal even to suspect that he could err. My Religion was becoming more and more formal, it seemed a *body* without a *soul*. Sometimes indeed, when listening to a lively, warm-hearted preacher, I was made most keenly to feel the poverty of my condition; that, while I was believed rich, and increasing in goods, having need of nothing, I was in truth miserably poor, blind, and naked. This consideration often rendered me very sad, I suffered much, and, in proportion as I appeared to suffer, I became the object of respectful attention. Glooms, and melancholy, were considered as infallible signs of a gracious disposition, not only by my father, but by all my religious connexions. One of our preachers used to say, he had rather be in the company of a thousand Demons, than ten laughing persons! Unfortunately for the maintenance of my standing in the society, my sadness was not uniform, and, preserving no medium, I always became gay in full proportion to my previous depression: and, in truth, cheerfulness was becoming the prevailing temper of my mind, and I knew not how long it might have continued so, if I had not observed, to my great consternation, that I was daily losing ground in the estimation of my associates. This conviction banished my dangerous vivacity, and restored my respectability. I now sedulously avoided society, and frequently envied those who were released from this dangerous world. I have often, after a night of suffering, risen with the dawn, and entering the churchyard, have passed hours there, contemplating the happy state of those who were lodged in their narrow house, and ardently longing to be as they were. Even my father began to fear, that I was rapidly declining, and by his consequent tenderness I was beyond expression touched.

I cannot now determine how long this frame of mind continued, but this I know, that it lasted long enough to gain me more reputation, both at home and abroad, than I had lost; there was such a variety in my feelings, the changes in my spirit from sad to gay, from gay to sad, were so frequent, that I had of course far more experience, than any other person of my age. The young, when under awakenings, always resorted to me for comfort and information, while the old hung with delight on my narrations: the prayers of my father obtained due credit; the child of so many prayers could only be as I was. I was at this time about sixteen years of age, but commencing life so early, I felt like twenty, and I anticipated all the enjoyments which awaited me.

About this period, our society were gratified by a most unexpected acquisition. A gentleman of great fortune, who had been a virulent and, with his lady, joined our congregation; no event had ever given such exultation, such complete satisfaction. They had belonged to the Presbyterian meeting, and their numerous kindred, worshipping there, continued inveterate adversaries. Between my father and the new convert the warmest friendship took place; and his good lady, who was indeed one of the first of women, became as warmly attached to our family as her husband. They had been converted at the same time; and as new converts are always the most zealous, this good couple, although advanced in years, used to rise at four in the morning, in the depth of the winter, and go round among the neighbours, in order to arouse them in time to attend morning service, which was regularly at five o'clock, winter and summer; our house being in the way, they never omitted calling upon us; my father was not always well enough to accompany them, but I never failed, and the delight they took in me was great. Their family consisted of two sons, one older than myself, and one of my own age, and two daughters younger than their broth-

ers: for a long season this family, and ours, spent at least a part of every day together; they met constantly at Church, and had beside many private interviews. Mr. Little, the name of our new friend, belonged to a class of which my father was the leader, and Mrs. Little to my mother's band. The classes generally consisted of twelve, beside the leader. The band was formed from the classes, and consisted of six, beside the leader. These bands were composed of true believers, and of one sex, and condition: The single women, the married women, and the widows, the single men, the married men, and the widowers. My mother was a leader of a band of married women. The youth, I have mentioned, of my own age, sought and obtained my confidence; I conceived for him the warmest affection, and I had every reason to suppose the attachment mutual; we passed many delightful hours together, and the discovery of our friendship gave real satisfaction to our parents. The eldest son adhered to the Church, the family had left; and the only daughter who was of age to decide, embraced the principles of her parents. From our connection with these worthy people, I derived great pleasure; I was much beloved by the principals of the family, and I had great delight in the society of their children. I have frequently retired with my young friends to read, and pray, we had in fact no solitary pleasures. It was in the closet of this friend, that I first became acquainted with Addison, Pope, Parnel, Thompson, and Shakspeare; we read those writings together, never shall I forget the avidity with which I seized, and the delight with which I perused those authors, I was beyond expression fascinated by their numbers; but I thought best carefully to conceal this new source of enjoyment from my father. The library, to which I thus obtained free access, was very extensive: besides the books already named, it contained much to attract

a young mind; novels, essays, and histories, by a frequent perusal of which, I was both informed, and improved. Thus, in the full enjoyment of sweet serenity, glided on many happy months; my time was divided between the habitation of my father, and his friends; I enjoyed the warm regards of every individual in this amiable family, the eldest son excepted, nor was he a malignant foe; he contented himself with making a jest of our devotion, which only served to attach us the more closely to each other; but, as the affection of the youngest son grew for me, it appeared to diminish for his brother. This fact rendered his parents unhappy, and I myself was seriously afflicted, lest I should be regarded either directly, or indirectly, as the source of their inquietude. They, however, did not hesitate to impute to their eldest son's aversion from religion every thing unpleasant between their children, and I had credit for my full share of that rectitude, and correct conduct, to which their youngest son was, by nature, so uniformly inclined. It must, however, be confessed, that the first-born was not without causes of irritation; I was evidently the brother of his brother's affections, I was the object of his parents' regard, his eldest sister discovered on all occasions, a very strong partiality for me, and even the youngest, a child of about six years old, made me the confidant of all her little secrets, often hung about my neck, with infantile fondness, while her sweet endearments were precious to my heart. It was not then, I repeat, very wonderful, if the young gentleman, who felt himself *aggrieved*, *should become very unhappy*, and very much my enemy. While I was thus considered as a child of this family, a young lady, a distant relation of Mrs. Little, was introduced as a visitor; she also was a Methodist, and of great piety. My young friend, and myself, were in the parlour when she entered, but soon withdrew,

when we both agreed, she was the most ordinary young woman we had ever beheld; she was I presume, more than twenty-five years of age, under the common stature, of a very sallow complexion, large features, and a disagreeable cast in her eye; yet this same young lady had not been more than three weeks under the same roof with us, before we both became violently in love with her. Many days however elapsed, before either became acquainted with the passion of the other; but I could never conceal any thing long, especially from this my second self; and on a summer evening, as we pursued our usual walk through a flowery mead, on the margin of a beautiful river, both sadly pensive and sighing, as if our hearts were breaking, my friend mournfully inquired: "What, my dear Murray, afflicts you? why are you so sad? I am ashamed of myself, I cannot tell you the cause of my distress. "Not tell me! would you, can you conceal any thing from me?" I felt the full force of a question, asked in a tone of endearing sympathy. No, my friend, you shall be made acquainted with my whole heart, I will have no reserves to you: but *you*, *you also* are unhappy, and I am ignorant of the cause! "Depend on it, I shall not hesitate to give you every mark of confidence, when you shall set the example." Well then, my brother, my friend, will you not wonder, (and indeed I am myself astonished) when I assure you that I have conceived for Miss Dupee the strongest, and most tender passion! He started, and appeared confused, and for some moments we both continued silent. At length, taking my hand, he said: "I pity you from my soul nor do I blame your attachment; for, however unattractive in person, who that hears Miss Dupee converse, who that has any knowledge of her mind, can avoid loving her, even as you love her; and to prove to you how fully I am qualified to sympathise with you, [illegible] me frankly

own, that I also love this charming woman." This unexpected avowal greatly afflicted me, I trembled lest so strong a passion, for the same object, should eventually prove fatal to our friendship. I expressed to this dear, amiable youth my apprehensions, when he caught my hand, and with glistening eyes, exclaimed: Never, my brother, no never shall any thing separate between thee and me. By first communicating your sentiments, you have acquired a prior right, which I will not, dare not invade. No one else shall hear of my infant love, I will not allow myself to see her, but when seated by your side; and although I love her more than any body I ever have, or, as I believe, ever shall see, I never will be the cause of your unhappiness." This generosity was truly affecting. I caught him to my bosom, I wept, I even sobbed as I held him to my heart, and unable to bear his superiority, I exclaimed: No, my noble-hearted friend, never will I accept such a sacrifice; we are yet to learn for which of us her heavenly father has designed this treasure. Let us both, as occasion may occur, indulge ourselves in her society, and should the event prove that you are the highly favoured mortal, I hope, and believe, I shall willingly resign her, and content myself with listening to her heavenly accents. And, truth to say, she possessed a most enchanting voice; a most fascinating manner, admirably calculated to gain hearts, especially young hearts, simple, and softened by Religion; and what was above all bewitching, she sang the most divine of Mr. Wesley's hymns in a most divinely impressive manner. While, however, we were mutually acceding to this wise plan for the disposal of Miss Dupee, it never once entered into our heads, that she very possibly was not designed for either of us. Perhaps few youthful bosoms have ever endured a greater conflict between *love, and* friendship: We experienced

both in no common degree, but friendship in both our hearts became triumphant. This amiable woman continued, for sometime, decidedly the object of our deliberate election, but I had however, reason to believe my attachment was the strongest, for it deprived me of both rest, and appetite. For the first time, I began to tag rhymes: I have sat by the hour together upon an eminence, whence I could behold her habitation, poetizing, and sighing, as if my heart would break; I had some reason to believe she had discovered, and was diverted with my passion; indeed she must have laughed at me, if she had not despised me. After a long struggle between my hopes, and my fears, I ventured to address a letter to Miss Dupee, filled with the warmest professions of eternal affection, and conjuring her, at least to grant me leave to hope. I dared not entrust a domestic with this letter, lest it should be discovered by my father, for the dread of meeting a refusal from my mistress was not more terrible to my imagination, than that my father should obtain knowledge of my temerity. One night, therefore, returning from the society, with fear, and trembling, I put my letter into her hand, humbly requesting she would honor it with a *secret* perusal. She took it, and, gypsey as she was, absolutely pressed my hand, which pressure almost suffocated me with transport; I parted from her at the door, and from that moment neither slept, nor eat, till I was *cured*, *radically cured*. It was upon a Wednesday night, I delivered my letter: what did I not suffer from the torture of suspense, until Friday evening; nothing could I hear of, or from her, I was afraid to go to Mr. Little's, I feared every thing, but the thing I had most reason to fear—the contempt and indignation of my own father. It never once entered my thoughts, that she would communicate my letter to any one, and *least of all*, that she would expose me to my father;

nstead of writing me an answer, such an answer
ıy fond, foolish heart, sometimes ventured to ex-
, she inclosed my very first love-letter to the very
person in the world to whom I should have chosen
ɔnfide it! I was at this time debilitated by the
of rest and food, which, for the preceding fort-
t, I had rarely taken, and upon this Friday eve-
, as I entered the presence of my father, an unus-
lread pervaded my spirits. It is too true, I never
ared before him, without apprehension; but, upon
occasion, I was unusually agitated: but how were
errors augmented, when my father with a counte-
e of the most solemn indignation, ordered me to
oach. The season of castigation had gone by, in-
l my father was too feeble to administer corporeal
usement, but, like the Prince of Denmark, although
lid not use daggers, he could speak them—he
d look them. I cannot now remember who, or
ɛr how many, were present; my mother, and my
ıers and sisters of course. My poor mother I am
ident, felt keenly for me, although she dared not
fere. "Come hither, sir;" said my father; "ap-
ch, I say." I drew near, with fear, and trembling,
yet I knew not why: When, fixing his piercing,
ıtrating eyes upon me, with a look of such sovereign
empt, as almost struck me blind, he began very
ɔerately to search his pockets; after a pause, which
ıed interminable, out came a letter. I was instan-
ously covered with a most profuse perspiration; I
ıbled and became so faint, that I was obliged to
h at a chair for support. But my father continued
ly opening the killing letter, and looking alternate-
t it, and its author, and curling his nose, as if his
ɔtory nerve had been annoyed by something ex-
ıely offensive, he again fixed his eyes upon me, and
tingly said: "So, you poor, foolish child, you

write love-letters, do you! you want a wife do you?" and, feigning an attempt to read it, but pretending inability, he extended it to me, saying: "Take it, thou love-sick swain, and let us hear how thou addressest thy Dulcinea." I burst into tears, but I confess they were tears of wrathful indignation, and at that moment I detested the lady, my father and myself. "Go," continued my father, "Go, thou idle boy, depart instantly out of my sight," and out of his sight I accordingly went, almost wishing I might never again appear before him. This night, I parted with my passion for Miss Dupee: I sighed for an opportunity of opening my heart to my ever faithful friend, I expected consolation from him, and I was not disappointed. Suspecting the business was the subject of conversation in the house of Mr. Little, I determined to go thither no more: with my friend, however, I took my usual walk; he perceived the sadness of my soul, but it was a consolation to me to learn, that he was ignorant of the cause; I poured my grief into his bosom, and his indignation was unbounded; hatred for Miss Dupee grew in his soul, yet, when I knew she had the goodness never to communicate my folly to any one, but my father, and this in a private letter, I could not but esteem her. So here rested the affair, and I wrote no more love-letters, until I addressed the lady whom I married. Though I was not by this torturing business exempted from la belle passions yet I was prevented by my fears from its manifestation. In fact it was not until I was in a situation to make an election, as I supposed for life, that I was again condemned to struggle with a sentiment so imposing, as that which had occasioned me so much vexation. Many fair faces attracted, and for a time fixed my attention, and I sometimes looked forward to the brightest, purest scenes of domestic felicity, which were however as visionary, as could have been conceived in the pericranium of the most confirmed lunatic.

The religious melancholy, so pleasing to my father, again took possession of my mind; once more at early dawn I haunted the church-yard, frequently repeating to myself,

> "The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
> Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
> Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
> To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
> Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs.

The intervening hours of public worship, on Sunday, were passed by me at Church, in appropriate meditation and prayer: the solemn stillness of the place aided my aspirations, and rendered me abundantly more gloomy; but the versatility of my disposition still gave me to emerge, and I was then proportionably vivacious. In this zigzag manner I proceeded, gaining something every day, while I enjoyed a fine state of health, and the happiness of being much beloved by a large circle of respectable connexions. I still continued to cultivate my garden; it was the best in the place, and being seen and admired by many, my pious brethren were apprehensive it would become my idol; but we all have our idols. Mr. Wesley was the idol of the many. One evening at a love-feast, when the whole society were assembled, a pious sister, while narrating her experiences, looking earnestly at Mr. Wesley, vehemently exclaimed: "O! sir, I consider myself as much indebted to God for you, as for Jesus Christ!" The whole company were greatly surprised, and, as I believe, expected Mr. Wesley would have reproved her for this speech; but it passed, without any *then* expressed observation. The ensuing day it became the subject of animadversion, when I undertook to defend her, by remarking, that as she never could have had any advantage from Jesus Christ, if she had never heard of, and believed in him; she certainly was as

much indebted to Almighty God for sending Mr. Wesley, through whom she obtained this redeeming knowledge, as for the Saviour, in whom she believed ! !

My close connexion with my young friend, although very pleasant to my social propensities, subjected me, nevertheless, to some pain. He was indulged with more pocket money, than I could command ; and although he considered his stipend never so well employed, as when it contributed to my convenience, yet, disliking dependence, I had recourse to methods of obtaining money, which did not always please me ; I sometimes borrowed, and sometimes solicited gifts from my mother, which I did not find it easy to repay. It would have been well if neither my companion, nor myself, had been in the habit of spending money ; we derived therefrom no advantage ; it introduced us into company, where we were apt to forget ourselves ; it is true we were never inebriated, but we were often gay, and, for religious characters, too much off our guard. This dear youth was not, like me, habituated to religion, he was not early disciplined by its most rigid laws ; I could with abundantly more facility turn aside with him, than he could pursue with me the narrow path, in which I had generally walked. We became gradually too fond of pleasures, which would not bear examination ; yet they were such as the world denominated *innocent*, although they strongly impelled us to gratifications disallowed by Religion. We were now fast advancing in life, and, with all the enthusiasm of youth, we were planning schemes for futurity, when lo ! my precious, my early friend, was seized by a malignant fever, which soon deprived him of his reason. I was on the verge of distraction, I entreated permission to tarry constantly by his bedside ; the progress of the disease was astonishingly rapid, and in a few days, this dear, this amiable youth, whom I loved as

my own soul, expired in a strong delirium! Every one regretted the departure of this young man, every one sympathised with his parents, and many extended pity to me. I was indeed beyond expression wretched; it was the first calamity of the kind, which I had ever been called to suffer, and my agonies were in full proportion to the strong affection, which I had conceived for the deceased. Society no longer possessed a charm for me, and yet the parents of the dear departed never willingly permitted me to quit their presence; indeed, the love, they had borne their son, seemed to be entirely transferred to me; but their sufferings were incalculably augmented, when, in a few succeeding weeks, their eldest and only surviving son, fell a victim to the same fatal malady, which had deprived them of his brother! Never before did I witness such sad, and heart-affecting sorrow: a gloomy Religion is always increased by scenes of melancholy, hence the horrors of my mind were beyond description. Every thing I had done, every word I had uttered, not strictly conformable to the rule of right, returned upon my mind with redoubled terror, and in the midst of these agonizing fears, I was violently seized by the same fever, which had destroyed my friend. I was, upon the first appearance of this mortal disease, exceedingly alarmed, but in a few hours it prostrated my reason; my mother appeared to me as a stranger, and although I recognized my father, I was not afraid of him. I understood every thing which was said by those about me, and I suffered much in consequence of their expressed apprehensions and predictions: and I have often thought, that attendants in the chamber of sickness do not sufficiently consider the situation of the suffering patient, or the possibility, that the freedom of their remarks may augment his depression. I continued to linger, in the midst of extreme torture, through many weeks; and so

high, and unremitted was my delirium, that my parents; from a persuasion that, should I be restored to health, my reason was forever lost, were reconciled to my departure. One particular I consider as astonishing; every thing, which passed in my mind through the whole of this protracted delirium, I can, to this day, recollect as well as any event, which has taken place in any part of my life. Contrary to the expectations of surrounding friends, I was gradually restored to perfect health, when I became still more endeared to the parents of my deceased companion; they would have laid me in their bosoms, gladly cherishing me as the son of their affection. The old gentleman visited my father every day, and his lady was equally intimate with my mother. I wept with them, I prayed with them, and every day our mutual attachment acquired new energy. They expressed their wishes to my father, that I should become a permanent resident in their family. My father, apparently terrified, was unqualified in his rejection! It would injure me by too high-raised expectations, it would give me indulgencies, fatal to my future peace, and happiness. For myself, I had recently entertained an exalted opinion of my father and for his repeated, and, as I once believed, severe chastisements, gratitude glowed in my bosom; consequently I was not inclined to act contrary to his wishes in any respect, and he had sufficient address to avoid offending his friends. In fact, so exalted was their opinion of his wisdom, and piety, that they would have considered it criminal to censure him.

I was now the very shadow of my father; I visited it is true; but it was always under his guardian care. He began to derive pleasure from conversing with me and our satisfaction was mutual: still, however, I experienced, in his presence, more of reverential awe than filial tenderness; yet I gained more from his so

ciety in the last six months of his existence, than I had for many preceding years. His gradual decline, at length, rapidly advanced; suddenly he became too much enfeebled to go abroad; his friends, who were numerous, visited him frequently. Mr. Little, and lady, were almost constantly with him: they congratulated him, that God had heard his prayers, and given him a son to supply his place, when he should be called home; this, indeed, he considered as a great consolation. Often with tears of pleasure has he wept over me, solemnly consecrating me by fervent prayer, and devout supplication. His devotional exercises, in his family, were continued until the last week of his existence; even when his voice was so low, that he could scarce articulate a word, we were drawn around him, when in whispers, as it were, he would, in the most moving manner, address the throne of grace in our behalf; and for me, as his first-born son, his orisons were still more frequently offered up, and always with tears. For many years my father had lost his apprehensions of death; but he always suffered more or less in the dread of dying. The taking down the house of his earthly tabernacle,—the agonies of dissolving nature,—these anticipations frequently appalled his soul. We had got into passion week; my father was taken from his bed every day, until Good Friday, when it was impressed upon his mind, that he should be with his Redeemer upon *Easter Sunday*. He indirectly communicated this assurance to my mother; commanding me to be immediately summoned to his presence, when he thus addressed me: "My son, the object of my soul's affection, for whom, during many years, I have wept and prayed, you see your weeping, praying father, now totally unable to utter a prayer, nor shall I ever pray in this dear family again. Let me, my dear, before I leave you, have *the felicity* of seeing, and hearing you

take upon you the character you will very speedily be called to sustain; let me hear you pray in the family, before I depart. There was something terrible in the thought of his departure, though we had for many years been taught to expect it, not only by his declining health, but by his conversation, which had rendered us familiar with death. I cannot remember a day, on which he did not, on his first appearance in his family of a morning, say, "blessed be God, we are one day nearer our eternal rest:" yet the thought of assuming his place in his family, in his presence; this was more terrible to me, than death itself. I became convulsed, a cold perspiration was diffused over my frame; my father saw my agony, and bidding me sit down, took my hand, and addressing me in the language of sympathy, most affectionately, most tenderly said; "you have, my poor boy, often addressed your heavenly Father, and have not felt abashed: ought you to venerate your feeble, earthly father, more than the God who made you? At the throne of grace I am upon a level with my son, and I need redeeming mercy as much as yourself. Let me, my dear child, be blessed with the privilege of seeing, and hearing you, in your new, and highly responsible character, this night." I was dumb, I could not speak: my mother was requested to summon the family. "Come," said my father, "come near me, my children. God is about to remove from you your father, your supplicating father; but my God, your God, will never leave you, nor forsake you. He will give you, in your brother, a friend, a guide, a father; you must consider him, when I am gone, as in my stead; you will unite with him in prayer, you will follow his direction, and God will abundantly bless you together. My prayers on his behalf are graciously answered; they will, my beloved children, be answered on your behalf also; for HE who hath promised, is faithful, your father

hath proved HIM faithful. Our God is indeed worthy to be trusted, HIS service is perfect freedom; serve the Lord, my children, and be happy; obey your dear mother, strengthen the hands of your brother, and felicity will be your portion." He would have proceeded, but weakness prevented; recovering himself, he called upon me to make good his expectations; I kneeled down by his bedside in convulsive agony, my mother kneeling upon the opposite side; my brothers and sisters forming a circle which surrounded it, while the domestics kneeled near us. I prayed, I wept, I audibly sobbed: while my, only not divine, father, was in ectasy. When I had finished, "Now, O Lord," he exclaimed, "let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen, for my ears have heard, for my heart has felt, thy salvation. Come near me, my darling boy." Instantly I ran, and again I kneeled by his bedside; he drew my head to his bosom, he wept over me, but his tears were tears of transport, when, laying his dying hand upon my head, he thus fervently supplicated: "O thou, Almighty God, who hath thus blessed, greatly blessed thy poor servant; Thou who hast been my God, and my guide, even unto death, bless, oh! bless this son, with whom thou hast blessed thy feeble supplicant: Give him thy supporting presence through life, direct him in the way he should go, and never leave him, nor forsake him: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, thou covenant-keeping God, bless, bless, O! bless this lad—" Here his heart swelled too big for utterance; after a few moments, recovering himself a little, he mildly requested me to place him properly in his bed. I was beyond measure shocked to see what a skeleton he had become, his bones in many places through his skin. It was my wish to tarry with him through the night, but I could not obtain permission. "Go, my dear son," said he, "go to rest, and the God of your fathers be ever

with you." This was the last time I ever heard his voice; before the morning dawned, I was summoned to attend not a dying, but a deceased parent, whose value, until that agonizing moment, I had never sufficiently appreciated. My mother continued by his bedside, overwhelmed by sorrow; the slumbers of my father were sweet, calm, and unbroken, until near midnight, when she perceived he was awake, and believing him to be speaking, she inclined her ear to his lips, and heard him say, while his heart, his full heart, seemed nearly bursting: "The souls of believers are at their death made perfectly holy, and do immediately pass into glory; but their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection." After a pause, he resumed: "At the resurrection, they shall be openly acknowledged, and acquitted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God through eternity: Blessed, perfectly bless—." Blessed he would have said, but he breathed no more. When I approached the bed of death, I beheld the remains of the departed saint, precisely in the position in which a few hours before I had placed him. Not a single struggle had the dear, apprehensive man, during those expiring moments, which, through his whole life, he had expected would be productive of such extreme torture. He slept in Jesus, in full confidence of a glorious Resurrection.

From this hour, until the interment, our house was thronged; but of all our numerous friends, who by their presence expressed their sympathy, no individuals appeared more deeply affected than my future patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Little. My father was very dear to Mr. Little; he mingled his tears with the widow, and her orphans. It was unnecessary to tell me I had sustained an irreparable loss, my heart, my pierced heart, was every moment making the avowal; I could

now fully appreciate my father's worth; I felt I was bereaved, miserably bereaved; left to myself, and I knew myself well enough to justify the most spirit-wounding apprehensions. I retired to my chamber, to my closet, secretly indulging my overwhelming sorrow, and if ever I experienced the fervour of devotion, it was then, when, throwing abroad my supplicating hands, I petitioned the God of my father to be my God also, entreating that he would graciously vouchsafe to preserve me from myself, my *sinful self:* all the hard, undutiful reflections, which I had secretly tolerated against this good, this honoured man, while he was enduring exquisite sufferings for the purpose of preserving me from evil, rushed upon my recollection, and an innate monitor seemed to say: "You may now, ungrateful boy, go where you please; the prying eye of a father will no more inspect your conduct." It was now, in these moments of torture, that my father, as it should seem, first became known to me. It is true, he was severely good, his conscience was indeed sorely tender; but, as far as he knew, he performed the will of God, at least in as great a measure as he was able, and when he believed himself deficient, as he almost always did, it gave him great pain. The uniform sanctity of his life commanded the respect, the esteem, the affection, and even the veneration of all who knew him. He possessed an uncommon share of natural abilities, and his acquirements were very respectable. He had read much; History, Natural Philosophy, Poetry, these were all familiar to him; but the sacred Scriptures, and books of devotion, were his delight. Human productions constituted his amusement, but the word of his God was his food. He was so acute a reasoner, that it was difficult to gain any advantage over him in argument; yet he was easily provoked, but immediately sensible of error; every deviation from propriety was

marked by tears. He had so much *self-command*, as never to strike a child in a passion, this he denominated a demoniac sacrifice; he would *first* correct the angry man: but however painful the act, he never omitted what he conceived it his duty to bestow. He was a very tender-hearted man, and his prayers were rarely unaccompanied by tears. He mourned with the mourner, for he was himself a man of sorrow. Being for the last nineteen years of his life a confirmed invalid, he was constantly, and fervently looking toward his heavenly home—sometimes with impatience, when, correcting himself, he would say, "Well, well, Heaven is worth waiting for: one hour, passed in the courts of my God, will be a rich remuneration for all terrestrial sufferings."

It is the custom in Ireland, when any person of distinction or respectability is called out of time, to watch around their remains, *night* as well as day, until the body be entombed. The remains of my father were affectionately attended, but they were attended in an uncommon manner; as he differed from others in life, so these last honours differed from those usually bestowed. The morning immediately succeeding his demise, our friends and neighbours assembled in our dwelling, when Mr. Little thus addressed them: "My friends, it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of our beloved brother; as he lived, so he died, a pattern of excellence; we know, we *feel*, that he has not left his equal. We unite with this dear family in sensibly lamenting the departure of our experienced friend, our guide, our comforter." Here he mingled his tears with those of our attendant friends. After a long pause, he proceeded: "Fellow mourners, the greatest respect we can pay to the remains of our inestimable, our heavenly guide, is to pass our time together in this house of mourning, not for him, but for *ourselves, in* the way which would be most pleasing to

him, were he present; we will therefore appropriate our hours to reading, and to prayer. One of our brethren will address the throne of grace, after which I will read a sermon, the production of Mr. Erskine, of whose writings the dear departed was remarkably fond." The prayer, the sermon, the concluding prayer, deeply affected every one; and the evening witnessed a renewal of these pious exercises. Thus were our nights and days devoted, until the interment. On that day the throng was prodigious. The worth, the good actions of my father, were the theme of many a tongue; his praises were echoed, and re-echoed, while tears of sorrow moistened many an eye. Every one bore in his, or her hand, to the grave-yard, a sprig of bays, which, after the body was deposited, was thrown over the coffin. But no words can describe my agonizing, my terrific sensations, when I reflected upon the charge which had devolved upon me. I remembered my father's words, on the evening preceding his exit, and I felt myself reduced to the necessity of *assuming* his place in the family; but how much was I to suffer by comparison with him, whose place I was appointed to fill: yet, had I wished to avoid entering upon my office, my mother, the friends of my father, would have borne testimony against me. They thronged around me, they entreated me immediately to take charge of the family, and to commence my arduous task by devout supplications to Almighty God. I complied with their united wishes; but no tongue can utter, no language can delineate the strong emotions of my soul: again I was convulsed, again I agonized; the whole family were inexpressibly affected. It was the most melancholy evening I had ever experienced; but my benighted spirit was suddenly refreshed, by a ray of consolation, emitted by the cheering hope, that my father's God would be my God, and that the fervent prayers he had

offered up, in my behalf, would be answered in my favour. I was encouraged too by my mother, and by the friends of my father, who besought the Lord in my behalf, and who were daily reminding me of the interest, which my deceased parent unquestionably had with the prayer-hearing God.

Yet, although soothed, and greatly stimulated, my new employment continued to distress, and appal my spirit. The conviction of every day assured me, that I was unequal to the arduous task I had undertaken. My mother was my ever-ready aid and counsellor; but my brothers and sisters always remembered, that I was *not their father;* and they were highly displeased, whenever I presumed to exercise over them paternal authority; yet this I believed to be my duty, and, that I might be in every thing like my father, I took up the rod of correction, seriously chastising my brother, for the purpose of restoring him to the narrow path, from which he had wandered. But, although I had learned of my father to *use* the rod, I never could make it answer the same purpose; in my hand, it only served to increase the evil, it became the signal of revolt; and, while my brother continued incorrigible, my other brothers, and my sisters, enlisted on his side. My mother, dear honoured sufferer, was exceedingly distressed; she had in fact a difficult part to act; she was fearful, whichever side she might espouse, would, by creating new irritation, make bad, worse, and yet, upon an occasion so interesting, we would not allow her to be silent, she must positively attend to our appeals. But however arduous her task, she possessed discretion sufficient to meet it, and to produce an ultimatum completely satisfactory to all parties.

She replied to our remonstrances, by a request to be allowed until the evening, succeeding our complaints, for serious deliberation. The interesting evening came.

"Come, my children, all equally dear to my soul: come, the doors are now shut; this is the time of evening service. There is the *chair*, which your pious, your affectionate father once filled. Can you not remember the *last time* he addressed you from that seat. Let me, my dear children, let me repeat, as well as my memory will permit, what he said to us the last time he addressed us from that chair. "Come," said he, "come near me, my children," when, folding his arms around your elder brother, and pressing him to his bosom, while shedding over him abundance of tears, and pouring out his soul in supplication for him, he most affectingly said: "I am my dear child, hastening to that heaven, for which I have so long waited. For you, ever since you were born, I have wept and prayed; graciously hath my God inclined his ear to the voice of my supplication. He hath blessed me, by giving me to see you, before I die, prepared, by divine favour, to take my place; I leave you my dear son, to act a father's part, when I shall be here no more; let your mother, your brothers, and your sisters, receive from you that attention, and care, they can no more obtain from me; but although I shall be no more with you, your God, your father's God, will never leave nor forsake you. Nay, my own beatified spirit may obtain increasing felicity, by being sometimes permitted to behold the order, and harmony of my beloved family, while collected before the throne of grace, with the love of God, and love of each other, glowing with divine ecstacy in every bosom." It was then, my precious children, that your devout father clasped you seperately to his bosom; you remember how he then spake to you: "I go my beloved children; you will no more hear my voice from this chair; I shall no more be able to pray with you, to advise, or direct you. But my children, I leave with you a brother, who will perform

to you the part of a father ; I leave him in my place ; it is my command, that he tread in my steps, as far as I have proceeded in the path of justice ; and, my dear children, I conjure you to attend to his direction. The eldest son was, of old, the priest in the family of his father ; and if you love me, if you love your mother, if you prove your love to God, or even to yourselves, contribute all in your power to strengthen the hands of your brother." You remember he then embraced each of you, and wept over you ; and I pray you to remember, that you then solemnly promised, to perform all which your dying father directed you to perform. Perhaps the saint may be at this moment beholding us, in this very spot, in which, a few days previous to his departure out of time, he so affectingly, so tenderly admonished us——" My mother paused, as if influenced by sacred awe of the presence she had supposed. We audibly wept ; we rushed into each other's arms, we embraced each other, and so long as we continued together, our affection, our piety, and our devotion were uninterrupted.

CHAPTER II.

Record continued, until the Author's Departure from Ireland.

Launch'd from the shore, on life's rough ocean tost,
To my swol'n eye my star of guidance lost ;
Torn, from my grasp, my path-directing helm,
While waves, succeeding waves, my prospects whelm.

By the malpractices of the second husband of my maternal grandmother, a large share of my mother's patrimony passed into other hands. I accidentally ob-

tained intelligence of some fraudulent proceedings of the great personage, by whom it was then holden. We did not possess ability to support a prosecution for the recovery of our rights. Some time after the demise of my father, the person, who resided upon the estate, was sued for rent; to this person I communicated in confidence, what I knew to be fact. I assured him, the great man, who retained the estate, had no legal claim to it; and I advised him not to pay the rent. He followed my advice, and the business came before a court of judicature. The gentleman, who sued the tenant, summoned me, as a witness, to prove, that the tenant had occupied the house the specified number of years; thus I was unexpectedly present at the trial, and the interference of providence produced a result, far beyond our most sanguine expectations. The tenant denied the right of the landlord to demand the rent, alleging, that if he paid it to him, he might hereafter be compelled to pay it to another. "To whom?" interrogated the court. "To Mrs. Murray and her children, to whom the estate in question properly belongs." I was then called upon for an explanation, and I boldly pledged myself to prove the truth of the testimony delivered by the tenant; adding that I could make such a statement, as would render the affair abundantly clear to their Honors. I was immediately silenced, by the lawyers upon the opposite side, who produced a deed of the contested property, signed, sealed, and delivered; I then requested the indulgence of the honourable court, while I observed, that, as I was not sufficiently opulent to procure council, I presumed to solicit permission to plead my own cause. Full consent was unhesitatingly granted; when I proved to the satisfaction of the court, and jury, that this deed was signed, after the death of the husband of my grandmother; and further, that, had the man been living, the right of disposal was not vested in him. I consumed a full *hour and a half, in unfolding* a scene of wickedness,

not to be defended; and I closed, by grateful acknowledgements to their honours, for the patience they had exercised. The jury retired, and speedily returned with a verdict in favor of the tenant. I immediately entered my claim, and a trial commenced, which terminated in my favor; and I not only obtained the house in question, but two others, in like circumstances, to the no small satisfaction of the public, and the mortification of the great man, and his lawyers. We immediately took possession of the house; and our utmost gratitude to that God, who had interposed for us, was most powerfully excited. Here I had a very large, and, in no long time, a very well improved garden; abounding with every thing useful, and beautiful; herbs, fruits, and flowers, in great abundance; and my situation was fully adequate to my wishes. Harmony presided in our family; but, alas! gradually, as by common consent, we grew more careless of our domestic duties, and more attentive to public affairs: deriving a kind of amusement from what was passing abroad, which we could not obtain at home. We had many visitors, and consequently we frequently visited; yet no individuals were so dear to us, as were Mr. Little, and his amiable family. I have repeatedly observed, that both Mr. Little, and his lady, had, from the death of their sons, regarded me even with parental affection; I was only not an inmate in their dwelling; and but for the charge, which the demise of my father had devolved upon me, they would not so long have delayed proposals, which, in a most serious manner, they ultimately made to my mother. Mr. Little was rather advanced in years; he commenced his career without property, but he was prudent, and industrious; his lady was equally so; she brought her husband no more than one hundred pounds sterling, but she was a portion in herself. Although uncommonly economical, and careful, her charities were yet very extensive; she could assist, she observed, the children of penury, without loss: for her resource was her *own augmented* industry. When this amiable couple

became known to us, they possessed immense wealth; and they had now but two surviving children—daughters. We were passing a pleasant evening in their hospitable dwelling, throwing the eye of retrospection over past scenes, until our hearts were greatly softened. The departed sons, the deceased husband, and father, passed in review; and were alternately the subjects of conversation, and regret. At length, Mr. Little thus addressed us; "I have lost my sons, and I have long viewed you, my young friend, in the stead of my buried children. It is true, I have many nephews, and I am urgently solicited, to receive one of them under my roof; but I do not feel a freedom so to do, although I must absolutely have some one to assist me in the arrangement of my affairs: and I now tender to you, my dear young man, to you, who have so long been beloved by every individual of my family; I offer to you, the place of a son in my house, in my heart. And if you, madam, will consent; and your son, thus sanctioned, will accept my proposal, he shall immediately take possession of the apartment of his deceased friend (my lamented son,) and I shall bless God for thus making up my loss." Mrs. Little, who sat by bathed in tears, most cordially united her solicitations; the offer was too great to be rejected, we accepted it with becoming gratitude, and, what rendered a proposal so liberal abundantly more pleasing, was an appearance, on the part of our benefactors, of having *received*, instead of *conferred* an obligation. I attended my mother home, with mingled sensations of pain, and pleasure; pain from the consideration, that I was leaving a family, which I had been accustomed to view as, in a very tender sense, my own; and with which I should never perhaps in like manner again associate; pleasure, from the reflection, that I was entering upon a new scene of life, from which I had a prospect, not only of independence, but affluence. It is true, upon my departure, which took place upon the succeeding morning, I wept bitterly, so did my widowed mother, *and her children*; and my tears again flowed,

upon entering the apartments of my dear young friend, with whom I had passed so many pleasing hours. But, received by new parents, and sisters, as the dearest of sons, and as the brother of their affection. Joy soon exhilirated my spirits, and brightened upon my countenance; I had the warm congratulations of all my friends, for it was noised abroad, that this very opulent gentleman had adopted me as his son, and they went so far as to add, his son and heir. All this was very pleasing to me, but the kindred of Mr. Little, were of course, highly irritated, and I became so much the object of their envy, and their hatred, that, whenever they visited their uncle, without deigning to speak to me, they studiously sought opportunities of insulting me. This gave me pain, but it did me no real injury; for, upon every instance of invidious conduct towards me, my parental friends, and their family, especially their daughters, studiously augmented their testimonies of esteem and affection.

After I had passed some months with Mr. Little, he was visited by a young preacher, just entering the sacerdotal character, to whom I was much attached, and our friendship was mutual; I was prevailed upon by this preacher, to accompany him upon a little journey; I departed with the sanction of my patron. I had, in the societies with which I had been connected, occasionally exhorted; and I had been frequently urged by several of their preachers to aid them in their labours. Upon this journey I was, if I may so express myself, absolutely ensnared; accompanying my friend to the assembled congregation, with an expectation of hearing him, he put his arm under mine, and helping me to ascend the temporary pulpit, erected for the occasion, he suddenly quitted me, and I was in a manner constrained to speak to the multitude. Thus, for the first time, I preached to a large concourse of serious and attentive hearers, in public; and, although at the appointed time I returned to my much-loved home, I continued as opportunity offered, from that

time forward, preaching whenever I journeyed, and even at home, when necessitated by the absence of the preacher. This made some noise in our little world; but, as it was not displeasing to my honoured friends, I was not dissatisfied. My inveterate enemies, however, being the nearest relations of the family in which I resided, were constantly endeavouring to undermine my interest in the heart of their kinsman. I was to pass sometime in a neighbouring city, and to render my visit more pleasing, my patron, at my departure, furnished me with a sum of money; this sum I carelessly put into my pocket, without examination, until calling in my way, upon my mother, I discovered, that my patron had, as I supposed, made a capital mistake; that he had given me *gold*, instead of *silver*. I mentioned this circumstance to my mother, in presence of one of her neighbours; and without announcing my design, I immediately returned home, for the purpose of rectifying the error. Upon my unexpected appearance before Mr. Little, with information of his mistake, he smiled, and said, that he never kept his gold and silver together, "it was my design," said he, "to give you gold, but I advise you not to throw it away." I pursued my journey, and passed my time agreeably; but whether I threw away the bounty of my benefactor, I do not, at this period, recollect, I only know that I brought not a shilling home with me: In fact, I was never sufficiently sensible of the value of mony, to retain it in my possession. I was received, on my return from this visit, with uncommon pleasure; and sometime after, my kind patron, taking me into his private apartment, thus addressed me: "I need not, my dear, inform you, that you have many enemies, and I regret to say, that those enemies are among my nearest relatives; but, continuing in the paths of rectitude, you will be beyond the reach of their most malignant calumnies. Soon after you left home the other day, the clergyman, who has recently become the *husband of my niece*, called upon me, *requesting a private audience*; and when retired into this

room, he observed, that he conceived himself in duty bound to apprize me, that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the character of the person I had adopted; that he was *not honest;* that he had obtained money from me, to which he had no right. You gave him, sir, as you believed, some pieces of silver, but upon examination they proved to be guineas; this fact I can prove; and if he could thus act, what may he not do?" I told this officious gentleman, that I had really intended to give you gold; but that you, conceiving I had made a mistake, forbore to appropriate the money, and speedily returned home, for the purpose of making the communication. Our clergyman departed, and you will easily conceive, not a little humbled. I mention this circumstance to you, my son, to put you upon your guard. It is my wish, that, in future, you should not be so communicative." This little anecdote was exultingly repeated to me by the good lady, and her daughters, who never failed triumphantly to report every little occurrence, which they believed would contribute, either to my pleasure, or my reputation.

My establishment in this family rendered me an object of envy, even among some of my religious connexions. Objections were raised against my supposed erroneous sentiments; I was more than suspected of retaining my father's Calvinistic doctrines. Mr. Wesley received information against me. He set a watch over me; thus fixing upon me the evil eye of suspicion. A maiden sister, considerably advanced in years, became a dependent resident in the family of her brother. Her character was marked by duplicity, and she delighted in mischief. The tales she propagated were as various, as the parties which listened to her narrations; and all her communications were made under the strict seal of secrecy. Young, and unsuspecting, I found it difficult to encounter enemies of such *opposite descriptions*. I had some friends, of whose

affection I doubted not; with these friends I passed much time, and I communicated to them every thing, and they, in their turn, communicated every thing to me; while many circumstances, thus confided, were, to my great astonishment, in circulation! My situation became uneasy to me; I was fond of being in company abroad, this was very disagreeable to my friends at home; they expected in me a friend and companion, who would, by reading and conversation, give to their fireside new charms; and both parents, and daughters, were mortified and disappointed. Mr. Little expressed his disapprobation of my frequent absences. I was hurt, Mrs. Little shed tears, and entreated me to change my conduct. "You have," said she, "in this wide world no such friends, as we are disposed to prove ourselves; you will be abundantly more happy at home, than you can beabroad. You should supply to us the place of our deceased children: we expect consolation from your society. You are greatly beloved in this house; your enemies are not under this roof. For God's sake, if you have any regard for us, if you have any regard for any of your friends, if you would secure your own happiness, or the happiness of your mother, do not thus conduct." Thus, with many entreaties, did this dear, affectionate lady, endeavour to arrest my wanderings; and, while attending to her friendly lectures, my best resolutions were in full force; and I determined never to offend again. But going out to meeting, one, and another, of my religious connexions would take me by the arm; I could not avoid engagements; and when I returned home, every individual of the family, Miss Little excepted, had frequently retired to rest. The good girl waited to apprise me of her father's displeasure. Much did she expostulate; and her expostulations were not always unmingled with tears. My mother *was rendered* extremely wretched; I saw the

gathering storm, but I had not sufficient fortitude to abide its ravages. My enemies derived consolation from my indiscretion, and my infelicities daily augmented. Whenever I was censured, I was rendered more abundantly unhappy; and I formed a serious resolution to quit both the family of Mr. Little, and the country, and to seek an asylum in my native place—England. For many days I continued obdurate, no remonstrances could influence me; I must absolutely commence a traveller—I must go to England. I had no object, yet I must depart for England—I could not tell why, indeed. It was believed I was distracted. What, relinquish fortune, and such connexions, and such a prospect? for it was generally believed, that I was to be united in marriage with Miss Little. Nay, her father was informed, by his kindred, that I was absolutely clandestinely seeking to gain the affection of the young lady; and that they believed I was already in possession of her heart. But Mr. Little gave no credit to this report; he knew, that my evenings were passed abroad, and that this was the only source of dissatisfaction. It happened, however, one evening, when I had been out late, and he, according to custom, retired to rest, I found, on my return home, Miss Little waiting in the parlour, for the purpose of making a communication, which she conceived would be of consequence to me. We sat some time in a conversation, by which we were mutually interested; she made known to me the invidious remarks of her uncles, and aunts, and their displeasure at her, for not uniting with them in their sentiments; she dwelt upon the grief, which my inattention to the wishes of her parents occasioned them; and, upon this part of her subject, she became affected even to tears. I also was greatly affected, and for the first time in my life, taking her hand, I impressed upon it *a kiss of* fraternal affection; when to our great astonish-

ment, her father entered the apartment. Had we seen a spectre, we could not have been more appalled. He stood for some moments speechless, until fixing his eyes indignantly on my face, which was certainly covered with confusion, in a very pointed and significant manner, he said, "*So, sir;*" and, taking his daughter by the hand, he conducted her from the parlour, leaving me to my own reflections. Words are inadequate to a description of my agonies, during the residue of that night. An idea of Miss Little, in any other character than that of a very dear sister, had never crossed my mind; yet suspicion was now furnished with a weapon against me, which would abundantly enforce the reports retailed to Mr. Little, by his kindred. I have often wondered, that, at an age so susceptible of impression, I did not become more warmly attached to Miss Little; she was a most lovely, and amiable young woman; and she certainly gave me every reason, which a modest, delicate, and sensible female could give, to believe she was not absolutely disinclined to listen to a tale of love. My apathy can only be accounted for, by a recurrence to an unquestionable fact; my heart was wholly engrossed by my religious connexions. I passed this memorable night in my chamber, without entering my bed. I descended the stairs in the morning, with the feelings of a malefactor; I dreaded the sight of every one in the house. Mr. Little saw me, but spake not to me; Mrs. Little addressed me in the language of kindness; their daughter was not present, and I am persuaded she was not reduced to the necessity of *feigning* indisposition, as a pretence for absence. After breakfast Mrs. Little, in a whisper, directed me to retire into the back parlour, where she would speedily join me. With trembling dread I obeyed; she soon appeared, *the shutters* were closed, just light *enough to see her, and be* seen by her; I saw she had

been in tears; she was a most kind-hearted lady. I could not speak, she commanded me to be seated: I drew a chair for her, and another for myself; she sat down, and I seated myself by her. After a pause, she began: "Tell me, I conjure you, tell me, what I ought to understand by the appearances of this morning? answer honestly the questions I shall put to you; but I know your answers will be literally true. My poor girl is very much distressed; her father is very reserved, and very sad, he will make no reply to my enquiries, and my child is also silent. Tell me, I repeat, what is the matter?" I came home late last night, madam; no one was up but Miss Little, who, like an affectionate sister, informed me she had something to communicate to me, with which I ought to be acquainted: I listened to her, till I became greatly affected with what I heard, and deeply sensible of her goodness; we were mingling our tears, when thus thrown off my guard, I regret to say, that I am apprehensive that I committed an unpardonable offence; I am mortified, while I confess to you, my dear madam, that I had the boldness to press to my lips the dear hand, which seemed extended to rescue me from indiscretion; but indeed, my dear lady, it was the first time I ever dared to take so great a liberty, and I would give the world I had not then been guilty of so much temerity. At the moment Mr. Little entered, I felt as if I should have sunk under his indignant glance; Miss Little was greatly discomposed, while her father, with a voice rendered tremulous by anger, significantly said—"So, sir"—and conducted his daughter out of the room. This, my dear lady, is the whole I know of the matter; I fear, Miss Little will never forgive me, for *creating* her so much distress: I had infinitely rather be dead, than alive; I dread the eye of Mr. Little, and, it is my *opinion, I* ought to quit your hospitable mansion.

"Alas! my dear child, I know not what to say; you believe you ought to quit us! Would to God you had never thus thought. This persuasion is the source of all our unhappiness: How often have I told you, that no enemy could ever injure you, if your own conduct was uniformly correct. You have deeply wounded a heart that loves you. I promised myself, that you would become a large addition to our domestic felicity. But you are apprehensive you have offended beyond forgiveness! Alas! my daughter is more distressed for you, than for herself; you know not how much she has suffered on your account; you know not how much we all suffer! Why my dear child, will you thus afflict your best friends?" I am, my dear madam, grieved to have been the source of so much distress to persons so dear to me; but I shall shortly be out of the way of offending any one. "What do you mean?" To quit this house, to quit this country. The dear lady threw her maternal arms around me, and with flowing tears interrogated: "Is it thus you will avoid offending us? Ah, my dear child, how little do you know of us, or of yourself: For God's sake, let me persuade you not to take so rash a step! Where would you go, what would you do? Would you leave a home, an envied home, and thus, while you afflicted your dearest friends, gratify your malignant foes?" But, my dear madam, it is impossible I can continue under this roof. Mr. Little will not restore me his confidence, my felicity in this family is fled, forever fled. "You are mistaken, your happiness rests entirely with yourself; be but uniformly discreet, be but the companion we expected, when we adopted you, and all will yet be well." But, madam, the eye and ear of Mr. Little will now be open against me, suspicion will be on the alert, and he will accept the tales of my enemies, as testimonies *of sacred writ.* "Believe it not; think no more

of this untoward business ; you have but one enemy who can essentially injure you, and that enemy is yourself. I will be responsible for my family ; you shall not be molested in this house, only convince us, that you love us ; do but prove, that you are more attached to us than to any other individuals, and we are satisfied : Do but reflect, how delightfully we might pass our time together. The business of the day closed, and we assembled in the parlour ; you with your book, we your admiring audience, until we are summoned to supper ; then, after you have closed our serene day by an appropriate, and affecting address to the God who created, and who has hitherto preserved us, we retire to an early pillow, soothed, and gratified, our sleep cannot but be refreshing. Why, what a paradise would our abode become. But, my child, when you pass every evening abroad, you know not what a melancholy group you render us. We are dumb, our countenances are sad ; our silence is sometimes broken by Mr. Little, who questions in anger, "Where is our young gentleman to-night ? any society but ours !" Then follows a heavy sigh : "Well, let us go to bed, it will be late before he returns ; but this will never do." We dare not open our lips, but my girls mingle their tears with mine. Greatly moved by these observations, I sincerely repented of my past conduct ; and I determined, I would, in all things, conform myself to the wishes of my parental friends. I beheld the family picture presented before me, by the dear lady ; I beheld it with rapture, and I decisively said : yes, indeed, my future evenings shall all be devoted to a family so charming, and thus will my days be passed in peace. I promised the dear lady, solemnly I promised, that I would be all she wished ; and I communicated to her bosom inexpressible delight. I left her in tears, but they were tears of rapture : I retired *to my chamber* ; I threw myself upon my knees,

I supplicated pardon of my heavenly Father, and, with a devout heart, I implored his supporting aid. A petition to my Creator always possessed the potent power of refreshing my soul; I was greatly refreshed, and I looked forward with renewed complacency. In a few hours, I was summoned to dinner; at the door of the dining-room, I was met by Mr. Little, no cloud rested upon his countenance; I entered the dining-room, where were seated my charming, my faithful friends; the mother, and her daughters; their countenances were animated, but their eyes bore testimony to their previous agitation; our interview, and hour of dining, were highly gratifying. It is true, many words were not uttered, but there is, in the expressive eye, and other intelligent features of a fine countenance, a fascination which dwelleth not in words. Soon after dinner my little friend, the youngest daughter of my patron, visited me in my chamber, and bestowed upon me many caresses.

Halcyon days and months now revolved; I fondly fancied I had surmounted every difficulty, and I anticipated a succession of delightful enjoyments; yet again I experienced the satiety, consequent upon one unvaried routine. He, who had appointed me for a life of wandering, gave me a disposition which reluctated at the constant recurrence of the same scene; I ventured to pass one evening abroad: another, and another succeeded. I was severely reflected upon, and I felt it keenly; conscious of meriting reproach, I was the more deeply wounded. I had been recently conversant with a young preacher from England; my imagination was fired; the world could not have longer detained me; I condemned myself for wasting so much time; my heart, my soul was in England, in London. Let the world bestow its censures, London was the place; it contained every thing delightful; I was on tiptoe to be gone; if I was not approved by the family, so much the better, there would be less ingratitude in *quitting it.* *My dear* maternal friend once more

sought, and obtained a private interview; this I wished avoid; she saw my reluctance, and was convinced sl should not succeed. She reproached me; this, thou painful, I could bear better than her tenderness. "Th you will leave us," said the dear lady. I am determine "You will repent it, sir; you will return with sorro and with shame; when, possibly, you may not find the hospitable doors open to receive you." Never, nev I will die first. She paused, she raised her hands heaven, she looked: merciful God, I see her now b fore me: the impression of her varying countenance w unutterable; tears coursed each other down her pall cheeks. Pausing for a few moments, she said: "Po unhappy youth, you know not what you are about, whe you are going, and what you are doomed to suff Here, then, ends all my pleasing prospects; now i deed I have lost my sons; poor Anna, she has now, truth, no brother. Go, unhappy youth, go, the soon you depart, the better; I do not wish to see you again She left me nor will I attempt a description of n sensations. I retired to my chamber, my chamb now no more; I wept, I audibly sobbed. In imagin tion I beheld the beloved friend, by whom it was on occupied; he seemed to upbraid me for my conduc how torturing were the pangs I suffered. Upon th evening of this sad day, my cherub friend entered th chamber, and for the last time, during my abode ther in; pretty soul, she threw her arms around my nec my face was wet with her tears; she told me, that h sister was very, very sad! On what occasion, my love "Why, papa is very, very angry with you: and sh says, you are going away tomorrow, she knows n where, and that she shall never see you again; and sh walks about her chamber, and wrings her hands, O dear, O! dear, I never saw her so much distresse before!" This was a truly affecting night, but it wa

the last I passed under that roof; I was not summoned to breakfast: a servant came to ask, if I would breakfast in my chamber, there could be no doubt of my negative. I saw by the countenance of this domestic, that I was fallen. About twelve o'clock I received a message from Mr. Little, he was alone; I must attend him. My sufferings were great. To meet his eye was abundantly worse than death; I endeavoured to avoid it. Some time elapsed before he spoke; he repeatedly attempted to speak, but mingling grief and rage arrested his utterance. At last he said: "Well, sir, you are going to commence your travels?" This with *the manner* in which it was spoken, relieved me. It was at that moment my choice to cherish resentment, rather than regret. I am going to England, sir, "You are; well, and what are you going to do there? But this is no business of mine; yet I suppose it must be my business to know, how you are to get there; have you any money, sir?" No sir, "Hold your hat, sir." I did so, and he threw into it as much gold as he pleased, and, as I then believed, as much as would support me, if I should reach the extreme age allotted to man. "Have you enough, sir?" Yes, sir, quite enough, and God forever bless you. "Do you hear, sir, leave behind you my son's fowling-piece, and here ends my air-built castle; and with a flushed countenance, and a tearful eye, he left me, nor did I ever more cross the threshold of his door. I turned my back upon this once delightful home, with mingling emotions of sorrow, mortification, regret, and anger; all combining to produce unutterable anguish. My frame trembled, as I turned from the door; a chillness pervaded my heart; sickness seized my stomach, and just sufficient presence of mind to turn the contents of my hat into my pocket-handkerchief, when I sunk down upon *the steps of* the first door in my way.

I was seen, and noticed by the people of the house, who conveyed me into their dwelling, and, when they had recovered me, questioned me respecting the cause of my indisposition. I related with my usual frankness, every particular, and in a short time, the story circulated, and with all the variations commonly attached to interesting articles of intelligence. I was soon sufficiently restored to reach the residence of my mother; where a new scene of sorrow awaited me. The poor sufferer was beyond measure astonished at the step I had so rashly taken, and her distress was unutterable: she had promised herself a long series of enjoyments, from the happy arrangements made for me; and I suspect she contemplated, at no very distant period, a union between Miss Little, and myself: and her consequent agony, when she learned, that I had not only abandoned my home, and those flattering prospects, but that, in consequence of my fixed determination to repair to England, she was to lose me, perhaps for ever; the torture of her mind was, as I have said, beyond the reach of language; but neither her tears nor entreaties, strongly enforced by those of my brothers, and sisters, could for a single moment shake my resolution. Whatever barriers might oppose my wandering steps, to England I must depart; I saw, or seemed to see, the sacred shade of my father, first reproaching me, and then soothing me to a compliance with the wishes of his mourning family; and, by the anguish of my feelings, my soul was harrowed up: yet still, obdurate as I was, I continued inflexible. I could not endure to see, or be seen, in the vicinity of the abode which I had quitted; and I made immediate preparations for my departure. I tendered, to my disconsolate mother, the money I had received from Mr. Little, not a penny of which she would accept; "*No, my beloved* child, if you must launch out upon

the wide ocean, into a world of which you know but little, you will find this sum, large as it is, far short of your exigencies. Through your filial exertions, I am established in a dwelling, far beyond my most sanguine expectations, or even wishes; and, from your well-timed efforts, I derive many other advantages; and if my God is about to deprive me of my son, I doubt not His goodness and mercy, which have hitherto followed me, will still be manifest, both in my provision, and preservation; and in that of my helpless children." My heart seemed ready to burst; conscience whispered I was acting wrong, very wrong; yet even this conviction could not induce a relinquishment of my plan; an irresistible impulse seemed hurrying me on. Many instances, striking instances, in my long and wearisome life, combine to prove, *that the way of man is not in himself;* I, at least, have experienced the truth of this sacred testimony. As the time of my departure drew near, my feelings were still more keen. My mother, my brothers, my sisters, my friends, renewed their tears, and entreaties; I could not stem a torrent so mighty, and I determined I would abide with them. But it was the determination of the moment, extorted by the mournful supplications of all who were dear to me; and when they ceased to urge, I resumed my former resolution; and my mother, from early life devoutly religious, mildly resigned herself to an event, which she considered inevitable. 'I see,' said she, "supplications are ineffectual; now I am indeed a widow!" Starting at the desolate term (widow), so mournfully uttered, I hastened to my chamber, and prostrating myself before the throne of Almighty God, I seemed as if I were struggling with the agonies of dissolving nature. I would infinitely have preferred death, to a separation so exquisitely torturing: I besought the God of my father to have compassion upon

me, never to leave nor forsake me; and while thus humbly, and faithfully soliciting the Father of my spirit, renewed affiance grew in my bosom, and a voice seemed to say, "Go, and lo I am with you always." Calmly reposing upon this assurance, I retired to rest; I quitted my pillow on the succeeding morning, wonderfully refreshed. It was on that morning, that I met for the last time, in the place of my dear, confiding father, his disconsolate family: It was indeed a time of prayer. My heart addressed the Father of mercies; I confessed, with great sincerity, my manifold errors; and I petitioned for a continuance of unmerited kindness; I beseeched God to look with pity on a poor, destitute, helpless being, commencing a journey through a world, with which he was unacquainted. I entreated our God, in behalf of my suffering mother, and her helpless orphans, that He would constantly abide with them; and that he would vouchsafe an answer of peace to the many prayers, offered up in their behalf, by the husband and parent now in glory. My mother was dumb; she saw the hand of God in this business, and she believed, that as a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father, I could not thus leave my pleasant home, and wander I knew not whither, except the Lord directed. And, embracing me, when on the eve of my departure, she affectingly said: "Go, my first born, my ever beloved son; go, and may the God of your father be with you: Go, my darling son, on whom, while coming up from this wilderness, I fondly meant to lean; but God will not allow me to lean on any but himself: Go thou ever dear to my heart, and may our God be still near you, to preserve you from the evil, which is in the world. The prayers of your afflicted mother shall be continually offered up in your behalf; and oh! my son, *although* we part, never perhaps to meet again in this

world, yet let us meet every day before that throne, whence we may expect grace to help in every time of need; let us be present in spirit, thus waiting upon the Lord. She then threw her fond, maternal arms around me, once more pressing me to that dear, that faithful bosom, whence I drew my early nourishment. With tears of fond affection she bedewed my face, and again dropping upon her knees, she once more lifted her streaming eyes to heaven in my behalf, when starting up, she hastened to the retirement of her chamber, and instantly closed the door, I stood like a statue; I could not move; I was almost petrified by sorrow. But from this state of stupefaction I was roused by the burst of sorrow, and loud lamentations of my sisters; I turned to the dear girls, I wept with them, and endeavored to give them that consolation which I did not myself possess. But, hastening from the scene of sorrow, there was one pang, which I calculated to escape. The youngest child, a beautiful little boy, who bore the name of my father—sweet cherub—I dreaded seeing him, and determined to spare myself this torture; but, as I slowly, and pensively passed from the house, believing that what was worse than the bitterness of death had passed, this lovely little fellow crossed my path. Sweet innocent, thou wert playful as the frisking lamb of the pasture, totally ignorant of the agonies, which wrung the heart of thy brother. He ran to me, clung around my knees, and looking wishfully in my face, affectingly questioned; "Where are you going?" I could not reply, I attempted to move on, he took hold of my garment; "Let me go with you? shall not I go with you, brother?" He uttered these questions, in a voice so plaintive, that he pierced my very soul. Surely, had it been possible, I should even then have relinquished my purpose. It was with difficulty that I extricated myself from this supplicating infant. I would have hastened to-

ward, but my trembling limbs refused their office; I caught him in my arms, I pressed him to my aching bosom, and but for a burst of tears, which came seasonably to my relief, the struggles of my heart must have choaked me. I left him—yes, I left this youngest of my father's children; this dear object of my soul's affection, this infant charge, committed to my care, by an expiring father: I left him in the act of innocent supplication. I left him when I should, with a thousand times less of suffering, have quitted the clay-built tabernacle of my spirit; nor had I ought in prospect, to compensate the sorrows to which I voluntarily submitted!! Surely, there is a hand unseen, which governs the human being, and all his actions; I repeat, *truly the way of man is not in himself.* Few sufferings could surpass those which, upon this occasion, I endured: My bitterest enemy could not have censured me with more severity, than I censured myself, yet I passed on; no friend could urge my return with more energy, than did the emotions of my own afflicted heart, yet I passed on. True, I passed on slowly; a frame, enfeebled by mental agonies, is not moved without difficulty. I had sent my trunk on, in the wagon, to the city of Cork, where I purposed to take passage for England; and with my staff in my hand, I passed on, my eyes fixed on the ground, not wishing to encounter any human eye: It was with much difficulty I attained the summit of a steep aclivity, where spent and weary, I sat me down. From this lofty eminence, in full perspective, outspread before me, was the place from which I had departed; my eye eagerly ran over the whole scene. Upon a gentle assent, directly opposite, embosomed in a thick grove of ash, sycamore, and fruit trees, appeared the loved dwelling of my mother. Behind this eminence, still ascending, was outstretched that garden, in which, with great delight, I had so often laboured; where I had planted herbs, fruits, and flowers, in great variety; and where, as my departure was in the month of June, they

all flourished in high perfection. It was only during the preceding year, that I had added to my stock a large number of the best fruit trees, in the full expectation of reaping the reward of my labours, through many successive seasons. In those tall trees, the cuckoo, the thrush, and the blackbird, built their nests; and at early dawn, and at closing eve, I have hung enraptured upon their melodious notes. My swimming eye passed from the garden to the house; there sat my weeping, my supplicating mother, at that moment, probably, uniting with her deserted children in sending up to heaven petitions for my safety. I turned to the right; there towered the stately mansion, I was bid to consider as my own; there dwelt the matron, who hoped I should have been unto her as a son, and who had cherished me as such; there dwelt the charming young lady, whose virtuous attachment might have constituted the solace of my existence. The tear of sorrow, the sigh of disappointment, no doubt, bedewed their cheeks, and swelled their faithful bosoms: And, oh! I exclaimed, may the balm of peace, may the consolations of the holy spirit, be abundantly shed abroad in you hearts.

As thus, from scene to scene, my eager eye with tearful haste had wandered, my heart reiterated its unutterable agonies; and, as I considered my situation as resembling that of the father of mankind, when driven from the paradise, to which state of blessedness it was decreed he never was to return, I would gladly have laid me down and died: I would have given the world, had it been at my disposal, to have reinstated myself in the situation, and circumstances, I had so inconsiderately relinquished; but this was impossible, and this conviction—how terrible! I wept, I sobbed. Despair seemed taking up its residence in my bosom. I fled from the scene; again I turned; one more look; I wrung my hands in agony, and my heart spontaneously exclaimed: Dear, ever dear parent, once more fare-

well; dear, much loved sisters, brothers, and thou, sweet innocent, thou smiling, thoughtless, and therefore happy babe, once more farewell: and you, dear second parents, and thou sister of the friend of my soul, with the beauteous cherub, whose infantile caresses, while pouring into my ear the interesting tale, were as balm to my wounded spirit—farewell, Oh! farewell forever! and you, ye many kind, religious connexions, with whom I have often wept, and prayed, and joyed, and sorrowed, once more I bid you adieu; adieu ye flowery walks, where I have spent so many happy hours; ye thick embowering shades, reared by these hands, ye health-restoring herbs, ye sweet delicious fruits, ye fragrant flowers, receive my last farewell. Still I lingered—still I gazed around, and yet again, another look—'tis past, and I am gone forever. I turned from the view, and have never since beheld those charming scenes. I wonder much my agitated spirits had not insured a fever; but God preserved me, and leading my mind to the consideration of scenes beyond the present state, I was enabled to proceed, until I beheld, in perspective, the spires of the opulent city, which I was approaching. The opening prospect, with the additional sound of a fine ring of bells from Shannon steeple (a church standing on an eminence upon the river Lee, the bells of which are heard at an immense distance,) gave a new tone to my mind. I had many friends in the city of Cork, and I endeavoured to derive consolation from their unquestioned attachment. I had frequently preached in this city, and I had reason to suppose my labours had been acceptable. In the city of Cork, my paternal grandmother, with her daughter, my aunt Champion, and her children, still lived. My society would be sought, and I should again be engaged in preaching; these considerations lessened the weight of affliction, by which I had been sorely

pressed. I arrived at the mansion of my grandmother, some time before sunset, and I was very joyfully received; but when I had communicated my plan, the countenances both of my grandmother, and my aunt, decidedly evinced their displeasure; they censured me with severity, and I keenly felt their rebukes. I assured them, I came not to solicit aid; and rising from my chair, I bade them formally adieu, quitting their presence, and their house. The eldest daughter of my aunt, a very beautiful young lady, and as good as beautiful, whose heart was formed for pity, and for tenderness, followed me down stairs, and entreated me to continue with them, but her well-designed interference was ineffectual. I had been severely censured, and I could not bear it; I could have borne it better, if it had been unmerited. I left my lovely cousin in tears, nor did I again see, or hear from any individual of the family, until, one evening after I had preached in the Methodist church, my grandmother advanced, took my hand, and requested I would attend her home: I confess I was delighted with her condescension; for my mind had greatly suffered from the reflection, that I had given pain to the dear, and respectable mother of my deceased father. I accompanied her home, and we passed a happy evening together; both my grandmother, and my aunt, addressed me in strains the most soothing; they poured into my lacerated mind the oil and wine of consolation; they confessed themselves convinced, that the good hand of God was in my removal. "You are," said the pious lady, "you are, my dear child, under the guidance of an omnipotent Power; God has designed you for himself; you are a chosen instrument to give light to your fellow men; you are, I perceive, ordained to turn many from darkness unto light, from the power of satan, unto God, and the Lord *will be with you*. The God of your father

will bless you, and make your way prosperous before you; look no more, then, to what you have left behind, but look forward in faith, always remembering, that *God's works of providence are his most holy, wise, and powerful; preserving and governing all his creatures, and all their actions.* Do not, I say, reflect upon yourself; I confess, I was wrong in censuring you; God's way is in the great deep, we ought to acquiesce in all the dispensations of our Creator. You, my dear son, are as clay in his hand; God is as the potter, who will do with you as seemeth good in his sight. Who can resist his will?" Thus did this dear lady speak peace to a mind, that had not, for a long season, received such strong consolation.

I was urged, while in the city of Cork, to relinquish my purpose of going to England. The Methodists solicited me to repair to Limerick, where a preacher was much wanted; but nothing could seduce my thoughts from my native island. I frequently mixed in company, where religious disputes ran very high. The doctrine of election, and final perseverance, were severely reprobated: But election, and final perseverance, were fundamentals in my creed, and were received by me, as the doctrines of God. Yet I was aware, that an attempt to defend principles, so obnoxious, would subject me to the censure, and ill treatment of religious enemies, and I had experienced, that religious enemies were the most to be dreaded: Yet, as I could not be silent, and as I dared not dissemble, I contented myself with observing, that I had been accustomed to hear my respectable father speak in favour of those doctrines. But although, in my public labours, I never asserted ought, that could expose me to censure, yet I was more than suspected of Calvinism, and consequent resentments were enforced against me. My residence in the city of Cork was thus rendered unpleasant, and my impa-

tience to embark for England was augmented. I was, however, obliged to continue two weeks longer, during which period, I endeavoured to live as retired as possible, avoiding controversy, and devoting my time to my grandmother and a few select friends. It was during my protracted residence in this city, that the celebrated Mr. George Whitefield arrived there, upon a visit. Of Mr. Whitefield I had heard much, and I was delighted with an opportunity of seeing, hearing, and conversing with so great a man. He was the first Calvinistic Methodist I had ever heard, and he became very dear to me; I listened with transport. The principles early inculcated upon my mind were in full force, and for Mr. Whitefield I conceived a very strong passion. He appeared to me something more than human; I blushed, at the view of myself, as a preacher, after I had attended upon him; yet I had the temerity to preach in pulpits, which he had so well filled! and I secretly resolved to enter into connexion with him, if I should be so happy as to meet him, after my arrival in London. I had many delightful opportunities in private circles with this gentleman; he was a most entertaining companion. But, as Mr. Wesley marked him with a jealous eye, he dispatched, by way of escort, two of his preachers, in whom he particularly confided, who diligently followed the great man, from place to place: he was of course, upon every occasion, closely watched; and his facetious observations, and frequent gaiety, were, by these spies, severely censured, as descriptive of *unbecoming levity*. In fact, every art was called into action, to prevent the affections of the people wandering, from one reformer to another; yet, while gentlemen, in connexion with Mr. Wesley, were continually upon the alert against Mr. Whitefield, he himself evinced not the smallest inclination for opposition, or even defence; he appeared perfectly content with the

enjoyments of the day, rather preferring a state of independence, to an intimate connexion with any seet, or party. His choice, at that time, was decidedly the life of an itinerant, and he then evidently shrunk from the cares, and embarrassments, attached to the collecting, building, and repairing churches. And never, I believe, did any man in public life enjoy more: he was the admiration of the many, and an object of the warmest affection in those social circles, in which it was his felicity to mingle. The pleasures of the table were highly zested by Mr. Whitefield, and it was the pride of his friends to procure for him every possible luxury. The pleasure I derived from this gentleman's preaching, from his society, and from the society of his friends, contributed to lessen the weight of melancholy, which depressed my spirits on my departure from home. I recollect an evening, passed with him at the house of one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, who had wedded a beautiful young lady of family and fortune, only daughter of a Mrs. ————, who possessed a very large estate, kept her chariot, her city, and her country house, and entertained much company; many persons were collected upon this evening; I was charmed with every thing I saw, with every thing I heard. I had long admired the master of the house, his lady I had never before seen; she was the object of general adulation; her person was uncommonly elegant, and her face dazzlingly beautiful; she had received a *useful*, as well as a *fashionable* education, and she was mistress of all the polite accomplishments. She had three lovely children, with minds as well cultivated, as their time of life would permit; I threw my eyes upon the happy, the highly favoured husband, the amiable wife, the fascinating children, the venerable lady, who gave being to this charming wife, mother, friend. I beheld *the group* with rapture; for envy, as I have else-

where observed, was never an ingredient in my composition, and I hung with a sort of chastened pleasure, upon the anecdotes furnished by Mr. Whitefield; the whole scene was captivatingly entertaining, and highly interesting; I was ready to wish the night might endure forever. Alas; it was but one night; I never after entered that house: Happy would it have been for me, if I had never seen it. How mysterious are the ways of Heaven! this evening, upon which I was so highly gratified, was the remote cause of my suffering, many years afterwards great and very serious inquietude. I left the honse of my friend, Mr. Trinbath, expecting to have seen him again and again; I left him an object of envy to many; but I never saw him more, nor did he, poor gentleman, long continue the object of envy to any one.

This was the last night I spent in this city; in this country. The vessel in which I had engaged a passage to Bristol, was now ready for sailing; I had only time, upon the morning of the ensuing day, to bid a hasty adieu to my grandmother, and her family, with a few other friends; to receive their blessings and to depart. I took my place in the vessel at the wharf, some of my friends accompanying me thither; I spoke to them with my eyes, with my hands, my tongue refused utterance.

The beauty of the surrounding scenes, in passing from the city to the cove of Cork, cannot perhaps be surpassed. A few miles from the city stands a fortress, then governed by a half brother of my father. I beheld it with a humid eye, but the vessel had a fair wind, and we passed it rapidly. I retired to the cabin; my too retentive memory retraced the scenes I had witnessed since first I reached Hibernia's hospitable shore; they were many, and to me interesting: reflection became extremely painful, yet it was impossible to avoid

it; and while I was thus retrospecting, the vessel cut her way through the harbour; we had reached the cove, we were on the point of leaving the land. I jumped upon the deck, I threw my eyes over the country I was leaving, which contained all that was near and dear to me, either by the ties of blood or friendship; all, all were drawn up in order before me, it was another parting scene. Yet I cherished hope, I might again return. Alas! alas! this hope was delusive; it was an everlasting adieu. Dear country of guileless, and *courteous* manners, of integrity, and generous hospitality, I bid you adieu; adieu ye verdant hills, ye fertile vallies, ye gurgling rills, which every where cross the path of the traveller; ye delicious fruits, ye fagrant flowers, ye sylvan scenes, for contemplation made—adieu, perhaps forever. Here ends the various hopes and fears, which have swelled my bosom in a country celebrated for the salubrity of its air, the clearness of its waters, the richness of its pastures, and the hospitality of its inhabitants; and

Where no poisonous reptile could ever yet procure sustenance.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival in England, and further progress of the INEXPERIENCED *Traveller.*

Hail, native Isle, for deeds of worth renown'd,
By Statesmen, Patriots, Poets, Heroes crown'd;
For thee my friends, my weeping friends, I leave,
To thy blest arms, thy wandering son receive.

I NOW began a new era of my melancholy life. Losing sight of land, I again retired to my cabin: alas! "busy thought was too busy for my peace." Launched upon the wide ocean, I was speeding to a country, my native country indeed; but a country, in which I could boast neither relation, nor friend, not even a single acquaintance. I was quitting a country, in which I had

both relations and friends, with many pleasant acquaintances; yet this consideration did not much depress me; for although my heart was pained, exquisitely pained, when I reflected on those I was leaving, yet I was in raptures at the thought of England. I promised myself every thing pleasing in England; yet in my most visionary moments, I could not name a source, from which I could rationally expect establishment, or even temporary gratification. Several gentlemen were in the cabin, who took kind notice of me; they asked me no questions, so I was not embarrassed; but they contributed to render my passage agreeable, which, however, was very short; for the identical passage, which, when I accompanied my father, consumed full nine weeks, was now performed in three days; but exempted from those fears, and that nausea, which sometimes afflict fresh-water sailors, I was rather pleased with the rapidity of our passage. We dropped anchor in Bristol channel; I was charmed with an opportunity of going on shore at Pill, and once more greeting the good old lady, that had many years before so tenderly compassionated me, when I returned as one from the dead, to my offended father. Alas! she was no more; this was a disappointment, but I was in England, and every thing I saw, swelled my throbbing bosom to rapture. I was determined on walking to Bristol, it was only five miles, and through a most enchanting country. O! what transport of delight I felt, when, with the ensuing morning, I commenced my journey. The birds sweetly carolled, the flowers enamelled the meadows, the whole scene was paradisiacal. It was England. But where was I going? I knew not. How to be employed? I knew not; but I knew I was in England, and, after feasting my eyes and ears, I seated myself upon a verdant bank, where the hot wells, (so much celebrated as the resort of invalid votaries of fashion, who come hear to kill time, and to protract a debilitated existence

by the use of the waters,) were in full view. Here I began seriously to reflect upon my situation, and to attend to various questions, proposed by a certain *invisible*, my internal monitor, who thus introduced the inquiry. "Well, here you are, in England, what are you to do?" God only knows. "Had you not better apply to Him for his direction and protection?" Certainly, where has my mind wandered, that I have not thus done before? The emotions of my heart were at this moment indescribable. When I last gazed upon these scenes, my prudent, vigilant father, was at my side, to guard me from evil; now I had no guide, no counseller, no protector! "O yes," said my monitor, "you have the Creator, the Father of your father, He will be your God, and your guide: He will be your protector, your counsellor, your preserver; He will provide for you, and, if you apply to Him, He will make your way plain before you." My heart, softened and cheered by these consoling suggestions, instantly began its supplications; there I prayed, and there I remembered Jacob upon the field of Padan-Aram; I commended myself to the care of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and I added to these names, the name of my own father. Thus, by unbosoming myself to the Author of my existence, was my spirit greatly refreshed. It is very true I wept, freely wept, but my tears were tears of luxury, and I went on my way rejoicing, in a hope which gave me, as it were, to tread air. I reached Bristol at early dinner, I entered a tavern, inquiring if I could be furnished with a dinner. They saw I was a stranger, and from Ireland. The master of the inn was from the same country; he soon discovered I was a Methodist, and being acquainted with those Religionists, he invited them to visit me, and I was consequently introduced to many of the Methodists in that city. It may be thought strange, that, as

I had been so much engaged among the Methodists in Ireland, being one of their approved preachers, I did not take the steps necessary to introduce me among that class of people in England. But, beside the jealousy which had taken place in the minds of my religious brethren, on account of my attachment to the doctrine of election, which made me resolve to quit Mr. Wesley's connexion, and unite myself with the adherents of Mr. Whitefield, I wished for liberty to act myself, without restraint. But on being introduced, I was soon engaged; attended their meetings, and private societies, and was admired, and caressed, and consequently tarried longer than I had proposed, deriving, from every social interview, abundant consolation. Upon the evening previous to my departure from Bristol, I was urged to visit a society a few miles from the city; it was a pleasant walk; several of both sexes were assembled, they were neat in person, and correct in manners, and they were all English. I was charmed, and being in good spirits, I was thought excellent company; I was then a stranger. They were highly pleased; I was requested to pray; I did so, and we mingled our tears. I was solicited to continue among this people, but my wishes all pointed to London—and to London I must go. I parted with my new acquaintance with regret, for I was as much pleased with them, as they appeared to be with me. Being prevailed upon to tarry dinner the next day, I did not leave Bristol until the afternoon. I then departed al[illegible] determining to proceed as far as Bath, and take t[illegible] for London, upon the ensuing morning. As I [illegible] over one of the most charming roads in Eng[illegible] alone, I had not only time for reflection, but my [illegible] tions were pensively pleasing: I was advancing towar[illegible] the metroplis; hitherto I had experienced [illegible] goodness of God, and I indulged the most sanguine hopes.

My heart was greatly elated; I beheld the surrounding scenes with rapture; I was not wearied by my walk, it was only sixteen miles from Bristol, to Bath; the fields stood thick with corn, the valleys, burdened with an uncommon load of hay, seemed to laugh and sing, and the birds, in their variety, were, as if hymning the praises of their Creator, while the setting sun heightened the grandeur, and gave the finishing touches to the scene. My feelings were indeed highly wrought. I proceeded near the margin of a beautiful river; two hay-makers were returning from their toil; I addressed them, and, in my accustomed manner, I expressed my delight, and my gratitude. "These," said I, in a strain of rapture, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good; Almighty Father, thine this universal frame; these wond'rous fair—surpassing wonder far—thyself how wond'rous then!" Tears gushed into my eyes, as I thus expressed the transport of my soul. The men were astonished, yet they seemed pleased; I asked them the name of the river? They replied, "the Avon, sir." Then, said I, it flows through the native place of Shakspeare. "Shakspeare, who is he?" A writer, I replied; wondering at myself for mentioning his name; but I *thought* of Shakspeare, and I have ever been accustomed to *think* loud; the thought was an addition to my pleasures, and, from the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. My companions could not fail of discovering, that I came fr[illegible]eland, yet they cast no reflections upon me, as is [illegible]ustom with low people, upon these occasions; [illegible]re rather disposed to treat me kindly. "I fan-[illegible] one of them, "you are a methodist." I am [illegible] do not deny it. "Then my Bess will be [illegible]o see thee, I'll warrant me; wool thee come [illegible]h me? Thee may go farther, and fare worse I can[illegible] thee that." "Ay, ay," said the other, "Thee

had best go with my neighbour—I'll warrant thee good cheer." I thanked this kind man, and my heart swelled with gratitude to that Being, in whose hands are the hearts of all his creatures, for thus meeting me on my entrance into this strange city, with loving-kindness, and tender mercy. We walked on together, mutually delighted; I, with every thing I saw, and my companions with me, for my expressed satisfaction. We soon stopped at the door of a very neat house. This cannot, said my heart, be the dwelling of a hay-maker; it was, however, and opening the door he said: "Here, Bess, I have brought thee home a young Methodist, I know thee wilt be glad to see him." I was then, by this rough, good-hearted man, presented to his wife: "Thou must find out his name thyself." I immediately told her my name, when, in a friendly manner, she requested me to be seated. She was a very different character from her husband, her manners were even polished; she entered into friendly conversation with me, and we derived much satisfaction therefrom, when her husband entering, inquired in his rough manner, "What the plague, Bess, hast got no supper for thy guest?" This was a matter to which we had neither of us recurred. The good man, however, was speedily obeyed, and an elegant repast was forthwith placed upon the table, of which, I partook with appetite. We afterwards sang one of the Methodist hymns, and we united in solemn prayer; while my heart acknowledged all the fervour of devotion, even my host himself seemed affected and pleased, declaring he esteemed himself fortunate in meeting me. I was introduced to a handsome lodging room, and a good bed, but the fulness of my grateful heart would not, for some time, allow me to close my eyes; at length I sunk into the most refreshing slumbers, and I arose the next morning greatly exhilarated. I *was received by my* hospitable host, and hostess.

with every mark of satisfaction; we breakfasted together, sang a hymn, and addressed the throne of grace, when the good man went forth to the labours of the field, requesting that I would not think of leaving them. In the course of the morning, the good lady informed me, that they had recently settled, in Bath, a Mr. Tucker, who had been a preacher in Ireland. My heart leaped at this intelligence; of all the preachers, with whom I had ever associated, this man possessed the greatest share of my affection. His tender, innocent, child-like disposition, not only endeared him to me, but to all who were acquainted with his worth. My hostess was charmed to learn, that I was known to Mr. Tucker: I solicited her to direct me to his residence, but when she informed me, that, by the death of his father, he had recently come into possession of thirty pounds sterling, I became apprehensive I should not be recognized. But I had occasion to reproach myself for my suspicions, for no sooner was I conducted to his dwelling, than he caught me in his arms, and expressed the highest satisfaction. Upon introducing me to his lady, he said: "My dear, this young man is the eldest son of one of the best men I ever knew. No man ever possessed a larger share of my venerating affection: I love this young person as his son, and I love him for himself; and when you, my dear, know him as I do, the goodness of your own heart will compel you to love him as I do." How highly gratifying all this to me, at such a time, in such a place, and in the presence of the lady, whose guest I was! but I must be her guest no longer; this warm-hearted friend of my father, and of myself, would not allow me to leave his house nor the city for a long season; indeed, it was greatly against his will, that I left Bath when I did. I promised, I would call every day upon my worthy host, and hostess, which promise I punctually performed. Mr. Tucker insisted upon my giving them a discourse in the church in which he officiated; for, although possessed of an independent for-

tune, he yet continued to preach to the people. On Sunday, then, I preached in the city of Bath, to great acceptation. My host and hostess (the hospitable hay-maker and wife) were present, and felicitated themselves they had introduced a man, so much approved.

My Reverend friend conducted me from place to place, showing me every thing curious in that opulent resort of the nobility. It was to this faithful friend that I communicated, in confidence, the difficulties under which I laboured, respecting my religious principles. I observed to him, that I could not, with a good conscience, reprobate doctrines, which, as I firmly believed originated with God, nor advocate sentiments diametrically opposite to what I considered as truth. On this account I could not cordially unite with Mr. Wesley, or his preachers. Mr. Tucker saw the force of my objections; nay, he felt them too, for he was at that instant nearly in the same predicament with myself. Yet we could not hit upon an expedient to continue in the connexion, and preserve our integrity. My anxiety, however, to reach the capital compelled me to press forward; and my kind friend, convinced I was not to be prevailed upon further to delay my departure, engaged a place in the coach for me, discharging all the attendant expenses, and placing, besides, a handsome gratuity in my pocket. Of my first host and hostess I took a friendly leave, gratitude has stamped their images upon my bosom; I left them, and my other kind friends, in tears; we commended each other to the kind God, who, in his own way, careth for us. I have since been greatly astonished, indeed I was at the time surprised, at my thus hastening to quit a place, where I was furnished with every thing, my heart ought to have desired, when the prospect before me was at least uncertain; but I have been, all *my days, a mystery* to myself, nor is this

mystery yet unravelled. I retired this night to bed, but did not close my eyes, until near the dawn of day; yet my reflections upon my pillow were charming; I clearly saw the good hand of God, in all my movements; I was enchanted with every thing I had seen, and with the prospect of what I had still to see. O! how sweet, in early life, are those sensations, which are the offspring of vigorous hope; how great are the joys of expectation! No one ever derived more high-wrought pleasures from hope, than myself. I quitted my bed just at the dawn of day, after a refreshing slumber; I had apprized the people at the stage house, the evening before, that I should walk on, and let the stage overtake me; this I did, and a most delightful walk I had. I met the Aurora, the rising sun, the waking songsters of the hedges, the lowing tenants of the mead, the lusty labourer, with his sithe, preparing to cut down the bending burden of the flowery meadow. The increasing beauty of the surrounding scenes, the fragrant scent of the new-mowed hay, all, all, were truly delightful, and thus enchanted, with spirits light as air, I passed on, till I reached the Devizes nineteen miles from Bath, where, after I had breakfasted, the coach overtook me, in which I was soon seated, finding a ride, after walking, more abundantly refreshing; we rolled over the finest road in the world, with such rapidity, that we reached London before sunset. How much was my heart elated, as I passed over this charming country; how did it palpitate with pleasure, as I advanced toward the Metropolis; yet still I had no fixed plan, nor knew I what I should do, or whither repair! True, I had some letters to deliver, but, in the hurry of my spirits, I had forgotten them; and on being set down at the stage house in London, I left my trunk without a single line of intimation *to whom* it belonged, and wandered about the

city, feasting my eyes with the variety, which it presented, "till twilight grey had, in her sober livery, all things clad," when I began to turn my thoughts towards a shelter for the night. I entered a tavern, requesting a supper, and a lodging, both of which were readily granted; I sat pensive, I was weary, my spirits sunk, I eat little, and retiring to my chamber, after securing the door, I fell on my knees, beseeching the Father of mercies to have compassion upon me. I wept, I wished myself at home, and my heart seemed to die within me, at the consideration that I could not return, without fulfilling the predictions of my matron friend: "You will return," said she, "and perhaps find this door shut against you." Never, said I, never; I will die first. This was the most melancholy night, I had passed, since I left the dwelling of my mother. I arose in the morning unrefreshed, I inquired where the stage put up, I had forgotten; I told my host, I had left my trunk at the stage house. He soon found the place, but he despaired of ever obtaining my trunk; I recovered it however, and a porter took it to my lodgings, there I believed it safe, although I knew nothing of the people. I recollected where I had lived, when with my father in this city; thither I repaired; but although there were remaining individuals who remembered him, no one recognised me. I was however kindly noticed, for his sake, and soon introduced to many, by whom I was much caressed. From this I reaped no benefit; a few of my Methodist friends, whom I had known in Ireland, visited me, but, seeing me in company which they did not approve, they stood aloof from me. In the judgment of Mr. Wesley, and his adherents, my principles were against me. They did not believe any man could be pious, who believed the doctrine of predestination. I remember, some time after the death of my father, sitting with Mr. Wesley in the house of my

mother, and conversing on this truly interesting subject; I ventured to remark, that there were some good men, who had given their suffrage in favour of the doctrine of Election, and I produced my father, as an instance, when, laying his hand upon my shoulder, with great earnestness, he said: "My dear lad, believe me, there never was a man in this world, who believed the doctrine of Calvin, but the language of *his heart* was, 'I may live as I list.'" It was, as I have before observed, generally believed, that I inherited the principles of my father. The Methodists in London were afraid of me, and I was afraid of them, we therefore, as if by mutual consent, avoided each other; my wish to attach myself to Mr. Whitefield was still paramount in my bosom, but Mr. Whitefield was not at home, and it was unfortunate for me that he was not. Every day I was more and more distinguished; but it was by those, whose neglect of me would have been a mercy: by their nominal kindness I was made to taste of pleasures, to which I had before been a stranger, and those pleasures were eagerly zested. I became what is called very good company, and I resolved to see, and become acquainted with life; yet I determined, my knowledge of the town, and its pleasures, should not affect my standing in the religious world. But I was miserably deceived; gradually, my former habits seemed to fade from my recollection. To my new connexions I gave, and received from them, what I then believed pleasure, without alloy. Of music, and dancing, I was very fond, and I delighted in convivial parties; Vaux-hall, the play-houses, were charming; I had never known life before. It is true, my secret Mentor sometimes embittered my enjoyments; the precepts, the example of my father stared me in the face; the secret sigh of my bosom arose, as I mournfully reflected on what I had lost. But I had not sufficient resolution to retrace my steps;

indeed I had little leisure. I was in a perpetual round of company; I was intoxicated with pleasure; I was invited into one society, and another, until there was hardly a society in London, of which I was not a member. How long this life of dissipation would have lasted, had not my resources failed, I know not. I occasionally encountered one, and another, of my re-religious connexions, who seriously expostulated with me; but I generally extorted from them a laugh, which ultimately induced them to shun me. I had an interview with Mr. Barnstable, a preacher in Mr. Wesley's connexion, and questioning him respecting many, whom I had known, he informed me, that Mr. Trinbath, at whose house I had passed so delightful an evening with Mr. Whitefield, in the city of Cork, was no more! His beautiful wife had quitted her husband, her children, and her mother, and accompanied a private soldier to America!!! Her doting husband, thus cruelly deceived, lost first his reason, and afterwards his life. Mr. Barnstable inquired, what had become of me so long; and, after severely admonishing me, he pronounced upon me an anathema, and quitted me. It will be supposed, I was not much pleased with him, and assuredly, I was at variance with myself; and above all, I was grievously afflicted for the misfortunes, and death of the once happy Trinbath. It has often been matter of astonishment to me, how, after such a religious education as I had received; after *really*, *vitally* entering into the spirit of the life, to which I was from infancy habituated; after feelingly bearing my *public testimony* against the follies, and the dissipation of the many, I should so entirely renounce a life of serious piety, and embrace a life of frolic, a life of whim! It is also wonderful, that, thus changed, I proceeded no further; that I was guilty of no flagrant vices; that I was drawn into no fatal snares. Many

were the devices employed to entangle me; which devices I never deliberately sought to avoid. Doubtless, I was upheld by the good hand of God; for which sustaining power my full soul offers its grateful orisons.

I pursued this inconsiderate, destructive course, upwards of a year, never permanently reflecting where I was, or how I should terminate my career. My money was nearly exhausted: but this was beneath my consideration: and, as I have said, serious reflection was arrested by large circles of friends successively engaging me, either abroad, or at home, in town, or in the country. Thus did my life exhibit a constant tissue of folly, and indiscretion. But the time of my emancipation drew near; a demand, which I had barely sufficient to answer, was made upon me by my tailor; I started, and stood for some time motionless. The money, which I believed would never be expended, was already gone. I saw no method of recruiting my finances, and I stood appalled, when, at this distressing moment, a gay companion broke in upon me; he was on his way to the Club; there was to be grand doings: John Wilkes, esquire, was that night to become a member. I instantly forgot every thing of a gloomy nature, and went off as light, as a feathered inhabitant of the air. I never was fond of the pleasures of the bottle, of social pleasures no one more so; and, that I might enjoy society with an unbroken zest, I have frequently thrown the wine under the table, rejoicing that I thus preserved my reason.

This period of my life had so much of variety, and yet so much of sameness, that a picture of a week would be nearly a complete exhibition of all my deviations. Suffice it to say, that I plunged into the vortex of pleasure, greedily grasping at enjoyments, which both my habits and my circumstances should have

taught me to shun. Upon this subject I do not love to dwell; if possible, I would erase it from my recollection; and yet, I derive abundant satisfaction, from the manifestation of Divine Goodness, so strikingly exemplified, through the whole of my wanderings, in preserving me, by the strong arm of the Almighty, from numerous evils to which, in the society I frequented, and in the city where I resided, I was hourly exposed. But, as I said, necessity, imperious necessity, compelled me to pause; and it was, in truth, a blessed necessity. Had I been inclined to forget, that my whole stock was expended, the frequent calls made upon me for moneys, which I could not pay, would have constituted a uniform, and impressive memento. My embarrassments were soon rumoured abroad; and although I had many friends, who appeared to regard money as little as myself, who, declaring they could not exist without me, insisted upon my being of their parties, yet a consciousness of dependence rendered me wretched, while indirect remarks thrown out by some individuals, served to increase my wretchedness. Easter holy-days are, in England, days of conviviality. Parties of pleasure were every where forming. My connexions were hastening to my favourite retreat, Richmond; inclination led me to join them; but they either were not, or I suspected they were not, as usual, warm in their solicitations, and I declined a less importunate invitation. I, however, took a solitary walk, and I met reflection on the way. I had in the world but one half-penny, and a mendicant, asking alms, crossed my path; I gave him my half-penny, and walked on, till, passing out of the city, I advanced into the fields. I began to feel exausted; and, under the wide spreading shade of a tree, I sat me down. I continued, for some time, in a state of fixed despair, regardless of life and every thing which it had to bestow. The eye of retrospection ran

over past scenes; I remembered my father's house, and the plenty which, particularly at this season, reigned there. This was nearly the anniversary of his death; the mournful scene passed in review before me; his paternal advice, his paternal prayers flashed upon my soul; the eye of my mind dwelt upon the family I had deserted. Oh! could they now behold me! Would they not be gratified? I hoped they would; their pity would have pained most exquisitely. Still my emotions were not of an ameliorating description; my heart was indurated, and had I possessed the means, I should have proceeded in the path of destruction. At length I seemed awakened to a full sense of the horrors of my situation; my heart throbbed with anguish as I spontaneously exclaimed: Am I the son of such a man, the son of such parents? am I that pious youth so much, and by so many admired? am I the preacher, who at so early a period preached to others, drawing tears from the eyes of those who heard me? And is it thus my journey to England terminates? am I now alone, and unfriended, without an extricating hand to save me? Whither, ah! whither shall I go, and what step is now to be taken? At this moment, the voice of consolation vibrated upon my mental ear: "Imitate the prodigal of old, Arise, and go unto your Father; say, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, I am no longer worthy to be called thy son: but beseech Him, nevertheless, to receive you into his service." This counsel, proceeding from a quarter, from which I had not for a long season heard, deeply affected me, and bitterly did I weep, in the dread of that refusal, which should I venture to follow the guidance of the monitor within, I was, alas! but too certain of receiving. A thousand thoughts, like a swarm of insects, buzzed around me, but no thought gave me peace. How exquisite was the torture, which at this moment I suffered. But the approach of evening roused me to a conviction of the necessity of moving; but whither should I go? that was the question. "Suppose," said

my invisible monitor, "you go to the tabernacle?" and, bursting into a flood of tears, I said, Yes, I will present myself among the multitude—yes, I will go; but how shall I meet the eye of any individual, who has formerly known me? how dare I stand among the worshippers of that God, whom I have so grossly offended? Yet I will go; and, with slow and mournful steps, I walked forward. The congregation had assembled. I entered, taking my stand under the gallery. I dared not raise my eyes; they were bathed in tears. Mr. Whitefield, in his usual, energetic manner, addressed his audience; but no sound of consolation reached me. At last he said: "But there may be, in some corner of this house, a poor, desponding, despairing soul, who having sinned, greatly sinned against God and against himself, may be afraid to lift toward Heaven his guilty eye; he may, at this moment, be suffering the dreadful consequences of his wandering from the source of true happiness; and possibly he may apprehend he shall never be permitted to return! If there be any one of this description present, I have to inform such individual, that God is still his loving Father; that He says, Return unto me, my poor backsliding child, and I will heal your backslidings, and love you freely. What message shall I return my Master from you, my poor afflicted, wandering, weeping brother? shall I say, you are suitably penetrated by his gracious invitation, and that you would come with weeping, and supplication; that you would fly with gratitude, and prostrate yourself before Him, were you not so much injured by your wanderings; that you feel you are not able, and that you should blush to ask his assistance? Is this your message? poor, poor soul! never fear, your gracious Father will shortly send you every needful aid." All this was said to me; at least to my wondering spirit, it thus appeared; and I seemed as if expiring, amid the mingling emotions of regret, apprehension, and hope.

I left the tabernacle under these potent impressions;

and, crossing Moorfields, I was overtaken by one of my old religious connections, who, regarding with wonder, said, "Am I so happy as to see you, one of the many who were at the tabernacle this evening?" My reply was indicative of the sorrow of my heart. He proceeded to make many remarks until, in the moment of separation, he said, "Well my friend, perhaps, you will go, from hence, into company where you will forget all that you have this evening heard." My heart was very full; and from its abundance I said, No, never, will I again mingle in circles calculated to efface impressions, which I will cherish to the latest hour of my existence. Let these tears, these fast-falling tears, evince my sincerity. My friend rejoiced in the prospect of my returning to the path, from which I had wandered; but he rejoiced with fear and trembling. He knew my connexions were numerous, and that my vivacity rendered me the life of those convivial circles, were I had so long figured. But the grace of God upheld me, and never, from that moment, did I unite with those associates, from which I was at first separated by necessity.

I was now an insulated being. I carefully avoided my former companions, and my religious connexions avoided me; thus I had now abundant leisure for reflection. Some time elapsed, before the change which had taken place, reached the extremity of those circles, in which I had moved. Many who heard, lent no credence to a report, which they believed without foundation. The greater number of those laughter-loving beings, who had attached themselves to me, never having imbibed any religious sentiments, had not learned the habits of my former life. Many individuals called upon me as usual, and found me a different man, from him, whom they had been accustomed to see. A few, suspecting the cause, sought to relieve my mind, by warm, and liberal assurances of never failing friendship; and they generously tendered the unlimited use of their purses! I made my ac-

knowledgements; but assured them the whole world, as a bribe, would be insufficient to lead me again into paths of folly. I was not, I said, unhappy because I no longer possessed ability to run the career of error, certainly not; my infelicity originated, from the consideration, that I had ever receded from the paths of peace. Some resented my remarks, as a tacit insult upon themselves; others ridiculed me, and pronounced me under the influence of a strong delirium; and two or three, who still loved me too well to separate themselves from me, were, for a time induced to reflect seriously upon their own situation: but these, also, shortly disappeared; and, of the numerous triflers, with whom I had so many months fluttered, not a single loiterer remained; and most devoutly did I render thanks to Almighty God, for extricating me from such associates. I boarded in the house of a very lively, vivacious man; indeed, his whole family might have been denominated sons and daughters of mirth: This fact had been their principle recommendation to me, but it now added to the burden of my mind. I made inquiry after another lodging, but, on contemplating a removal, difficulties, to which I had not before recurred, stared me in the face. I was considerably in arrears to my host, and, as I must depart in a different state of mind, from that which I was in, when I became his lodger, and which had impressed him in my favour; I could not expect he would be very kindly disposed towards me. I was indebted to others, and my distresses seemed hourly to accumulate. Both present and future support were alike beyond my reach, and it appeared to me, I had attained the climax of misery. I closed my door, I prostrated myself before the God who had created me, beseeching him to have mercy upon me; again my sad, my sorrowing heart revisited the home I had abandoned; stripped of its allurements, my mad passion for travelling appeared in its native deformity; agonizing dread overtook me, and my terrified imagination pointed out, and

anticipated, a thousand horrors. Many devices were suggested to my forlorn mind, and death itself was presented as my last resort. But starting from an idea so impious, Let me, I exclaimed, at least avoid plunging into irremediable perdition. Thus I spent the day, and in the evening I attended the tabernacle. I considered myself, while there, as the most destitute individual in the whole assembly. I generally occupied a remote corner, my arms were folded, my eyes cast down, and my tears flowing; indeed, my eyes were seldom dry, and my heart was always full; for, at this period of my life, I rarely tasted any thing like consolation. Coming out of the tabernacle, one evening, a serious young man thus accosted me: "Cheer up, thou weeping, sorrowing soul—be of good cheer, thy God will save thee." I caught his hand; God bless you, my dear sir, whoever you are! but you do not know to whom you are speaking. "Oh yes, I am speaking to a sinner, like myself." No, no, I returned, the wide world does not contain so great a sinner as myself; for, in the face of an education, calculated to eradicate every evil propensity; and of precepts, and examples, drawn from our most holy religion, which ought to have rendered me a uniform servant of the Most High; I have mingled in circles, consisting of the idle, the dissipated, and the profane; I have run the career of folly, and the anguish of my soul is a consequence of my manifold offences. The kind-hearted young man, strove to pour into my wounds the oil and wine of consolation. We walked together, quite through Moorfields; at his request I promised to meet him at the tabernacle the ensuing evening, and I was greatly impatient for the appointed time. Passing Moorfields, agreeably to my engagements, I beheld a large congregation assembled to hear one of Mr. Wesley's preachers: I tarried until I saw the preacher

mount the stage, but what were my emotions, when I recognised him, of whom I was so fond, in the house of Mr. Little, and who first introduced me as a public speaker. I hastily withdrew from the place, terrified, lest his eye should meet mine; but my soul was tortured by the comparison of what I was, when I first saw him, with my present situation. I was this evening much affected; indeed, it was impossible for any child of sorrow to attend upon Mr. Whitefield, without feelings of the most impressive nature. I looked around for my companion of the past evening, but I saw him not; and I was pained by the disappointment. On my departing from the tabernacle, however, he again took my hand, assuring me, he was glad to see me, and repeating a verse of a hymn: "We shall not always make our moan," &c. &c. which hymn, I had often sang, and of which I was very fond. I melted into tears; this man appeared to me, as an angel of God, and most devoutly did I bless the Father of my spirit, for sending me such a comforter. I was in haste to unbosom myself to him, to make him acquainted with the extent of my errors; but this was a subject, upon which he did not seem in haste to hear me. He, however, urged me to draw consolation from the promises of our God, which he pronounced all *yea*, and *amen*, *in the Redeemer:* He also expressed a wish to meet me, at the table of the Lord, upon the following Sunday; for this, my own heart ardently panted, and I engaged, if possible, to obtain a ticket of admittance. My concern for my very reprehensible aberrations, as they affected my spiritual interest, so completely occupied my mind, that I had little leisure for reflection upon my pecuniary embarrassments, yet my circumstances were truly deplorable. I was in debt, without the means of making payment, nor had I any prospect of future support. I disdained to ask charity, and the business, of which I

had obtained a superficial knowledge in Ireland, was not encouraged in London. The friend, whom I first saw at the tabernacle, had continued a vigilant observer of my conduct; he had frequently visited me, and my eyes convinced him I was no longer the gay, inconsiderate wanderer, but truly a man of sorrow. Compassionating my sufferings, he invited me to his pleasant home, and, in a voice of friendship, requested I would pour into his bosom all my griefs. I did so, and his resolution was instantly taken. To my great consolation, he engaged to procure me, immediately, another lodging, to make my present landlord easy, and to procure for me, if I was willing, the means of future support; and this, without rendering me dependent, except upon my own regular efforts, and the Being, who had called me into existence. Let the feeling heart judge of the indescribable transports, which this *conversation* originated in my soul. Gratitude swelled in my bosom; I experienced all its sweet enthusiasm; and hardly could I controul my impatience, for the execution of a plan, in every view so desirable. The lodging was immediately obtained; it was at the house of an old lady, in Bishopgate's street, where was appropriated solely to my use, a neat and well furnished apartment. The succeeding morning, this benevolent gentleman attended me to my late lodging, when, inquiring the amount of my debt, I was answered, "Not a penny," I stood amazed, "No," said my good-natured host, "not a penny. But pray what is the matter, where have you been, where are you going? O! dear, O! dear, these abominable Methodists have spoiled as clever a fellow as ever broke bread; I suppose you think we are not good enough for you, and so you wish to leave us." I was greatly affected. Excuse me, sir; I do not believe myself a whit better than you; but, sir, I am afraid of myself, "Ah!

you have no occasion: I am sorry you are going, upon my soul I am. You ought to stay and convert me." Ah! sir, it is God, who must convert both you, and me. We shed tears at parting; but our tears flowed from a different source. He wept, that he should no more be amused with the whim and frolic of a gay young man; I, that I had ever sojourned in his house. I was, however, suitably impressed by his kindness, although our intercourse from this moment entirely ceased. The following week, I obtained a situation, as one of the aids to an inspector of a broadcloth manufactory; I was glad to obtain employment at any rate. Yet it is a fact, I was never designed for a man of business. Nor was I fully satisfied with my associates; they were not in my way, and they, therefore, made me a subject of ridicule; this, to weak minds, is perhaps a species of persecution, of all others the most difficult to endure. I certainly suffered much from it; but, if I could obtain no satisfaction with them, I had the more, whenever I left them, which was upon the evening of every day, and the whole of Sunday. I was delighted by the consideration, that I was living by my own exertions, and in a way to discharge debts, which were a heavy burden upon my mind. I lived frugally, retrenching every superfluity, and uniformly denying myself all, but the absolute necessaries of life; and I had very soon the felicity of knowing, that I had no longer a creditor. This complete exoneration was followed by a newly revived and ecstatic hope, of being again admitted to my father's house, from which, I once feared, I was eternally excluded: And I deemed myself happy, beyond expression happy, upon comparing myself with those, among whom I was compelled to live; who were posting, without concern, in what I deemed the road to ruin, from which, I had, by divine favour, been mercifully drawn; my

bosom swelled with the most delightful sensations, while I frequently exclaimed, Lord, why me? Why take me, and leave these poor, unfortunate beings to perish in a state of sin, and misery? But such was the sovereign will and pleasure of my God; he would have mercy, on whom he would have mercy, and whom he would he hardened. Sometimes, indeed, my soul was sick with doubt and apprehension. When engaged in the work of self-examination, one evil propensity, after another, which I had believed dead, seemed to revive in my bosom: I feared, that my faith was all fancy; and that the hope, which I encouraged, was the hope of the hypocrite, which would be as the giving up of the ghost. Upon these occasions, I experienced unutterable anguish, and my days and nights were, with very little intermission, devoted to sorrow. The distress, I so evidently suffered, endeared me to my new religious connexions; every one of whom endeavoured to administer consolation, encouraging me to cherish hope, from the consideration of my despair! My life was now more active than it had ever been, and my connexions more numerous. I was much occupied by business, yet my hours of devotion were sacred; I rose at four o'clock, in summer and winter. My meals consumed but a small portion of time. The moments, thus passed by others, were, by me, devoted to private prayer. My evenings were passed at the tabernacle, and, when Mr. Whitefield preached, my soul was transported. I returned home exceedingly refreshed, and prostrating myself at the footstool of my Maker, I acknowledged with gratitude the tender mercies of my Redeemer, who had graciously separated me from those, who were murdering their time, and their precious souls; and my thanksgivings were reiterated to that God, who had mercifully rescued me from enormities so prodigious. Thus rolled on the week, until Sun[illegible] indeed,

a holy day, and one to which I looked forward with the most delightful anticipations. Upon this morning, I arose even earlier than usual; attending either at the tabernacle, or at the chapel, in Tottenham-court, at which places the *communion* was alternately given, every Sunday morning. Great numbers attended upon these occasions, who were not regular tabernacle worshippers; obtaining a ticket of admittance, they took their seats. It appeared to me, like a prelibation of heaven. The Elect of God, from every denomination, assembled round the table of the Lord; a word of consolation was always given, and an evangelical hymn most delightfully sung. These Sunday mornings were, indeed, golden opportunities; my doubts were generally removed, and I came home in raptures. It was in such a peacefully religious frame of mind as this, that I was passing from the tabernacle, on a fine summer's morning, deriving high satisfaction from the consideration, that I loved the brethren. I know, said I, internally, that I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren. It is true, I felt a very strong affection for those, with whom I had communed in the tabernacle; but, passing over Moorfields, I saw a crowd of people, collected under the shade of a large tree. I inquired of a passenger, what occasioned the assembling of such a multitude; and I was informed, one of James Reily's preachers was disseminating his damnable doctrines to the infatuated people! My soul kindled with indignation; and, from the abundance of an heart, overflowing with religious zeal, I could not forbear exclaiming: Merciful God! How is it, that Thou wilt suffer this Demon thus to proceed? are not mankind naturally bad enough, but must these wretches be suffered to give publicity to tenets, so pernicious, so destructive? thus, in the name of God, doing the work of the Devil. At this period, I should have con-

sidered myself highly favoured, to have been made an instrument, in the hand of God, for taking the life of a man, whom I had never heard, nor even seen; and, in destroying him, I should have nothing doubted, that I had rendered essential service, both to the Creator and the created. I did not then know, how much I was leavened with the leaven of the Pharisees; and, that notwithstanding my assurance of having passed from death, unto life, in consequence of loving the brethren, this boasted love extended to none, but those of my own persuasion. I always returned from the tabernacle, with my heart filled with religious zeal. The intermission of public worship was always appropriated to private devotion; in a word, all my devotional habits were restored, and my Sundays were an exact transcript of those, which I had passed in the family of my father. The Sundays, upon which I took my seat at the communion table, in the chapel, were more abundantly fatiguing. The chapel was some miles from my lodgings; but I never absented myself, either summer or winter, and I greatly exulted, when I was the first, who appeared within its consecrated walls. The more I suffered in reaching this place, the more I enjoyed when there; and often, while passing the streets of London, in the midst of storms of rain or snow, my heart has swelled with transport, in the thought, that I was going to Heaven by means of these difficulties, and trials; while the many, who were then sleeping, were suspended over the pit of destruction, into which they must one day fall, to rise again no more forever. And why, Oh! why, I used to repeat, am I snatched, as a brand from the burning; why am I, an offender against light, against precept, and example, made a blessed heir of Heaven, while far the greater part of my species are consigned to endless misery? There were a number of young people, of

both sexes, who, having assembled from a great distance, could not return home after service, in season for breakfast. One of the society kept a house near the chapel, where individuals thus circumstanced were accommodated. There we often collected, and our opportunities were delightful. Being remarkable for a humble demeanour, I was, on this account, much noticed and caressed; and I rarely quitted the assembly without a heart overflowing with love, and gratitude, toward God and His dear children. I was not confined to any particular place of worship; I was accustomed to present myself, at the stated times, in various congregations; wherever I heard of a great man, I made a point of attending upon his labours. Among the many places of public worship, to which I resorted, there was a Baptist meeting, where I obtained great satisfaction. The minister was a warm, animated preacher, and the people uncommonly serious. To this house many of the Tabernacle adherents resorted; for, at this time, there was no service at that place, except in the morning, and evening. In a vestry, attached to the Baptist meeting, many of the congregation met, before the commencement of divine service, and some of them alternately sang and prayed. By those persons, I was received with great kindness; this affected me exceedingly; and perceiving that it did, they loved me yet more for the value I evidently set upon their affection, till, at length, I became an object of general attention. United plans were laid to draw me out, and I had pressing invitations to their religious societies, and afterwards to their houses. The minister distinguished me; solicited me to visit him; and delighted to speak peace to me, both publicly, and privately. I was entreated to pray in the society, which, as a timid, and unpatronized stranger, I had so recently entered! I *complied*, and every one seemed

affected; I myself was greatly moved, deeply penetrated by reflection, upon what I had been, and what I then was, and my soul was transported by the consideration, that I was re-admitted into the society of the people of God. My presence was now anxiously expected in the congregation, and at the houses of many individuals; I was marked by those, who attended at the tabernacle, and many other places of worship; and I was so much caressed, by serious people of sundry persuasions, that, when I have been asked, what denomination I was of, I have replied, an independent Baptist, Methodist, Churchman. I hardly knew which of those I liked best, or loved most; and Mr. Whitefield, upon whom they all occasionally attended, strove, both by precept and example, to convince us, that a difference, respecting non-essentials, was utterly inconsistent with the Christian character.

Among the many, who extended to me the hand of amity, was a merchant, who never appeared so happy, as when conversing with me; he received me into his house, and employed me in his counting room; here I fancied my circumstances improved, but I was deceived. This gentleman was a mere superficial professor of Religion, which, when I discovered, I determined to return to my former situation. I had paid all my debts; I was easy, and occasionally happy, and I allowed myself many little indulgencies, which, while a debtor, I should have believed criminal.

The leaving my new patron gave me, however, some pain; he had a very high opinion of me, although I could not reciprocate his esteem. He was ambitious of obtaining a name in the Church, and, for this purpose, he contemplated the observance of morning and evening prayer in his family; but, not being an early riser, he was at a loss to know how to reconcile his devotions with his business. At last he said: "You,

my friend, are accustomed to perform the honours of my table. If you prolong your grace at breakfast, it will answer for morning prayer!" Greatly shocked, and completely disgusted, my determination to quit him was confirmed. I was still very communicative, and, consequently, the reason of my departure was generally known; so that my once warm friend was, as may be supposed, converted into a bitter enemy. I was, however, rather commended, than censured, while the conduct of the man of business excited general contempt. This gratified me! alas, the piety of this world is based on pride! I now became, as far as I was known, an object of attention in every place, where vital Religion, as it was phrased, was obtaining its votaries. Mr. Romaine, Mr. Jones, and many other clergymen, distinguished me. Hints were thrown out respecting my once more coming forward as a public teacher; but against this I was determined. I was astonished, that I had ever dared to venture upon so responsible an assumption! As the eternal well being of the many was supposed to rest with the preacher, an error in judgment would consequently be fatal to his hearers; and, as I had now learned that I was not perfect in knowledge, I could not be assured, I should not lead the people astray; in which tremendous event they would, to all eternity, be imprecating curses on my head. Considerations of such magnitude were sufficient to seal my lips; but I was characterized as a pattern of piety, and my experiences were greedily sought, by individuals of various denominations. There was a society, belonging to a Baptist meeting, near Good Man's fields, which met statedly at each other's houses once every week; this was the society, in which I was most admired, and to which, of course, I was the most attached. In this society there were individuals, who, like myself, were tabernacle worship-

pers, but who attended this meeting, when there was no service there. I had surrendered up my whole soul to those religious exercises, which the several societies, to which I had attached myself, demanded. My plan was to devote myself wholly to my God, to the advancement of my spiritual interest, to considerations pertaining to the kingdom of heaven. Wedded life, a family, these made no part of my plan; I was persuaded, I should pass my life in celibacy; and, had monastic seclusion consisted with Protestantism, I should gladly have embraced its retirement, with its duties. In the society, collected near Good Man's fields, there was a young gentleman remarkable for the sanctity of his manners; we were strongly, and mutually attached to each other. Many, very many happy hours did we pass together. During the winter, we were constantly at the tabernacle before day. We narrated to each other our experiences; we prayed, we wept, we joyed, and sorrowed together; and, with unfeigned affection, we loved one another. I questioned him respecting his connexions, when he informed me, that his parents had died in his infancy; that he had been brought up by his grandfather, who was a very profligate old gentleman, and abhorred the very name of Whitefield! But, he added, that, through the mercy of God, he was not entirely alone. He had a sister with him in the family, reared also by his grand parent, who was a good, and gracious girl; that their nights were frequently devoted to prayer; but that they dared not let their grandfather know they had ever been seen at the tabernacle, or in any of those societies, from which they derived their chief happiness. Indeed, he observed, his sister seldom ventured out; but he had made such representations of me, that she had desired him to let her know, when I should again meet the Baptist society, and she would make a point of being

there ; and, I request you, said he, my dear sir, to be at the society next Sunday evening, and she will most unquestionably be there. I cannot say, I had any curiosity respecting this young lady ; but Sunday night came, I was expected, and the great room was filled previous to my arrival. I entered, every one rose at my entrance, and I felt dignifiedly pious, seriously happy. My young friend approached, and told me, in a whisper, his sister would have been greatly disappointed, had any thing detained me that evening. On my entrance I had glanced a young lady, extremely beautiful, who appeared attired by the hand of elegance ; it was with difficulty I could take my eyes from her ! I was confounded, I changed my seat, that I might not behold her, and when thus addressed by Mr. Neale, I responded by asking where his sister was seated, when he pointed to the fascinating figure, who had so imposingly attracted my attention. "That young lady, sir, is Miss Neale—my sister ; she has long wished for an opportunity of seeing you ; I am happy that she is now gratified." An introduction was in course ; I had much to say through the evening, and my friend declared I had never spoken better. I addressed the throne of grace ; my own heart was softened, and the hearts of my audience were softened also. I returned home, but the beauteous image of the sister of my friend accompanied me ! I could not for a moment exclude the lovely intruder from my imagination. I was alarmed : I wept, I prayed, but every effort was fruitless ; the more I strove to forget her, the more she was remembered. I was impatient to behold her again, yet I most devoutly wished we had never met. I was convinced my peace, my happiness were forever fled ! This was truly astonishing ; I had recently been so positive, that the combined sex did not possess the power to engage *my* attention for a single moment.

Some time elapsed, during which the captivating engrosser of my heart never relinquished, no, not for a single instant, that entire possession, which she had taken of my imagination; when, after an evening lecture, while the congregation were quitting the meeting-house, a lady, who kept a boarding-school for young ladies, requested I would pass the next evening at her house, as her young people were to collect their friends, and she wished some one to introduce religious conversation. I had no inclination to accept this invitation, and I accordingly made my excuses; but the good lady continued to press me, and added, I expect Miss Neale will be of the party. Of this imposing article of intelligence, I experienced the full force; but I endeavored to disguise my emotions; and, the request being once more repeated, I consented and returned home, notwithstanding all my resolutions, transported with the prospect of once more beholding the dear object of my admiration. That I was now become a real lover, there could be no doubt. I was early at the place appointed, and my enraptured heart danced with joy, when I once more beheld the triumphant fair one; I was happy to observe, that she regarded me with marked attention, but her predilection was rather for the Christian than the man. I was, however, beyond expression elated, and my conversation partook of the elevation of my soul. The evening was nothing; it was gone, ere I was sensible it had well commenced. Eliza, for that was her fascinating name, arose to take leave; I was greatly chagrined, I had calculated upon attending her home; but a confidential friend had been sent to take charge of her. I ventured, however, to express a hope, that I should see her at Mrs. Allen's, a friend, warmly attached to us both, on the following Wednesday evening. She modestly *replied*, she would endeavour to be there; and in the

interim, I sought to learn if she were disengaged, but I could obtain no satisfactory information. The appointed evening was passed most delightfully, at Mrs. Allen's; I had the felicity of attending the young lady home, and the temerity to ask such questions, as extorted an acknowledgment, that she was not engaged. With trembling eagerness, I then ventured to propose myself as a candidate for her favour. "Alas! sir," she replied, "you have formed too high an opinion of my character; I trust you will meet a person much more deserving of you, than I can pretend to be." I re-urged my suit, with all the fervour, which youth, and an irrepressible passion could furnish. Her answer is indelibly engraved upon the tablets of my memory. "You, and I, sir, profess to believe in an over-ruling Providence, we have both access to the throne of our heavenly Father. Let us, sir, unbosom ourselves to our God; I shall, I do assure you; so I am persuaded will you; and if, after we have thus done, we obtain the sanction of the Most High, I trust I shall be resigned." We had now reached her habitation, the threshold of which, no professed follower of Whitefield was ever allowed to pass. I supplicated for permission to write to her, and, in the full confidence of Christian amity, she acceeded to the prayer of my petition. From this period, no week passed, during which we did not exchange letters, and the pages we filled, might have been submitted to the most rigid inspection. Mrs. Allen was our confidant, and every letter, which passed between us, was put into the hand of this discreet matron, *without a seal*. At the house of this lady we had frequent interviews, but never without witnesses, and our time was passed in singing hymns, and in devout prayer. I now believed myself the happiest being in creation; I was certain of possessing a most inestimable treasure; and although the grandfa-

ther of my Eliza, upon whom rested her whole dependence, never saw me ; and, if he had, never would have sanctioned our union, we cherished that hope, which so generally proves fallacious. The dear girl requested me to seek, and obtain the explicit approbation of her brother, that she might at least insure his countenance ; and upon my application to him, he unhesitatingly replied : "I consider, dear sir, my sister as highly honoured by your proposals." But, sir, have we your consent ? "Undoubtedly, sir, and with my whole heart." This was sufficient, and I was completely happy. But alas ! "never did the course of true love run smooth." We were on the verge of a most distressing calamity : this brother, in whom we had reposed unlimited confidence, became an inveterate foe, and writing an anonymous letter to his grandfather, he represented me as a fortune-hunter, who was seeking to obtain the heart of his grand-daughter, for the purpose of making a prey of her property ! This letter produced the desired effect ; the old gentleman was extremely irritated, and, sending for Eliza, he put the letter into her hand, and sternly asked her, if she had entered into any engagement with a person by the name of Murray ? when, receiving an answer in the affirmative, he gave full credit to all the rest, and being a man of violent passions, he threatened her with the loss of his favour, if she did not immediately promise to renounce me forever. He was well apprized, if he could obtain her promise, he had nothing further to apprehend. The firm, self-collected girl, implored his pardon, if she did not yield credence to the slanders, contained in the despicable scrawl he had placed in her hand ; she besought him to see me, to converse with me ; promising, that if, upon a personal acquaintance, he continued to disapprove, she would endeavour to bend her mind to an acquiescence with *his will*. Her grandfather was inexorable ; he would

admit no conditions; and ultimately assured the young lady, if she did not relinquish every thought of me, she must give up all idea of ever receiving a single penny of his property. He granted her three days for deliberation, during which period, she was to consider herself a prisoner. Of this, most unexpected event, I speedily gained intelligence, and my soul was torn by apprehension. To Eliza I could have no access, and even the intercourse, by letter, was suspended! In this state, of agonizing suspense I remained, until, through the instrumentality of the chambermaid, a letter was brought to Mrs. Allen for me, which letter, while it gave a most affecting detail of her sufferings, contained the fullest assurance of her unbroken faith, and steadfastness. She recommended it to me, to apply to the same Source, from whence she herself had derived consolation; to the Almighty Father of our spirits, who held in His hands all hearts; and, she added, that no power, short of Omnipotence, should ever prevail upon her to give her hand, unaccompanied by her heart; and that, in a few hours, she should be so circumstanced, as to prove the sincerity of my affection, for she was speedily to render her final answer to her grandfather. She hoped for divine support, during the arduous trial, to which she was called to submit! and, she most earnestly solicited my prayers in her behalf. A second letter was soon handed me, giving an account of the second interview. "Well, my dear child," said the old gentleman, "what am I to expect? am I to lose my daughter, the comfort of my declining life? Or will you have compassion upon my old age, and relinquish this interested, designing man?" "If, my dear sir, I had any reason for supposing the person, of whom you speak, such as you believe him, the relinquishment, which you require, would not cost an effort: but, sir, Mr. Murray is an honest man, he has a sincere affection for me, I have given

him reason to hope, and, until I am convinced he is unworthy of my esteem, I cannot consent to treat him as if he were." Here the passions of the old gentleman began to rise, when the dear girl besought him to be calm, assuring him it was neither her wish, nor intention to leave him; nay more, she would pledge her word never to leave him, while she could have the felicity of attending upon him, if he would not insist upon her violating her faith, tacitly given to me. But this would not do; she must abandon her lover or her fortune; and finding her determined, he arose from his chair, and seizing his will, in which he had bequeathed her one thousand pounds sterling, he furiously flung it into the flames, immediately causing another will to be written, in which he gave to her brother, the portion designed for her: and thus did this young incendiary obtain the object, for which he had laboured, and to which he had most nefariously, and darkly grouped his way. I had now the felicity of learning, that my Eliza had a stronger value for me, than for her patrimony; and she observed to her grandfather, that he had furnished her with an opportunity of proving the sincerity of my attachment. "If," said she, "his views are such, as you have been taught to believe, he will shortly relinquish me, and thus have I, most opportunely, obtained a criterion." Never did I receive a piece of intelligence productive of so much heart-felt pleasure, as the certainty of that potent prepossession, which could thus enable her, whom I esteemed the most perfect of human beings, to surrender up, withought a sigh, the gifts of fortune. Words cannot delineate, how greatly I conceived myself enriched by this blissful assurance. Still I met the brother of Eliza, at the Tabernacle, and occasionally at private societies, and still he wore the semblance of amity. Previous to this event, the elder Mr. Neale, who was always my friend, had become the head of a family; during a few weeks, we continued in statu quo, when my invidious calumniator requested me, by a

written message, to give him a meeting at the house of his aunt, a lady who resided next door to his grandfather. I obeyed the summons, when, to my great astonishment, he informed me, it was his sister's wish, I would think of her no more; that there were many young ladies with whom I might form a connection, abundantly more advantageous; and that for herself, she was weary of contending with her grandfather. During the whole of this studied harrangue, the torture of my soul was scarcely to be endured. After a most distressing pause, I tremblingly interrogated: Tell me, sir, has Miss Neale really empowered you to act in her behalf? "If you doubt it, here is a letter, written with her own hand, furnished me upon a presumption, that I might not obtain a speedy opportunity of seeing you;" and he put the letter into my hand. Mr Neale knew not, that I was in possession of many of his sister's letters; he knew not that she had ever written to me; if he had, he would hardly have exhibited this scrawl, as her's. The anguish of my soul was no more: yet I assayed to conceal my emotions, and contented myself with solemnly declaring, that it was only from the lips of Miss Neale I would accept my dismission. "You may," said he, "rest assured, you will never with her own consent, again see that young lady." Thus spake, thus acted the man, whom the very next morning, I met at Mr. Whitefield's communion. Leaving Mr. Neale, I returned to my lodgings, sat down and related to Eliza the whole business, inclosing the letter I had received as her's. The ensuing day gave me an assurance, under her own hand, that the whole procedure was unknown to her; requesting, that I would remain perfectly easy; that I would keep my mind entirely to myself, making application only to the wonderful Counsellor, and resting in full assurance of her fidelity. This was enough, and my full soul rejoiced in the consolation, thus seasonably afforded me. Mr. Neale, supposing his arts had succeeded, brought forward proposals in favour

of a gentleman, educated by his grandfather, who had long loved my Eliza; but who, fearful of a rejection, had not disclosed his passion. Common fame soon wafted to my ear the report of these new pretensions; the gentleman was, in every respect, my superior, and he was declared a successful rival. I met the object of my soul's affection at Mrs. Allen's; I communicated the lacerating intelligence I had received; she smiled, tacitly assured me I had not much to apprehend, and according to custom, added, Let us improve our opportunity in the best possible manner, let us devote it to prayer, and to praise. Thus revolved days, weeks, and months; hoping, and fearing, joying, and sorrowing, while my gentle, my amiable friend, painfully reciprocated every anxiety. It was supposed, by her connexions, that she had relinquished her purpose in my favour, and a succession of advantageous proposals were brought forward, all of which she decisively rejected. Once a week, she was permitted to visit, when she never forgot to call upon Mrs. Allen. She also allowed me to attend her every Sunday morning before day, during the winter; and I considered myself supremely happy, in the privilege of presenting myself at her dwelling, on those holy days, by four o'clock, waiting her appearance; and often have I been eyed with suspicion by the watch, and, in fact, I was once taken up. Neither storms nor tempests arrested my steps; and sometimes I have tarried, until the dawning day compelled me to retire, when I was obliged to pass on, in melancholy solitude, to the Tabernacle. Yet, between love and devotion, I was a very happy, very disconsolate being. I richly enjoyed the pleasures of anticipation, which are generally believed to exceed possession; yet my own experience is very far from acknowledging the justice of this hypothesis. I continued in this state more than a year, snatching enjoyments when I could,

and placing confidence in futurity. In the course of this year, my insidious, although still professing friend, married a lady of some property—two thousand pounds sterling; his grandfather adding two thousand more, one of which he had designed as provision for his grand-daughter; and, strange as it may appear, this angel girl uttered not, upon this occasion, a single reproach! The new alliance strengthened the family interest against me; the lady, without knowing me, was my inveterate foe. It was about this time discovered, that the attachment of Eliza remained in full force. Her grandfather imagined, that we cherished hope of a change in his sentiments, or that we should ultimately, at least in the event of his death, come into possession of some part of his property; and, that he might effectually crush every expectation, he so managed, as to put his most valuable possessions out of his own power. The period at length arrived, which completed the minority of my tender friend; it was upon the eighteenth day of May, and this day, the elder Mr. Neale, who, as has been observed, had still continued my fast friend, determined to render a gala, by passing it with me in the country. With the early dawn, we commenced our little excursion, when we beheld, at a distance, a young lady with a small parcel in her hand; we approached her, and, to our great astonishment, recognized, in this young lady, the sister of my friend, the precious object of my most ardent love. Upon that memorable morning she had quitted the house of her grandfather, and all she possessed, that had been his, leaving upon her writing desk a letter, which lay there, until the family, alarmed at her not making her appearance at the breakfast table, entered her apartment, whence the lovely sufferer had so recently flown. The letter furnished an explanation; it was addressed to her grandfather, and it informed him, that the writer would

ever acknowledge unreturnable obligations, for the many favours he had conferred upon her; that, if she could have been indulged with her wish of living with him, she should have been content; but, as the solicitations to enter into matrimonial engagements, by which she was persecuted, were unceasing, she was convinced she should not be allowed to give this testimony of her filial attachment; and being now of age, she begged leave to deliver up the keys, the sums of money, with which she had been entrusted, and whatever else had pertained to her grandfather; adding an assurance, that she should no more return. Her brother William immediately conducted her to his house, whither I attended them, and where, by her positive orders, we were obliged to leave her. Agreeably to her request, we proceeded on our proposed walk, and we learned on our return, that repeated messengers had been dispatched by her grandfather, soliciting her again to become an inmate in his house, and that the lady of her youngest brother had been commissioned for this purpose; but that every entreaty had proved ineffectual. For me, fondly flattering myself, that I should immediately exchange my vows with my amiable, my affianced friend, at the altar of our God, I was superlatively happy; but again my high-wrought expectations proved fallacious. This strong-minded woman was a votary of propriety, and she was determined it should not appear, that she had quitted a parent, for the purpose of throwing herself into the arms of a husband. She had bid adieu to the paternal roof, because she could not, while there, be allowed the exercise of her own judgment; because measures were taking to compel her to marry a man, she could never approve. Her eldest brother, her beloved William, she was confident would patronize, and protect her; and her needle was a resource from which she could always derive a competency.

CHAPTER IV.

Author becomes a happy husband, a happy father. e embraces "the truth, as it is in Jesus;" and from s, and other combining causes, he is involved in eat difficulties. Death deprives him of his wedded end, and of his infant son, and he is overtaken by eries of calamities.

Hail! wedded love! Connubial friendship, hail!
Bas'd on esteem,—if love supplies the gale,
Borne on life's stream, we cut our beamy way,
On smooth seas wafted to the realms of day.

TER six tedious months, from the morning of my 's departure from the mansion of her grandfather, completed their tardy round, yielding to my unre- d importunities, she consented to accompany me e altar. We were attended by William, and his with our dear Mrs. Allen; and I received, from hands of our very dear brother, an inestimable ure, which constituted me, in my own estimation, appiest of human beings. As I had no house pre- l, I gratefully accepted the kindness of this be- l brother, who invited us to tarry with him, until ould accommodate ourselves; and, if I except one ppy misunderstanding, which took place soon after narriage, no wedded pair were ever blessed with unbroken felicity. The disagreement, to which ert, would not have continued so long, but for the ations of our brother William, who insisted upon pporting what he called my dignity, which, as he could only be maintained by the submission of my

The quarrel, like the quarrels of most married le, originated in a mere trifle; but the question who should make the first conciliatory advances.

For two whole days we did not exchange a single word ! ! William still imposingly urging me, never to surrender my prerogative ! At length, unable to endure such a state of wretchedness, I told William, I would not live another hour in such a situation; he only ridiculed me for my folly, and bid me take the consequence. I, however, entered the chamber of my wife, and, extending my hand, most affectionately said: My soul's best treasure, let us no longer continue this state of mournful estrangement ! for the world I would not thus live another day. Why, my love, our sorrows will arise, from a thousand sources; let us not render each other miserable. The dear girl burst into tears, and throwing her faithful arms around me, sobbed upon my bosom, with difficulty articulating, "O ! my precious friend, you have, as you always will have, the superiority. God forever bless my faithful, my condescending husband." From this moment we bade adieu to dissension of every description, successfully cultivating that harmony of disposition, and augmenting confidence, which cannot fail of insuring domestic felicity. We soon removed to a house of our own, and there, as I believe, enjoyed as much of happiness, as ever fell to the lot of humanity. Yet, although, thus satisfied with each other, there were sources of inquietude, which created us some distress. I had heard much of Mr. Relly; he was a conscientious, and zealous preacher, in the city of London. He had, through many revolving years, continued faithful to the ministry committed to him, and he was the theme of every religious sect. He appeared, as he was represented to me, highly erroneous; and my indignation against him, as has already been seen, was very strong. I had frequently been solicited to hear him, merely that I might be an ear witness of what was termed his blasphemies; *but, I* arrogantly said, I would not be a murderer of

time. Thus I passed on for a number of years, hearing all manner of evil said of Mr. Relly, and believing all I heard, while every day augmented the inveterate hatred, which I bore the man, and his adherents. When a worshipping brother, or sister, belonging to the communion, which I considered as honoured by the approbation of Deity, was, by this deceiver, drawn from the paths of rectitude, the anguish of my spirit was indescribable; and I was ready to say, the secular arm ought to interpose to prevent the perdition of souls. I recollect one instance in particular, which pierced me to the soul. A young lady, of irreproachable life, remarkable for piety, and highly respected by the Tabernacle congregation and church, of which I was a devout member, had been ensnared; to my great astonishment, she had been induced to hear, and having heard, she had embraced the pernicious errors of this detestable babbler; she was become a believer, a firm, and unwavering believer of universal redemption! Horrible! most horrible! So high an opinion was entertained of my talents, having myself been a teacher among the Methodists, and such was my standing in Mr. Whitefield's church, that I was deemed adequate to reclaiming this wanderer, and I was strongly urged to the pursuit. The poor, deluded young woman was abundantly worthy of our most arduous efforts. He, that converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. Thus I thought, thus I said, and, swelled with a high idea of my own importance, I went, accompanied by two or three of my Christian brethren, to see, to converse with, and, if need were, to admonish this simple, weak, but, as we heretofore believed, meritorious female. Fully persuaded, that I could easily convince her of her errors, I entertained no doubt respecting the result of my undertaking. The young lady

received us with much kindness and condescension, while, as I glanced my eye upon her fine countenance, beaming with intelligence, mingling pity and contempt grew in my bosom. After the first ceremonies, we sat for some time silent; at length I drew up a heavy sigh, and uttered a pathetic sentiment, relative to the deplorable condition of those, who live, and die in unbelief; and I concluded a violent declamation, by pronouncing, with great earnestness, He, that believeth not, shall be damned.

"And pray, sir," said the young lady, with great sweetness, "Pray, sir, what is the unbeliever damned for not believing?"

What is he damned for not believing? *Why, is he damned for not believing.*

"But, my dear sir, I asked what was that, which he did not believe, for which he was damned?"

Why, for not believing in Jesus Christ, to be sure.

"Do you mean to say, that unbelievers are damned for not believing there was such a person as Jesus Christ?"

No, I do not; a man may believe there was such a person, and yet be damned.

"What then, sir, must he believe, in order to avoid damnation?"

Why he must believe, that Jesus Christ is a complete Saviour.

"Well suppose he were to believe, that Jesus Christ was the complete Saviour of others, would this belief save him?"

No, he must believe, that Christ Jesus is his complete Saviour; every individual must believe for *himself, that Jesus Christ is his complete Saviour.*

"Why, sir, is Jesus Christ the Saviour of any *unbelievers?*"

No, madam.

"Why, then, should any *unbeliever* believe, that Jesus Christ is his Saviour, *if he be not his Saviour?*"

I say, he is not the Saviour of any one until he believes.

"Then, if Jesus be not the Saviour, of the *unbeliever*, until he *believes*, the *unbeliever* is called upon to believe a lie. It appears to me, sir, that Jesus is the complete Saviour of *unbelievers;* and that unbelievers are called upon to believe the truth; and that, by *believing, they are saved, in their own apprehension, saved from all those dreadful fears*, which are consequent upon a state of conscious condemnation."

No, madam; you are dreadfully, I trust not fatally, misled. Jesus never was, nor never will be, the Saviour of any unbeliever.

"Do you think Jesus is your Saviour, sir?"

I hope he is.

"Were you *always* a believer, sir?"

No, madam.

"Then you were once an unbeliever; that is, you once believed, that Jesus Christ was not your Saviour. Now, as you say, he never *was*, nor never *will be*, the saviour of any *unbeliever*; as you were once an *unbeliever*, he never can be your Saviour."

He never was my Saviour, till I believed.

"Did he never die for you, till you believed, sir?"

Here I was extremely embarrassed, and most devoutly wished myself out of her habitation; I sighed bitterly, expressed deep commiseration for those deluded souls, who had nothing but head-knowledge; drew out my watch, discovered it was late; and recollecting an engagement, observed it was time to take leave.

I was extremely mortified; the young lady observed my confusion, but was too generous to pursue her triumph. I arose to depart; the company arose; she urged us to tarry; addressed each of us in the language

of kindness. Her countenance seemed to wear a resemblance of the heaven, which she contemplated; it was stamped by benignity, and when we bade her adieu, she enriched us by her good wishes.

I suspected, that my religious brethren saw she had the advantage of me; and I *felt*, that her remarks were indeed *unanswerable*. My pride was hurt, and I determined to ascertain the exact sentiments of my associates, respecting this interview. Poor soul, said I, she is far gone in error. True, said they; but she is, notwithstanding, a very sensible woman. Ay, ay, thought I, they have assuredly discovered, that she has proved too mighty for me. Yes, said I, she has a great deal of *head* knowledge; but yet she may be a lost, damned soul. I hope not, returned one of my friends; she is a very good young woman. I saw, and it was with extreme chagrin, that the result of this visit had depreciated me in the opinion of my companions. But I could only censure and condemn, solemnly observing: It was better not to converse with any of those apostates, and it would be judicious never to associate with them upon any occasion. From this period, I myself carefully avoided every Universalist, and *most cordially did I hate* them. My ear was open to the public calumniator, to the secret whisperer, and I yielded credence to every scandalous report, however improbable. My informers were *good people*; I had no doubt of their veracity; and I believed it would be difficult to paint Relly, and his connections, in colours too black. How severely has the law of retaliation been since exercised in the stabs, which have been aimed at my own reputation! Relly was described, as a man black with crimes; an atrocious offender, both in principle, and practice. He had, it was said, abused and deserted an amiable wife; and, it was added, that he retained in his house an abandoned woman; and that he not

only thus conducted himself, but, publicly, and most nefariously, taught his hearers to dare the laws of their country, and their God. Hence, said my informers, the dissipated and unprincipled, of every class, flock to his church; his congregation is astonishingly large, the carriages of the great, block up the street, in which this meeting-house stands, and he is the idol of the voluptuous of every description. All this, and much more was said, industriously propagated, and credited in every religious circle. Denominations, at variance with each other, most cordially agreed in thus thinking, and thus speaking of Relly, of his principles, of his preaching, and of his practice. I confess I felt a strong inclination to see and hear this monster, once at least; but the risk was dreadful! I could not gather courage to hazard the steadfastness of my faith; and for many years I persevered in my resolution, on no consideration to contaminate my ear by the sound of his voice. At length, however, I was prevailed upon to enter his church; but I detested the sight of him; and my mind prejudiced by the reports, to which I had listened respecting him, was too completely filled with a recollection of his fancied atrocities, to permit a candid attention to his subject, or his mode of investigation. I wondered much at his impudence, in daring to speak in the name of God; and I felt assured, that he was treasuring up unto himself wrath against the day of wrath. I looked upon his deluded audience with alternate pity and contempt, and I thanked God, that I was not one of them. I rejoiced, when I escaped from the house, and, as I passed home, I exclaimed, almost audibly: Why, O my God, was I not left in this deplorable, damnable state? given up, like this poor, unfortunate people, to believe a lie, to the utter perversion of my soul? But I was thus furnished with another proof of my Election, in consequence of my not being deceived

by this detestable deceiver; and, of course, my consolation was great.

About this time, there was a religious society established in Cannon-street, in an independent meeting-house, for the purpose of elucidating difficult passages of scripture. The society chose for their president a Mr. Mason, who, although not a clerical gentleman, was, nevertheless, of high standing in the religious world: frequent applications were made to him in the character of a physician to the sinking, sorrowing, sin-sick soul. His figure was commanding and well calculated to fill the minds of young converts with religious awe. When this company of serious inquirers were assembled, the president addressed the throne of grace, in a solemn, and appropriate prayer, and the subject for the evening was next proposed. Every member of the society was indulged with the privilege of expressing his sentiments, for the space of five minutes; a glass was upon the table, which ran accurately the given term. The president held in his hand a small ivory hammer; when the speaker's time had expired, he had a right to give him notice by a stroke on the table, round which the assembled members were seated. But, if he approved of what was delivered, it was optional with him to extend the limits of his term.

When the question had gone round the table, the president summed up the evidences gave his own judgment, and, having proposed the question for the next evening, concluded with prayer.

Upon this society I was a constant attendant, and I was frequently gratified by the indulgence of the president and the implied approbation of the society. It was on the close of one of those evenings, which were to me very precious opportunities, that the president took me by the hand, and requested me to accompany him into the vestry. "Sit down, my good sir: you cannot but have seen, that I have long distinguished you in this society; that I have been pleased with your observations; and I

have given indisputable evidence, that both my reason and my judgment, approved your remarks." I bowed respectfully, and endeavoured to express my gratitude, in a manner becoming an occasion so truly flattering.

"My object," said he, "in seeking to engage you in private, is to request you would take home with you a pamphlet I have written against Relly's Union. I have long wondered, that some able servant of our Master has not taken up this subject. But, as my superiors are silent, I have been urged by a sense of duty to make a stand, and I have done all in my power to prevent the pernicious tendency of this soul-destroying book."

Although, at this period, I have never seen Relly's Union, yet my heart rejoiced, that Mason, this great and good man, had undertaken to write against it, and, from the abundance of my heart, my mouth overflowed with thankfulness.

"All that I request of you," said Mr. Mason, "is to take this manuscript home with you, and keep it till our next meeting. Meet me in this vestry, a little before the usual time. Read it, I entreat you, carefully, and favour me with your unbiassed sentiments." I was elated by the honour done me, and I evinced much astonishment at the confidence reposed in me. But he was pleased to express a high opinion of my judgment, abilities, and goodness of heart, and he begged leave to avail himself of those qualities, with which his fancy had invested me.

I took the manuscript home, perused it carefully, and with much pleasure, until I came to a passage at which I was constrained to pause, *painfully to pause.* Mr. Relly had said, speaking of the record, which God gave of his Son: *This life is in his Son, and he, that believeth not this record, maketh God a liar;* from whence, inferred Mr. Relly, it is plain that God hath given this eternal life in the Son to unbelievers, as fully as to believers, else the unbeliever could not, by his unbelief, make God a liar. This, said Mr. Mason, *punning* upon the author's

name, is just as clear, as that this writer is an *Irish Bishop*. I was grieved to observe, that Mr. Mason could say no more upon a subject so momentous; nor could I forbear allowing more, than I wished to allow, to the reasoning of Mr. Relly. Most devoutly did I lament, that the advantage in argument did not rest with my admired friend, Mason; and I was especially desirous, that this last argument should have been completely confuted. I was positive, *that God never gave eternal life to any unbeliever*; and yet I was perplexed to decide how, *if God had not given life to unbelievers*, they could possibly *make God a liar, by believing that he had not*. My mind was incessantly exercised, and greatly embarrassed upon this question. What is it to make any one a liar, but to deny the truth of what he has said? But, if God had no where said, he had given life to *unbelievers*, how could the *unbeliever make God a liar?* The stronger this argument seemed in favour of the grace and love of God, the more distressed and unhappy I became; and most earnestly did I wish, that Mr. Mason's pamphlet might contain something, that was more rational, more scriptural, than a *mere pun;* that he might be able to adduce proof positive, that the gift of God, which is everlasting life, was never *given to any but believers*. I was indisputably assured, that I myself was a believer; and right precious did I hold my exclusive property in the Son of God.

At the appointed time, I met Mr. Mason in the vestry. "Well, sir, I presume you have read my manuscript?" I have, sir, and I have read it repeatedly. "Well, sir, speak freely, is there any thing in the manuscript which you dislike?" Why, sir, as you are so good as to indulge me with the liberty of speaking, I will venture to point out one passage, which appears to me not sufficiently clear. Pardon me, sir, but surely argument, especially upon religious subjects, is preferable to ridicule, to *punning* upon the name of an author. "And where,

pray, is the objectionable paragraph, to which you avert?" I pointed it out; but, on looking in his face, I observed his countenance fallen, it was no longer toward me. Mr. Mason questioned my judgment, and never afterward honoured me by his attention. However, I still believed Mason right, and Relly wrong; for if Relly were right, the conclusion was unavoidable, *all men must finally be saved.* But this was out of the question, utterly impossible; all religious denominations agreed to condemn this heresy, to consider it as a damnable doctrine, and what every religious denomination united to condemn, must be false.

Thus, although I lost the favour of Mr. Mason, and he published his pamphlet precisely as it stood, when submited to my perusal, yet my reverential regard for him was not diminished. I wished, most cordially wished success to his book, and destruction to the author, against whom it was written.

In this manner, some months rolled over my head, when, accompanying my wife on a visit to her aunt, after the usual ceremonies, I repaired, according to custom, to the book-case, and turning over many books and pamphlets, I at length opened one, that had been robbed of its title-page; but in running it over, I came to the very argument, which had excited so much anxiety in my bosom. It was the first moment I had ever seen a line of Mr. Relly's writing, except in Mr. Mason's pamphlet. I was much astonished, and turning to Mrs. Murray, I informed her, I held Mr. Relly's Union in my hand. I asked our uncle if I might put it in my pocket? "Surely," said he, "and keep it there, if you please, I never read books of divinity; I know not what the pamphlet is, nor do I wish to know." As I put it into my pocket, my mind became alarmed, and perturbed. It was dangerous, it was tampering with poison, it was like taking fire into my bosom; I had better throw it into the flames, or restore it to the book-case; such was the conflict in my bosom. How-

ever, in the full assurance, that the elect were safe; and that, although they took up any deadly thing, it should not hurt them, I decided to read the Union; and having thus made up my mind, I experienced a degree of impatience, until I reached home, when addressing the dear companion of my youth, I said: I have, my dear, judged, and condemned, before I have heard; but I have now an opportunity given me for deliberate investigation. "But," returned Mrs. Murray, "are we sufficient of ourselves?" No my love, certainly we are not; but God, all gracious, hath said, If any lack wisdom, let them ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. My heart is exercised by fearful apprehensions; this moment I dread to read, the next I am anxious to hear what the author can say. We will, therefore, lay this book before our God. There is, my love, a God, who is not far from every one of us; we are directed to make our requests known unto Him for all things, by supplication and prayer. God hath never yet said to any, Seek ye my face, in vain; we will then pray for his direction and counsel; and we may rest in the assurance of obtaining both. Accordingly, we entered our closet, and both of us, for we were both equally interested, prostrated ourselves before God, with prayers and tears, beseeching Him, the God of mercy, to look with pity on us; we were on the point of attending to doctrines of which we were not, we could not be judges, and we earnestly supplicated Him to lead us into all truth. If the volume before us contained truth, we entreated him to show it to us, and to increase our faith; if, on the other hand, it contained falsehood, we beseeched God to make it manifest, that we might not be deceived. No poor criminal ever prayed for life, when under sentence of death, with greater fervour of devotion, than did my labouring soul upon this occasion supplicate for the light of life to direct my erring steps. After thus

weeping, and thus supplicating, we opened the bible, and began to read this book, looking into the bible for the passages, to which the writer referred. We were astonished and delighted at the beauty of the scriptures, thus exhibited; it seemed, as if every sentence was an apple of gold in a picture of silver; and still, as we proceeded, the wonder was, that so much divine truth should be spoken by so heinous a transgressor: and this consideration seemed suggested, as a reason why I should not continue reading. Can any thing good proceed from such a character? Would not truth have been revealed to men, eminent for virtue? How is it possible, discoveries, so important, should never, until now, have been made, and now only by this man? Yet, I considered, God's ways were in the great deep; he would send, by whom he would send; choosing the weak and base things to confound the mighty and the strong, that no flesh should glory in his presence. And, as my lovely wife justly observed, I was not sure, all, I heard of Mr. Relly, was true; that our Saviour had said to his disciples, They shall say all manner of evil of you falsely; and the present instance may be a case in point. "You have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Relly," said she; "nor do you know, that any of those, from whom you have received his character, are better informed than yourself. I think it doth not become us to speak or believe evil of any man, without the strongest possible proof." All this was rational, I felt its full force, and blushed for my own credulity. I proceeded to read. The Union introduced me to many passages of scripture, which had before escaped my observation. A student, as I had been, of the scriptures, from the first dawn of my reason, I could not but wonder at myself; I turned to Mr. Mason's book, and I discovered a want of candour, and a *kind of duplicity*, which had not before met my

view, and which perhaps would never have caught my attention, had I not read the Union. I saw the grand object untouched, while Relly had clearly pointed out the doctrines of the gospel. Yet there were many passages, that I could not understand, and I felt myself distressingly embarrassed. One moment I wished from my soul, I had never seen the Union; and the next my heart was enlarged, and lifted up by considerations, which swelled my bosom to ecstacy. This was the situation of my mind, during many succeeding months, and a large proportion of my time was passed in reading, and studying the scriptures, and in prayer: My understanding was pressing on to new attainments, and the prospect brightened before me. I was greatly attached to my minister, Mr. Hitchins; he was eminent in his line, and a most pleasing preacher. Mrs. Murray was in the habit of taking down his sermons in short hand. We were delighted with the man, and accustomed to consider him a genuine gospel preacher. It happened, that Mr. Hitchins took a journey into the country, and was absent on the sabbath day. Come, my dear, said I, our minister is out of town, let us avail ourselves of the opportunity, and hear the writer of the Union; this is a privilege, which few, who read books, can have; as authors are generally numbered with the dead, before their labours are submitted to the public eye." Her consent was always yielded to my solicitations; but we were terrified, as we passed along, in the fear of meeting some of our religious brethren; happily, however, we reached the meeting-house, without encountering any one, to whom we were known.

Mr. Relly had changed his place of worship, and we were astonished to observe a striking proof of the falsehood of those reports, which had reached us; no coaches thronged the street, nor surrounded the door of this *meeting-house*; there was no vestige of grandeur, either

within or without. The house had formerly been occupied by Quakers; there were no seats, save a few benches; and the pulpit was framed of a few rough boards, over which no plane had ever passed. The audience corresponded with the house, they did not appear very religious; that is, they were not melancholy; and I therefore suspected they had not much piety. I attended to every thing; the hymn was good, the prayer excellent, and I was astonished to witness, in so bad a man, so much apparent devotion; for still, I must confess, the prejudices, I had received from my religious friends, were prevalent in my mind. Mr. Relly gave out his text. "*Either make the tree good, and its fruit good, or the tree corrupt, and its fruit corrupt; for every tree is known by its fruit; a good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit*, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." I was immeasurably surprised. What, thought I, has this man to do with a passage, so calculated to condemn himself? But, as he proceeded, every faculty of my soul was powerfully seized and captivated, and I was perfectly amazed, while he explained *who* we were to understand by the *good*, and *who* by the *bad trees*. He proved, beyond contradiction, that a *good tree* could not bring forth any *corrupt fruit*, but there was no man, who lived and sinned not; all mankind had corrupted themselves, there were none therefore *good; no, not one.*

No *mere man*, since the fall, has been able to keep the commandments of God; but *daily* doth break them, in *thought*, in *word*, and in *deed*. There was, however, one *good tree*, JESUS; He indeed stands, as the apple-tree, among the trees of the wood; He is that *good tree*, which cannot bring forth *corrupt fruit*; under *His* shadow the believer reposeth; the fruit of this tree is sweet to his taste; and the matter of his theme *constantly is*, "*Whom have I in heaven, but thee,*

and there is none upon earth, that I desire, beside thee." I was constrained to believe, that I had never, until this moment, heard the Redeemer preached; and, as I said, I attended with my whole soul. I was humbled, I was confounded; I saw clearly, that I had been all my life expecting *good fruit* from *corrupt trees, grapes on thorns, and figs on thistles.* I suspected myself; I had lost my standing; I was unsettled, perturbed, and wretched. A few individuals, whom I had known at Mr. Whitefield's tabernacle, were among Mr. Relly's audience, and I heard them say, as they passed out of the aisle of the church, I wonder how the Pharisees would like our preacher; I wished to hear Mrs. Murray speak upon the subject; but we passed on, wrapped in contemplation. At length I broke silence: Well, my dear, what are your sentiments? "Nay, my dear, what is *your* opinion?" I never heard truth, unadulterated truth, before; so sure as there is a God in heaven, if the scriptures be the word of God, the testimony, this day delivered, is the truth of God. It is the first consistent sermon I have ever heard. I reached home full of this sermon; took up the Union, read it with new pleasure; attended again and again, upon Mr. Relly, and was more and more astonished. Mr. Hitchins returned home, but, as I conceived, very much changed, more inconsistent than ever. "No, my dear," said my wife, "it is you, who are changed; he preaches, as I can prove by my notes, precisely the same, yet it is truly surprising, that his multiplied contradictions have, until now, passed without our observation." Well, said I, what are we to do? Can we, in future, bear such inconsistencies, now that we are better informed? Suppose we keep our seats as usual; attending, however, one half of every Sabbath, to the *preacher of Christ Jesus?* On this we immediately determined, and, by this expedient, we imagined we

might be gratified by hearing the truth, without running the risk of losing our reputation; for we well knew, that, as *professed* adherents of Mr. Relly, we could no longer preserve that spotless fame we delighted to cherish.

I now commenced the reading of the Scriptures, with augmented diligence. The Bible was indeed a new book to me; the veil was taken from my heart and the word of my God became right precious to my soul. Many scriptures, that I had not before known, forcibly pressed upon my observation; and many, that, until now, I had not suffered myself to believe. Still the doctrine of election distressed me; unfortunately, I had connected this doctrine of election with the doctrine of final reprobation; not considering, that, although the first was indubitably a scripture doctrine, the last was not to be found in, nor could be supported by revelation. I determined to call upon, and converse with Mr. Hitchens, on this important subject. I found him in his study, encompassed about with the writings of great men. I wait upon you, sir, for the purpose of obtaining help. The Arminians show me many scriptures, which proclaim the universality of the Atonement. I cannot answer them. What, my dear sir, shall I do? "Why, sir, the doctrines of election, and reprobation, are doctrines we are bound to believe, as articles of our faith; but I can say, with the Rev. Mr. Hervey, I never wish to think of them, except upon my knees. I never heard any one undertake to explain them, who did not still further embarrass the subject. One observation is, however, conclusive, and it never fails effectualy to silence the Arminian; That if, as they affirm, *Christ Jesus died for all men, then assuredly all men must be saved; for no one can be eternally lost, for whom the Redeemer shed his precious blood*; such an event is *impossible*. *Now*, as the Arminians will not admit a

possibility, that all will finally be saved, they are thus easily confounded." This, I thought, was very good; it was clear, as any testimony in divine revelation, that Christ Jesus died for all, for the sins of the whole world, for every man, &c. &c.; and even Mr. Hitchens had declared, that every one, for whom Christ died, must finally be saved. This I took home with me to my wife: she saw the truth, that we were so well prepared to embrace, manifested even by the testimony of its enemies, and we were inexpressibly anxious to hear, and to understand. We now attended public worship, not only as a duty, conceiving that we thus increased a fund of righteousness, upon which we were to draw in every exigence, but it became our pleasure, our consolation, and our highest enjoyment. We began to feed upon the truth as it is in Jesus, and every discovery we made filled us with unutterable transport. I regarded my friends with increasing affection, and I conceived, if I had an opportunity of conversing with the whole world, the whole world would be convinced. It might truly have been said, that we had a taste of heaven below.

It was soon whispered in the Tabernacle, that I had frequently been seen going to, and coming from Relly's meeting! This alarmed many, and one very dear friend conversed with me in private upon the subject, heard what, from the abundance of my heart, my mouth was constrained to utter, smiled, pitied me, and begged I would not be too communicative, lest the business should be brought before the society, and excommunication might follow. I thanked him for his caution; but, as I had conversed only with him, I had hazarded nothing. In a short time I was cited to appear before the society, worshipping in Mr. Whitefield's tabernacle; I obeyed the summons, and found myself in the midst of a very gloomy company, all seemingly in great distress; they sighed very bitterly, and at last gave me

to understand, that they had heard, I had become an attendant upon that monster, Relly, and they wished to know if their information was correct. I requested I might be told, from whom they had their intelligence? and they were evidently embarrassed by my question. Still, however, I insisted upon being confronted with my accuser, and they at length consented to summon him; but I was nearly petrified, when I learned it was the identical friend, who had privately conversed with me, and who had privately cautioned me, that had lodged the information against me! Upon this friend I had called, in my way to the tabernacle, confiding to him my situation; he said, he had feared the event; he pitied me, and prayed with me. But he did not calculate upon being confronted with me, and his confusion was too great to suffer his attendance. It was then referred to me; "Was it a fact, had I attended upon Relly?" I had. "Did I believe what I heard?" I answered that I did—and my trial commenced. They could not prove I had violated those articles, to which I had subscribed. I had, in no point of view, infringed the contract, by which I was bound. But they apprehended, if I continued to approbate Relly, by my occasional attendance on his ministry, my example would become contagious; except, therefore, I would give them my word, that I would wholly abandon this pernicious practice, they must, however unwillingly, pronounce upon me the sentence of excommunication. I refused to bind myself by any promise; I assured them, I would continue to hear, and to judge for myself; and that I held it my duty, to receive *the truth of God* wherever it might be manifested. "But Relly holds the truth in unrighteousness." I have nothing to do with his unrighteousness; my own conduct is not more reprehensible, than heretofore. They granted this; but the force of example was frequently irresistible, and, if I were permitted to follow, uncensured, *my own* inclination, others might claim the

same indulgence, to the utter perversion of their souls. It was then conceded in my favour, that, if I would confine my sentiments to my own bosom, they would continue me a member of their communion. I refused to accede to this proposal. I would not be under an obligation to remain silent. I must, so often as opportunity might present, consider myself as called upon to advocate truth. The question was then put—Should I be considered a member of the society upon my own terms? And it was lost by only three voices.

It was past one in the morning, when I returned home to my poor, disconsolate wife, who was waiting for me; and when I entered her apartment, my spirits were so sunk, that, throwing myself into a chair, I burst into tears. But the sweet soother of my every woe, hastened to communicate that consolation, she was so eminently qualified to bestow. "Now," said she, "for the first time, you know what it is to suffer for Christ's sake; and you must arm yourself with fortitude to bear, what the adherents of Mr. Relly must always bear. Let us offer up praise and thanksgiving, that it is no worse. Fear not those, who can only kill the body; these, however, have not power to kill the body; it is true, they can do more; they can murder our good name, which is rather to be chosen than life itself. But let us not fear; our God will be with us, He will preserve, and protect us." Our hearts, however, were very full, and with great devotion we wept and prayed together.

About this time, the grandfather of my Eliza sent for her to visit him, at his country seat, ten miles from London; this was highly gratifying, and abundantly more so, as I also was included in the invitation. After seeing, and conversing with me, he sincerely lamented, that he had been so far duped by the artful, and designing, as to put the disposition of the greater part of his property at his decease entirely out of his own power; but what he could do, he most cheerfully did. Yet even here we

were pursued by disappointment. He requested me to procure him a capable, sober domestic; and I engaged a woman, who, as I believed, answered his description; but, proving an artful hussey, she gradually obtained, over the mind of the old gentleman, an astonishing influence, that resulted in a marriage, which effectually prevented his family connexions from ever again visiting him! Thus were our new-born expectations, from a reconciled parent, levelled with the dust. A series of calamities succeeded; those, whom I had esteemed my best, and dearest friends, proved my most inveterate foes, and, finding it impossible to reclaim us, from what they conceived paths of error, persecuted us with unceasing virulence. *Presents*, bestowed in the days of confidence, as tokens of affection, were claimed as *legal debts*; and as the law does not allow presents, I was arrested for the amount, betrayed, by my religious friends, into the hands of bailiffs, at a time when, had the promised lenity been exercised, I could have paid to the utmost farthing. Thus heaven thought proper to keep us low; but our faith increased, and we cherished that hope, which maketh not ashamed; and, even while struggling with difficulties, we enjoyed a heaven upon earth. Gradually I surmounted the greater part of my difficulties. At the house of our brother William, I had an interview with our once obdurate younger brother; he seemed penetrated with sorrow for our long continued estrangement; he hung upon my neck, wept bitterly, and expressed a fear, that I could never forgive him. I also shed many tears, and extending to him the hand of amity, clasped him to my bosom, with a most cordial embrace. This was a most pleasant circumstance to my beloved Eliza; all now seemed delightful. We had a sweet little retirement in a rural part of the city; we wanted but little, and our wants were all supplied: and perhaps we enjoyed as much, as human nature can enjoy. One dear pledge of love, a son, whom my wife regarded as the image of his

father, completed our felicity. But, alas! this boy was lent us no more than one short year! He expired in the arms of his agonized mother, whose health, from that fatal moment, began rapidly to decline. I was beyond expression terrified. Physicians recommended the country; but my business confined me in London, and my circumstances would not admit of my renting two houses. I took lodgings at a small distance from town, returning myself every day to London. The disorder advanced with terrific strides; my soul was tortured; every time I approached her chamber, even the sigh, which proclaimed she still lived, administered a melancholy relief. This was indeed a time of sorrow and distress, beyond what I had ever before known; I have been astonished how I existed through such scenes. Surely, in every time of trouble, God is a very present help. I was obliged to remove the dear creature, during her reduced situation, the house in which I had taken lodgings being sold; but I obtained for her a situation about four miles from town. The scenes around her new lodgings were charming; she seemed pleased, and I was delighted. For a few days we believed her better, and again I experienced all the rapture of hope. My difficulties, however, were many; I was necessitated to pass my days in London; could I have continued with her, it would have been some relief. But as my physician gave me no hope, when I parted from her in the morning, I was frequently terrified in the dread of meeting death on my return. Often, for my sake, did the sweet angel struggle to appear relieved, but, alas! I could discern it was a struggle, and my anguish became still more poignant. To add to my distresses, poverty came in like a flood. I had my house in town, a servant there; the doctor, the apothecary, the nurse, the lodgings in the country; *every thing* to provide; daily passing, and repassing.

Truly my heart was *very sore.* I was friendless. My religious friends had, on my hearing and advocating the doctrines, preached by all God's holy prophets ever since the world began, become my most inveterate foes. Our grandfather was under the dominion of the woman I had introduced to him, who had barred his doors against us; the heart of our younger brother was again closed, and, as if angry with himself for the concessions he had made, was more than ever estranged; and even our elder brother, who in every situation had for a long season evinced himself my faithful friend, had forsaken us! I had, most indiscreetly, ventured to point out some errors in the domestic arrangements of his wife, which I believed would eventuate in his ruin, and he so far resented this freedom, as to abandon all intercourse with me. Among Mr. Relly's acquaintance I had no intimates, indeed hardly an acquaintance; I had suffered so much from religious connexions, that I had determined, as much as possible, to stand aloof, during the residue of my journey through life. Thus was I circumstanced, when the fell destroyer of my peace aimed his most deadly shafts at the bosom of a being, far dearer to me than my existence. My credit failing, my wants multiplying, blessed be God, my Eliza was ignorant of the extent of my sufferings; she would have surrendered up her life, even if she had feared death, rather than have permitted an application to either of her brothers; yet was I, by the extremity of my distress, precipitated upon a step so humiliating. Stopping at a coffee-house near our brother William's, I penned a hurried line, requesting he would give me an immediate meeting; and sending it by a porter, I waited, in agony indescribable, its effect. Almost instantaneously he entered the coffee-house, and, without uttering a word, took a seat; nor was I for *some moments* able to articulate. My

soul was tortured; he saw it, and could not avoid feeling. At length he questioned, "Pray what is the matter?" Your sister is very near her end, and, were we both so, it would be to me cause of exultation, and you would have been spared this trouble. My application to you will be a sufficient explanation of my circumstances; and should you think proper to call upon a once dear, now dying sister, I have to request, you would not notice my having sought this interview, it would embitter the last moments of her life. He was amazingly shocked, yet, as this was the first syllable he had heard of her indisposition, he flattered himself my fears had magnified the danger; but he assured me, he would see her without delay. I however desired he would grant me time to prepare her for his visit; it must, said I, appear entirely accidental, and I hastened to our lodgings. I met your brother William, my love, who, having heard you are indisposed, kindly inquired after you; I think he means to visit you. "If, my precious friend, you have not descended so low, as to ask any favour of him, I shall be glad to see him." I will not, my love, do any thing, which I ought not to do. I sat down by her bedside. That face, upon which strangers had gazed enraptured, was now the seat of death's wan harbinger, and her struggles to conceal her sufferings were but too visible. Quitting the room, I inquired of the nurse, how she had been during my absence? She told me, she had endured much pain, was very anxious for my return, and expressed a fear, that she should never again behold me. I was summoned by the mistress of the house, who was so charmed by the deportment of my Eliza, and had conceived so great an affection for her, as to find it difficult to quit her apartment. But my suffering friend, taking my hand, and drawing me near her, *whispered* a wish, that we might be alone; I gave the

good lady a hint, who instantly withdrew. I kneeled by her bedside: she drew me closer to her, and throwing her feeble, her emaciated arms around my neck, she gave me an ardent embrace; I was unutterably affected. "Be composed, my dear," said she, "and let these precious moments be as calm as possible; we may not be allowed another opportunity. Dear faithful friend, in life,—in death, dearer to me than my own soul,—God reward you for all the kind care you have taken of me. O! may my heavenly Father provide some one to supply my place, who may reciprocate the kindness you have shown me. Pray be composed; remember we are not at home; that we shall shortly meet in our Father's house"—here she paused—and again resuming—"Our parting, when compared with eternity, will be but for a moment. What though we have not continued together so long as we fondly expected, yet, my love, we have had an age of happiness. It is you, my precious husband, who are the object of pity. God all gracious console, and support you. Be of good cheer, my love, we shall meet in the kingdom of the Redeemer—indeed, indeed we shall." Again she threw her dying arms around me; her soul seemed struggling with the magnitude of her emotions. For me, I could not have articulated a syllable for the world. It is astonishing I did not expire; but there is a time to die. Again, like the wasting taper, she seemed to revive. Again, with uncommon energy, she pronounced, upon her almost frenzied husband, the most solemn benediction; this brought on a cough, she pointed to a phial upon her dressing table. I gave her a few drops. "There, my best friend, I am better—Be composed my faithful, my suffering guide, protector, husband. Oh! trust in the Lord: let us, my love, stay upon the God of our salvation; He will never leave us; He will never for-

sake us"—Then, grasping my hand, she continued: "These moments, my dear, are very precious; we have had many precious moments; you will not go out again, I shall not again lose sight of you. You will abide with me, so long as I shall continue"—I could contain no longer: My suppressed agony became audible; she drew me to her; "Do not distress me, my love"—She was deeply affected; her cough came on with additional violence. The sound of my voice brought in the kind lady of the house; she believed the angel had escaped. I requested her, to reach the phial. The expiring saint motioned it away; "It is too late, my love," she would have added; but utterance instantly failed her, and, without a single struggle, she breathed her last, still holding my hand fast in hers. I was on my knees by her bedside; I saw she was breathless, but she still held my hand. Ten thousand worlds, had I possessed them, I would have given for permission to have accompanied her beatified spirit. I am astonished that I retained my reason. Only a few weeks, a few tremendous weeks, since the commencement of her illness, had rolled on, when, kneeling in speechless agony, by her bedside, I saw her breathe her last; she expired without a sigh, without a pang, and I was left to the extreme of wretchedness. A few moments gave me to reflection—I contemplated her form, beautiful even in death; she was now no more a sufferer either in body or mind, and, for a little while, I derived malignant satisfaction, from the consideration of what her brothers would endure, when they found, that, in this world, they should no more behold her. I was shocked at myself; it seemed as if the sainted spirit mildly reproved me; I clasped my hands in agony; I supplicated pardon of the deceased, and of her God. It appeared to me, I had been deficient in *affection,* and the idea spoke daggers to my soul.

Memory cruelly summoned before me many instances, in which she might have been obliged, but distraction was in this thought. I sat in speechless agony by her bedside; having locked the door, no one could obtain entrance. Almighty God, how unutterable were the sorrows of my soul!!!

I was aroused from this state, by the arrival of our brother William. He obtained entrance; he glanced upon the bed—gazed for a moment—averted his eyes —trembled, and became pale as the face of my lamented saint—and at length, in silent agony, quitted the apartment. The good lady of the house now made her appearance, and in a tone of sympathy supplicated me to retire. The necessary offices were performed, and all that remained of my wedded friend was prepared for the undertaker, who came by the order of her opulent brother: that brother, who had nefariously robbed her of her right of inheritance, who contributed so largely, while she lived, to her sufferings, and who now endured anguish more than equivalent, for all the riches of the world. A hearse, and mourning coaches attended, and the dear remains, followed by her brothers and their families, were entombed in the family vault. The coachman was directed to convey me, after the interment, to the house of our younger brother. He was again a prey to contrition and to sorrow, and he urged me to cherish hope. I assured him, I had nothing to do with hope, at least in this world. He made great professions of affection, and liberal promises of future kindness; but it was too late; and though I believe he was at the time sincere, yet, when his strong feelings subsided, he was himself again.

Here I close another period of my eventful life! What a sad reverse! A few short weeks since, I was in the most enviable circumstances; my situation was charming, *my dwelling* neat and commodious, my wife

the object of my soul's devout and sincere affection, her lovely offspring swelling the rapture of the scene, a male and female domestic attached to our persons, and faithful to our interest; and the pleasing hope, that I should enjoy a long succession of these delights. Now I was alone in the world; no wife, no child, no domestics, no home; nothing but the ghosts of my departed joys. In religion, and religion only, the last resort of the wretched, I found the semblance of repose; religion taught me to contemplate the state, to which I was hastening; my dreams presented my departed Eliza; I saw her in a variety of views, but in every view celestial: sometimes she was still living, but in haste to be gone; sometimes she descended upon my imagination, an heavenly visitant, commissioned to conduct me home; and so much of felicity did I derive from those dreams, that I longed for the hour of repose, that I might reiterate the visionary bliss.

But new embarrassments awaited me; doctors, apothecaries, grocers, &c. &c. advanced with their bills; yet I was not much affected, I was overwhelmed by far greater afflictions. My health had greatly suffered. My sight, by excess of sorrow,—so said my physician,—was almost gone. Often have I traversed George's-Fields, where many have met death on the point of the foot-pad's dagger, in the mournful hope of meeting a similar fate; forgetting, in the state to which I was reduced, that, in thus devoting myself to destruction, I indubitably ranked with the *self-murderer*. The eldest brother of my departed friend continued, from the period of his sister's demise, uniformly kind; through his instrumentality, many of my most pressing debts were discharged. My mind seemed subdued; it became a fit residence for sorrow, when I received a letter from Ireland, written by my brother James. *Many of* our family were numbered with the dead; of

all her children, my mother had now only three surviving sons, and two daughters. My eldest sister was married; and my mother, leaving our common property in her care, was about to repair with her youngest daughter, and two sons, to England. She was not apprized of the death of my Eliza. I had written her, that I was blest with a most lovely, and exemplary companion; but from the death of my son, and the farther, and *entire* prostration of my terrestrial happiness, I had suspended my communications. I was now again necessitated to take a house; my mother and my brothers resided with me; and my sister with a lady, to whom she had been introduced in Ireland. She soon after married, and, as I believed imprudently, and I saw her no more. I now lived a mournful life; the world appeared to me in a very different point of view, from what it had formerly done; yet I derived ecstatic pleasure from my views of revelation. William Neale, became convinced of the truth, *as it is in Jesus*; and, of course, an adherent of Mr. Relly. This soothed me, and the word of God was an abiding consolation. To a few individuals I was made a messenger of peace; but my mother, and my brother James, remained inveterate opposers of the doctrines I had embraced. I sometimes visited the tabernacle, and, conceiving an affection for all men, I had a kind of satisfaction in standing in the midst of my brethren. It was at the tabernacle I was informed, that a poor, unhappy, widowed woman, sister to a man whom I had loved, was in most deplorable circumstances; she had been deceived by a villian; her kindred had been made acquainted with her situation, but their indignation was kindled against her; they would not see her; and her religious connexions abandoned her, while she was suffering all the miseries of want, accompanied by her own agonizing *reflections*. I discovered her in a mis-

erable room; no glass in the windows, no fire in the chimney; she was lying on something which had been a bed; a child, of a few days old, in her bosom, but no nourishment for it; another child dead by her side, and a third apparently dying. Upon my entrance she covered her face with her hands. "I know you, sir; you are come to upbraid me; yes, I deserve it all; but by and by my measure will be full." I burst into tears. I come to upbraid you? God forbid. No, poor sufferer, I am come a messenger from that God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. Be of good cheer, you have still a Father, who loves you with an everlasting love, and he has sent me to comfort you; he has seen your affliction, and he has bid me relieve you.

This seemed too much for the poor, forlorn creature; she appeared in the moment of expiring. I ran out of the house, into a shop at the corner of the alley, the mistress of which was, to my knowledge, perfectly acquainted with the situation of the sufferer. I demanded, why she thus neglected a human being? "Ah, the wretched creature, she deserves this and more," was this *good woman's* reply. But although neither the love of God, nor of human nature could move this hard-hearted woman, I had that in my pocket which possessed, for her, an irresistible charm; and, at the hazard of my reputation, I bade her procure coal, a restorative cordial, and a blanket to cover the sufferer. I then proceeded to the dwelling of a lady, one of Mr. Relly's congregation, to whom I had recently been introduced; I represented the situation, in which, in the midst of an opulent city, I had discovered a fellow creature. The lady was extremely affected, and her aid was instantaneous. The next day, Sunday, I again visited the poor penitent, whom I found relieved and comforted. *She requested* me, with many tears, to put up a note for

her in the tabernacle. There happened, on that day, to preach in the tabernacle, a Mr. Edwards, whom I had formerly known, in connexion with Mr. Wesley. I presented a note in the following words: The prayers of this congregation are requested in behalf of a widow indeed, confined to a bed of sickness, without property, and encompassed by the dying and the dead. I attended again in the tabernacle in the evening, and when the sermon closed, Mr. Edwards said: "If the person be here, who put up the note this morning, in behalf of a widow indeed, I should be glad to speak with him in the vestry." Accordingly presenting myself, I was very cordially received by Mr. Edwards, who observed, he was happy I was the person; that his feelings had been greatly affected by the note; that he had read it to a lady, at whose house he had dined, who, putting two guineas into his hand, requested him, if possible, to find out the widow indeed, and bestow them upon her. I conveyed this little sum to the sorrowing woman, with feelings, which those who know how to sympathize with the unfortunate will easily understand: and I assured the poor mourner, that the God, who *gives and forgives*, had sent her another proof of his favour. Arise, said I, forlorn sufferer, and sin no more. I had the charge of the child's funeral; the other recovered. The mother was soon abroad, and continued ever after, to conduct with exemplary propriety. This instance, among a thousand others, proves, that faith in the promises is the best stimulus to that pure, and undefiled religion, which consists in relieving the oppressed of every description: and with gratitude I confess, that this pure and undefiled religion was, to me a never-failing source of consolation. I was full of the gospel; gladly would I have sacrificed my life, if I might thus have brought all men acquainted with the riches of the grace of the gospel of *God our* Saviour; and my soul was

often wrought up to a degree of ecstacy, by the views, exhibited to my understanding, in the pages of divine revelation. Yes, I have experienced, that a belief of the truth disposes the mind to love God, and to do good to man; and so greatly was my heart affected by the plan of redemption, that I have, in the midst of the streets of London, been so entranced in contemplating its glories, that I have only been awakened to recollection, by the jostling crowd, who wondered as they passed; yet, while in the fulness of my heart, I embraced every opportunity of expatiating upon the great salvation; every thing beside had lost the power to charm, or even tranquillize, and torturing sensations I experienced, from reflecting upon past times, were not to be expressed: Death had for me an angel's face, and I viewed this *sometimes king of terrors*, as my emancipating friend.

The forbearance of my creditors was at length exhausted. Debts crowded upon me. Demands, which I was utterly unable to answer, were continually made. Had the health of my lovely wife been continued, I was in a very fine way. Her sickness, her death, by dashing from me the cup of felicity, while expenses accumulated, debilitated my mind, and rendered me unequal to those efforts, which my exigencies required. In the midst of my supineness, I was taken by a writ, and borne to a spunging-house. My sensations were, on this occasion, very different from those, which I had formerly experienced, in a similar situation; and I derived, from the expected seclusion, a kind of melancholy pleasure. The officer was astonished at my apathy; I refused sustenance, I had no inclination for food. I would swallow nothing, but water. I would have no bed: a bed must be paid for, and I was penny less. I slept on the floor of a room, hung with cobwebs, the windows of which were secured by iron bars.

I prayed most fervently to Him, with whom are the issues of life and death, that, as He had not allowed his creatures the privilege of departing out of time, when, and how they pleased, He would graciously vouchsafe to grant me my deliverance from a world, where I could serve neither my God, my neighbour, nor myself. But, alas! as I have often found, death comes not at call. The bared windows admitted just light enough to announce the return of day; soon after which, the keeper unlocked the door, and in a surly manner, asked me how I did? Indifferent, sir, I replied. "By G—, I think so! but, sir, give me leave to tell you *I* am *not* indifferent, and if you do not very soon settle with your creditors, I shall take the liberty to lodge you in Newgate. I keep nobody in my house that does not spend any thing, damn-me. I cannot keep house, and pay rent, and taxes for nothing. When a gentleman behaves civil, I behave civil; but, damn-me, if they are sulky, why then, do ye see, I can be sulky too; so, sir, you had better tell me what you intend to do?" Nothing. "Nothing? damn-me, that's a good one; then, by G—, you shall soon see *I* will do *something*, that you will not very well like." He then turned upon his heel, drew the door with a vengeance, and double-locked it. Soon after this, his helpmate presented herself, and began to apologize for her husband; said he was very quick; hoped I would not be offended, for he was a very good man in the main; that she believed there never was a gentleman in that house, (and she would be bold to say, there had been as good gentlemen there, as in any house in London) who had ever any reason to complain of his conduct. He would wait upon any of my friends, to whom I should think fit to send him, and do all in his power to make matters easy; "and if you please, sir, you are welcome to come down *into the* parlour, and breakfast with me."

And pray, my good lady, where are you to get your pay? "O, I will trust to that, sir; I am sure you are a gentleman; do, sir, come down and breakfast; you will be better after breakfast. Bless your soul, sir, why there have been hundreds, who have settled their affairs, and did very well afterwards." I was prevailed upon to go down to breakfast. There was, in the centre of the entry, a door half way up, with long pikes; every window was barred with iron; escape was impossible; and indeed I had no wish to escape: a kind of mournful insensibility pervaded my soul, for which I was not then disposed to account, but which I have since regarded as an instance of divine goodness, calculated to preserve my little remains of health, as well as that reason, which had frequently tottered in its seat. To the impertinent prattle of the female turnkey I paid no attention, but, hastily swallowing a cup of tea, I retired to my prison. This irritated her; she expected I would have tarried below, and, as is the custom, summoned my friends, who, whether they did any thing for my advantage or not, would, by calling for punch, wine, &c. &c. unquestionably contribute to the advantage of the house. But as I made no proposal of this kind, nor indeed ever intended so to do, they saw it was improbable they should reap any benefit by or from me; and having given me a plentiful share of abuse, and appearing much provoked, that they could not move me to anger, they were preparing to carry me to Newgate, there to leave me among other poor, desperate debtors; and their determination being thus fixed, I was at liberty to continue in my gloomy apartment, and, what I esteemed an especial favour, to remain there uninterrupted. I received no invitation either to dinner, tea, or supper; they just condescended to inform me, when they came to lock me in, that I should have another lodging the ensuing night: to which I made no reply. My spirits,

however, sunk in the prospect of Newgate. There, I was well informed, I could not be alone; there, I knew, my associates would many of them be atrocious offenders, and I was in truth immeasurably distressed. It was now, that every argument, which I had ever read in favour of suicide, was most officiously obtruded upon my mind, and warmly impressed upon my imagination. It was stated, that my Almighty Father could not be angry with me for leaving such a world, in such circumstances; the opposition of reason seemed to result from the prejudices of education; "and," said illusive fancy, "as it is appointed for all men once to die, to do that to-day, which I may do to-morrow, and what I must shortly do, cannot be very wrong." It is true, my monitor assured me, that the God, who had created me, was the only proper judge of the exact moment, when I ought to be removed out of time; that He best knew what benefit might accrue to myself, or the community, by my longer continuance in this vale of tears; yet these remarks, with many more of the same description, were not sufficiently imposing to endow me with resolution still to "*abide the pelting of the pitiless storm;*" and I determined to finish my wretched existence, before the dawning of another morning. This was indeed a night of horror; but, in the moment of executing my fatal, my God-dishonouring purpose, the image of my Eliza, irradiating the prison walls, seemed to stand before me. She appeared as if commissioned by Heaven to soothe my tortured spirit. I prostrated myself before the perhaps imaginary vision, and, for the first moment since I had occupied this dreary abode, my heart softened, and a shower of tears came to my relief; yea, and I was relieved. My soul became calm, and, although every hope from this world was extinct in my bosom, yet I believed I should be better able *to accommodate* myself, to whatever suffer-

ings the Almighty might think proper to inflict. I passed the remainder of the night in endeavouring to fortify my mind; a pleasing melancholy took possession of my spirit. I drew consolation from remembering, the time of suffering was not long; that there was a rest, a life of uninterrupted felicity, beyond the grave; that of this rest, this life, no power on earth could deprive me; and that I ought therefore quietly to wait, and patiently to hope, for the salvation of my God. Thus, although my night had been sleepless, my mind became so calm, and my spirit so greatly refreshed, that when the keeper opened the door in the morning, to inform me, that in three hours he should lodge me in Newgate, I answered with unaffected composure: I am ready, sir.

In less than an hour, however, I had a new source of inquietude. My brother, William Neale, having received a hint of the arrest, had searched from place to place, until at length finding me, with tears of sympathy he reproached me, even in the presence of the woman, for not immediately summoning him to my relief. This female turnkey, observing the appearance of my brother, and the feeling manner, in which he addressed me, began to hope, notwithstanding what she had termed my obstinacy, that they should reap some benefit from me after all. "Why," said William, "did you not send for me immediately upon your entering this house?" "Ay, dear sir, so I said: why, dear sir, said I, cannot you send for some of your friends? for I know'd as how, the gentleman had many friends, and my husband would have gone himself to any part of the town, with all his soul. No one can ever say, that we were backward, in doing every thing in our power to serve and oblige every gentleman, that ever came into our house: and, though I say it, that should not say it, I believe there is not a house, in our way, in *London,* that has ever had more good people in it, as a

body may say, than ours; and, says I, Lord, sir, says I, you need not for to make yourself uneasy; it is no crime, says I, to be in difficulty, or the like of that; the best people in the world, says I, are in the greatest difficulties, says I; I am sure, I have had my share of troubles and difficulties in this world, says I; but I had better, says I, have them here, than in a worse place: I hope, I shall atone for all my sins here." Thus did this creature's tongue run, and would have continued so to do, had not my brother asked, if I had breakfasted? "Ay, sir, I am glad to hear you say something of that. The poor gentleman has not seemed to care any thing about eating, or drinking: for my part, I was frightened, in the dread of the poor gentleman's dying in the house; I would have urged him over and over again; but said I, may be he will think as how, that I mean my own interest, and so I did not care to say much about it; but, sir, the poor gentleman can't think you have any interest." "Get breakfast, ma'am." "Tea or coffee, gentlemen?" "Both, ma'am, and, do you hear, let us have a private room." "Yes, sir." When left alone, my friend, and brother, again reproached me for delaying my communications to him. I frankly told him, that I was so far from being disposed to solicit his aid, that I seriously regretted he had discovered me; that I had no wish to involve my friends in my difficulties; that I would much rather continue a prisoner, for the remainder of my life, than incur obligations, which I had no prospect of discharging. "Pho, pho," said he, "this is idle talk. You cannot believe, you would be the only sufferer from your continuing in durance." But I should not suffer long. "You know not how long, however; drop the subject, here is breakfast; sit you down, and let us breakfast together; we will resume our subject by and by." Yes, *William*, we will resume our subject, by and by;

but suffer me to observe, you shall not come under bonds on my account, neither shall you discharge my debts; consent to this stipulation, or I touch no breakfast. "Pshaw, pshaw, how whimsical; but eat your breakfast, man: I promise, I will do neither." We then breakfasted in peace, and I derived a mournful kind of pleasure, from the assurance, that I should not involve the brother of my Eliza in my ruin. But, how great was my astonishment, when he ordered in the officer, who was also master of the house, when, after demanding and discharging his bill, he produced a receipt in full from my creditor, and a complete discharge for me. Thus was I liberated from the fangs of these harpies, and I accompanied this commiserating brother to his hospitable mansion, where he related to me the means, by which he had discovered me.

Quitting this noble-minded friend, I hastened home to my suffering mother, who was in agonies on my account; ignorant where I was, or what was my situation, her apprehensions were of the most fearful kind. We mingled our tears, while she most affectionately endeavoured to soothe me, and to bind up my broken heart; but my only remaining hope was, that, in this distempered state, I had not long to suffer. But, alas! here also I was deceived; long, very long have I continued, and with heart-felt sorrow, to tread this thorny maze. The brothers of my departed angel combined to help me forward; many plans were proposed for me; a sum of money was hired to place me, as a partner, in a mercantile house, and my brothers were my bondsmen! I detested the thought of new prospects from such a world as this, but, to my beloved William, I was largely in debt; he had a growing family, and both gratitude, as well as justice, demanded I should make every effort for his remuneration. *Thus I again* became a melancholy man of business.

It was supposed the road, not only to competency, but to affluence, was open before me, and I was pronounced in flourishing circumstances. It was, for those who loved me, a pleasing dream; but soon the golden vision vanished, and I awoke to the certainty of its being no more than a dream.

Again I returned to my lonely dwelling; pleased with the thought, that my solitude would no more be interrupted; again I detested the world, and all which it could bestow. Thus a few more melancholy months rolled mournfully away, and I expected to finish my days in the retirement, to which I was devoted. One consideration, however, still pressed heavily upon my mind. The very considerable sums, for which I was indebted to my generous brother, was, to me, a mighty burden; and this beloved brother, availing himself of my anxiety on this account, once more set me afloat. Many were the efforts, to which I consented; great were my mental sacrifices. But one expedient remained; it was a mournful expedient. I will not delineate. I pause; I throw a veil over many revolving months; let it suffice to say, my purpose was gained, my debts were paid, my pecuniary circumstances easy; but this was all. How mysterious are the ways of heaven! how many torturing scenes I have passed through! But, blessed be God, *I have passed through them.* Thanks be to the Father of mercies, they can no more be reiterated: My newly acquired competency possessed no charms for me; I derived no satisfaction from any thing around me. In fact, I had nothing in prospect, and hope seemed to have expired in my bosom.

CHAPTER V.

The bereaved man, quitting his native shores, embarks for America; indulging the fond hope of sequestering himself in the solitude, for which he sighed. But, contrary to his expectations, a series of circumstances combine to produce him a Promulgator of the Gospel of God, our Saviour.

Death's sable pall o'er all my pleasures thrown,
My native isle to me a desert grown;
Sad and forlorn, to the new world I fled,
Amid its wilds to shield my widowed head.

HAVING, as has been described, laid the companion of my youth, the wife of my bosom, in the grave; my spirit still hovered round her tomb. It has been seen, that my life seemed devoted to misery; that I wept at all times, except when I turned my attention to that bright world, upon which, I imagined, I was verging; that I wished the act of putting a period to a weary life had ranked among the Christian virtues; that I never more passionately longed for any good, than for the period, which was to put an end to my existence; that I had but few acquaintance, that I wished not to form new connexions; that I was sick of the world, and all which it could bestow; that the retirement of my lonely dwelling was most acceptable to me; that I abhorred the thought of expecting any thing like happiness in this world; and, that I thus passed weeks and months, verily believing, that I should thus finish days, which, I cherished a soothing hope, would soon be numbered.

Through those sad scenes of sorrow, to which I was condemned, I had one friend, one earthly friend, from whom I derived real consolation. This friend was Mr.

James Relly, the man who had been made an instrument, in the hand of God, of leading me into an acquaintance with the truth, as it is in Jesus. This kind friend often visited me; and in conversing with him, I found my heart lightened of its burden; I could better bear the pitiless storm, that beat upon me, when strengthened by the example of this son of sorrow; we frequently conversed upon the things of the kingdom, and Mr. Relly, observing my heart much warmed and enlarged by these subjects, urged me to go forth, and make mention of the loving-kindness of God. No, no, I constantly replied, it is not my design again to step forth in a public character. I have been a promulgator of falsehood. "And why not," he would interrupt, "a promulgator of truth? Surely you owe this atonement to the God, who hath irradiated your understanding by the light of his countenance." But no argument, he made use of, was sufficiently strong to excite in my bosom a single wish, that I had either inclination or capability, for a character so [illegible]nous; my heart's desire was to pass, through life, *unheard, unseen, unknown to all,* as *though I ne'er had been.* I had an aversion to society, and, since I could not be permitted to leave the world, I was solicitous to retire from its noise and its nonsense: I was indeed a burden to myself, and no advantage to any body else; every place, every thing served to render me more miserable, for they led my mind to the contemplation of past scenes, of scenes never more to return. Such was the situation of my mind, when, at the house of one of Mr. Relly's hearers, I accidentally met a gentleman from America. I listened with attention to his account of the country, in which he had so long resided; I was charmed with his description of its extent, its forests, its lakes, its rivers, its towns, its inhabitants, the liberty they *enjoyed,* and the peace and plenty, which

they possessed ; I listened to every thing with astonishment ; and I turned toward the new world my most ardent wishes. I communicated my desire to visit America to my mother, to my brethren. I was ridiculed for entertaining a project so chimerical. What, cross the Atlantic! For what purpose? To whom would I go? What could I do? What object could I have in view? I was unable to answer any of these questions ; I had not a single acquaintance in America, indeed I had no wish to make acquaintance ; I had nothing in prospect, but a kind of negative happiness ; I did not mean to commence a voyage in pursuit of bliss, but to avoid, if possible, a part of my misery.

My mind for a considerable time laboured with my purpose ; many difficulties interposed ; I would infinitely have preferred entering that narrow house, which is appointed for all living, but this I was not permitted to do ; and I conceived, to quit England, and to retire to America, was the next thing to be desired. Nights and days of deliberation at length convinced my judgment, and I was determined to depart for the new world. My few friends urged me most earnestly to let them apply to those, who had connections in America, for letters of introduction, or recommendation. No by no means, this would most effectually defeat my purpose ; I would rather not go, than go thus. My object was to close my life in solitude, in the most complete retirement ; and with those views I commenced preparations for my voyage. I visited the brother of my departed wife, and I beheld both him, and his children, with the same eyes a dying person would have beheld them ; tears frequently stole down my face, and a thousand thoughts, that served to harrow up my soul, crowded upon me. I was determined not to repeat this scene, and I bid them adieu ; could I have done this upon a *bed of death*, how much happier should I have been!

The place I now occupied, to which I had recently removed, was extremely beautiful; it was in the vicinity of London. I had a fine garden, and a delightful prospect; but my better-self had fled this globe, and with her fled my soul's *calm sunshine, every heart-felt joy*. I was, as I have frequently said, extremely wretched; I spake to the master of a vessel, bound to New York; I agreed for my passage, my heart trembled, it was worse than death. He fixed the time for my departure; every arrangement was made. My brother, my widowed mother, I met them in my parlour; it was torturing. "Sit down, my son," said my weeping parent; my brother appeared a silent spectacle of sorrow; "I know you, my child, too well to expect I can alter your resolution; it is now too late to beseech you to reflect; I know you have long reflected, and I am astonished to find you still determined. You have a charming situation; your prospects are good; could you but make your mind easy, you might still be happy; why, then, this aversion to life?" I interrupted her, by declaring, that the whole world would not, could not detain me longer in England; yet I passionately loved my country, and my few remaining friends shared the best affections of my heart. This voluntary exile was worse than death; but I was impelled to go, and go I must. My poor mother threw her fond arms about my neck: "Once more," said she, "you leave me, but not now, as before; then you left me in my native place, among my natural connexions; then too, I had hope you would again be restored to me—but now—" and she burst into tears; my heart was agonized. I entreated her to consider me, as on the bed of death, nor again to think of me, as of a living son. Be thankful, my mother, be thankful it is no worse; be thankful I have not fallen a victim to the despondency of my spirit. I leave you with your children, with children kind and dutiful; and, what is better than all I leave you in the hands, and under the care of a kind God, who hath said, I will never

leave you, nor forsake you. "But shall I hear from you, my son?" Do not, I entreat of you think of me as living; I go to bury myself in the wilds of America; no one shall hear from me, nor of me. I have done with the world; and, prostrating myself in the presence of my mother and my God, with streaming eyes, and supplicating hands, I commended my soul, and all who were connected with me, or allied to me, to that Being, who orders all things according to his own good pleasure.

I left my mother in an agony of affliction, and retired, but not to rest. My baggage had been sent on board ship in the morning, and, accompanied by my brother, we took a boat and passed down to Grave's End, where I entered on board the vessel, that was to convey me to America, which, in my then judgment, was tantamount to quitting the world.

The vessel, however, did not sail immediately; I had an opportunity of going on shore again, and spending some time at Grave's-End. Fond of being alone, I ascended a lofty eminence, and sat me down under the shade of a wide spreading tree; here I had leisure, and inclination for reflection. On one hand, I beheld the wide ocean, my path to the new world; on the other, the Thames, upon the silvery surface of which, many were passing to London. My mind rapidly ran over the various scenes I had witnessed, since my arrival in that great city. I dwelt upon the good I had lost, never more to be recovered. My soul sickened at the recollection of my heavy bereavement, of the solitary situation to which I was reduced. I was going from a world, in which I had some associates, and some friends, into a country where every individual was unknown to me! I was going on board a vessel, to the crew of which I was an utter stranger—all gloomy—truly gloomy. One idea, however, continued my *abiding* consolation; I might soon finish my course, and bid an eternal adieu to sorrow *of every* description. Yet I trembled at what was be-

fore me; I was fearful I was wrong. Just at this period the wind shifted, the signal was made for sailing; but before I descended the eminence, I once more threw my eyes upon the surrounding scenes. I felt destitute, and forlorn; tears gushed in my eyes. My domestic felicity, my social connexions, the pleasure I had derived from listening to the testimony of truth, these all rushed upon my recollection, with subduing power; I prostrated myself upon the ground with streaming eyes exclaiming: Oh, thou dear parent earth, thou much loved native soil, why not open, and give me a quiet resting place in thy bosom. Oh! thou dear, departed friend of my soul, hast thou no power to loose these chains, that bind me to this state of being. Is there no eye to pity, no hand to help a wretched outcast? can I not be indulged with death? But death comes not at call. In this situation I continued, bedewing the earth with my tears, until it pleased the kind God to speak peace to my tortured heart, and I seemed to hear a voice calling unto me, Be of good cheer, your God is with you, He will never leave you, nor forsake you: He is in the wide waste, as in the full city. Be not afraid when thou passest through the waters; I will be with thee, fear no evil; the friend of sinners will be with thee, and make thy way plain before thee; He will cause the desert to blossom, as the rose. The young lions cry, and thy heavenly Father feedeth them. Thou art nearer and dearer to thy heavenly Father, than all the inhabitants of the deep, than all the tenants of the forests. Thus did the spirit of grace and consolation comfort my afflicted heart, so that, after bidding an affectionate adieu to the scenes of the morning and meridian of my days; after taking what I believed an eternal leave of my native soil, of my friends, and relatives; after dropping many tears to the memory of each; and, last of all, to the ashes of my dearer self; and with an aching head, a painful heart, and eyes swelled by weeping, on Saturday evening, July twenty-first, in the year of our Lord

one thousand seven hundred and seventy, I hastened on board the brig "Hand in Hand;" and, upon the ensuing morning, as we passed round Beachy Head, I beheld the white cliffs of Albion. No language can describe my sensations, as those white cliffs receded from my view, as I took a last look of England! I retired to my cabin, covered my face, and wept until I was completely exhausted. But God was pleased to lift up the light of his countenance upon me; my voyage passed more pleasantly, than I had calculated, and I was the happy instrument of contributing to the comfort of many on board. I was not sick upon the passage, I became more than reconciled to my circumstances, and I almost dreaded the thought of reaching our destined port.

I did not anticipate my fate upon my arrival; I had determined upon nothing, and yet I was not distressed; a perfect indifference pervaded my soul. I had in my trunks many articles of clothing, more than I should want; for I did not calculate upon being many years an inhabitant of this globe. I had some money, I had my Bible, and a very large collection of the letters of my Eliza, in which I took much delight; and, upon the whole, I fancied myself rather rich, than otherwise. In this state of resignation, indifference, or insensibility, I passed the greater part of the voyage.

As we drew near the coast of America, I experienced none of those delightful sensations, which swelled my bosom, a few years before on returning to England from Ireland; neither did I experience those terrifying apprehensions, for which there was such abundant reason, on advancing to an unknown country, without patron, or friend. My mind was calm and unruffled, neither elated by hope, nor depressed by fear. I had obtained precisely that situation, for which I had supplicated heaven, when entering upon this untried state of being, humbly depending upon that God, who was in *every place* the same unchanging friend of the creature,

whom he had made. I was, as it were, between two worlds; one I had tried, and, finding it contained more of bitter, than of sweet, I had turned from it with disgust. I advanced toward the other, without high-raised expectations, without fearful apprehensions. I was pleased with the wonders of my God, as I beheld them in the great deep; I was amazed at the variety of its inhabitants, yet how small a part could I trace. I was astonished at the number of birds, flitting over the ocean; and I thought, if provision was made for them, I had no reason for fear. On a brilliant moon-light evening, our ship struck on something, which threw us off our seats! What could it be? we were in the centre of the Western ocean. We soon discovered it was a sleeping whale; we also beheld the water-spout, so often described, as a surprising phenomenon. Thus was my wondering mind beguiled of its sorrow. We saw a number of vessels on our way, some passing to the country we had left; my heart sighed, as they pursued their course, and I frequently, and audibly exclaimed, Dear native country, never more to be seen by me! nor was the exclamation unaccompanied by a tear.

We were, as it was supposed, within three days sail of New-York, when we met a vessel, bound for England. Our merchant questioned the captain, respecting the state of public affairs in America. The Americans had, some time before, entered into the non-importation agreement, and our merchant was anxious, on account of the goods he had on board. The captain assured him, they had given up the agreement in Philadelphia, but that they zealously adhered to it in New-York. Our captain, therefore, received immediate orders, to change the course of the vessel for Philadelphia; but when we had got near enough to this harbour to take a pilot, the pilot informed us, the reverse of the information we had received was the truth; upon which the merchant determined to go as far as the city, there obtain a certainty, and if so,

to proceed to New-York, with all possible despatch. We were a considerable time passing up the Delaware, and, upon a fine day, while we lay at anchor, the merchant proposed going on shore, for the purpose of obtaining corn and fruit.

It was in the month of September, when we arrived in the Delaware; the country upon the banks of this fine river, exhibited a most enchanting appearance, especially to those, who had been for many weeks out of sight of land, and had never seen those shores before. As we drew near the land, the woods, seeming to grow out of the water, had to me a very uncommon appearance; but every thing, in this country, was uncommon. We went on shore, and ascended a gentle acclivity, when, entering into a small log-house, I was astonished to see a woman preparing some excellent wild ducks for dinner; live in a log-house, and feed upon ducks! We passed into her garden, where, amid its rich variety, my attention was arrested by a large peach-tree, loaded with the best fruit, bending to the earth! I was beyond expression charmed, and delighted, and my heart beat with grateful affection to the universal Parent, for giving the inhabitants of this new world thus liberally to enjoy. When we reached Philadelphia, I was amazed to behold a city of such magnitude, in a country, which I had considered as a wilderness. The captain supposed it a disappointment to me, that we had not put into New-York, as that was the place of my destination; I requested him, to make himself easy, as it was a matter of perfect indifference to me upon what part of the country I landed; and, if he could procure me a *private* lodging, I would go on shore in this city. This he told me he would do, but this he could not do, at least in the circle of his connections. He then proposed my going, by land, to New-York. This also I was willing to do, if he would let me know how. He would send and take me a place in the stage. The stage had been gone some time. He then propos-

ed I should tarry in the vessel, and set out with him the next morning for New-York, to which arrangement I agreed. The other passengers left us in Philadelphia. The water was smooth, and our passage pleasant, until we were, as was supposed, near Sandy-Hook; a dense fog then arose, which was sufficiently thick to prevent our seeing the end of our bowsprit. A sloop shot past us, and we inquired how far we were from Sandy-Hook? The answer was seventy miles, but we understood seven, and we pressed on, and in a few moments were in the midst of the *breakers;* the vessel struck upon the bar, but passed over, into a place we afterwards learned was called Cranberry Inlet. The fog now dispersed, and we discovered we were nearly on shore; our anchors, however, saved us; but we were greatly alarmed, and never expected to get off again. The sloop, with which we had spoken, entered this inlet before us, and was light. The captain proposed to engage this sloop to receive on board as much of our cargo, as she could contain; thus, by lightening his vessel, to give himself the only probable chance of getting off. This was effectuated, and night coming on, the captain, with many apologies, requested me to lodge on board the sloop, inasmuch as there were many valuable articles, which he was afraid to trust, without a confidential person. To this I readily consented, and taking my Bible, and my purse, I went on board the sloop. The plan of the captain was, supposing the morning should present no prospect of getting off, to deposit the remaiader of his cargo upon the beach; but if they should get off, we were immediately to follow; the goods were to be replaced; and the sloop dismissed. I went not to bed, and when the morning dawned, just at high water, the wind blowing from the shore, they got off, making a signal for us to follow; and with all possible despatch we prepared to obey, but the wind instantly shifting, drove us back, and they proceeded on to New York, leaving us in the bay.

It proved upon examination, we had no provisions on board; we were, therefore, necessitated to lock up the vessel, and go on shore, in search of sustenance. It was the after part of the day before we could effectuate our purpose, when I went with the boatmen to a tavern, and leaving them there, pursued a solitary walk through the woods, which seemed to surround this place. My mind was greatly agitated; I was now in the new world; and in just such a part of this new world, as had appeared so desirable in prospect. Here I was as much alone, as I could wish, and my heart exclaimed: *Oh, that I had, in this wilderness, the lodging place of a poor way-faring man: some cave, some grot, some place where I might finish my days in calm repose.* As thus I passed along, thus contemplating, thus supplicating; I unexpectedly reached a small log-house, and saw a girl cleaning a fresh fish; I requested she would sell it to me. "No, sir, you will find a very great plenty at the next house; we want this." The next house, what this? pointing to one in the woods. "O no, sir, that is a meeting-house." A meeting-house here in these woods? I was exceedingly surprised. "You must pass the meeting-house, sir; and a little way farther on, you will see the other house, where you will find fish enough." I went forward, I came to the door; there was indeed a large pile of fish of various sorts, and at a little distance stood a tall man; rough in appearance and evidently advanced in years: Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to sell me one of those fish? "No, sir." That is strange, when you have so many, to refuse me a single fish! "I did not refuse you a fish, sir; you are welcome to as many as you please, but I do not sell this article; I do not sell fish, sir, I have them for taking up, and you may obtain them the same way." I, thanked him: "But," said he, "what

do you want of those fish?" I informed him, that the mariners, who belonged to the sloop at a distance were at the tavern, and would be glad if I could procure them something for supper. "Well, sir, I will send my man over with the fish: but you can tarry here, and have some dressed for yourself." No, sir, it is proper I should see how they are accommodated. "Well, sir, you shall do as you please; but after supper I beg you would return, and take a bed with us, you will be better pleased here, than at a tavern." I gratefully thanked him, and cheerfully accepted his offer. I was astonished to see so much genuine politeness and urbanity, under so rough a form; but my astonishment was greatly increased on my return. His room was prepared, his fire bright, and his heart open. "Come," said he, "my friend, I am glad you have returned, I have longed to see you, I have been expecting you a long time." I was perfectly amazed. What do you mean, sir? "I must go on in my own way, I am a poor ignorant man, I neither know how to read, nor write; I was born in these woods, and my father did not think proper to teach me my letters. I worked, on these grounds, until I became a man, when I went coasting voyages from hence to New-York. I was then desirous of becoming a husband, but, in going to New-York, I was pressed on board a man of war, and I was taken, in admiral Warren's ship to Cape-Breton. I never drank any rum, so they saved my allowance; but I would not bear an affront, so if any of the officers struck me, I struck them again, but the admiral took my part, and called me his new light man. When we reached Louisbourg, I ran away, and travelled barefooted through the country, and almost naked, to New-York, where I was known, and supplied with clothes and money, and soon returned to this place, when I found my girl married; this rendered me very unhap-

py, but I recovered my tranquillity and married her sister. I sat down to work; got forward very fast; constructed a saw-mill; possessed myself of this farm, and five hundred acres of adjoining land. I entered into navigation, became the owner of a sloop, and have got together a large estate. I am, as I said, unable either to write or read, but I am capable of reflection; the sacred scriptures have been often read to me, from which I gather, that there is a great and good Being, to whom we are indebted for all we enjoy. It is this great, and good Being, who hath preserved, and protected me, through innumerable dangers, and, as He had given me a house of my own, I conceived I could not do less than to open it to the stranger, let him be who he would: and especially, if a travelling minister passed this way, he always received an invitation to put up at my house, and hold his meetings there. I continued this practice for more than seven years, and, illiterate as I was, I used to converse with them, and was fond of asking them questions. They pronounced me an odd mortal, declaring themselves at a loss what to make of me: while I continued to affirm, that I had but one hope; I believed, that Jesus Christ suffered death for my transgressions, and this alone was sufficient for me. At length my wife grew weary of having meetings held in her house, and I determined to build a house for the worship of God. I had no children, and I knew that I was beholden to Almighty God for every thing, which I possessed; and it seemed right, I should appropriate a part, of what he had bestowed, for His service. My neighbours offered their assistance. But no, said I; God has given me enough to do his work, without your aid, and, as he has put it into my heart to do, so I will do. And who, it was asked, will be your preacher? I answered, God will *send me* a preacher, and of a very different stamp from

those, who have heretofore preached in my house. The preachers, we have heard, are perpetually contradicting themselves; but that God, who has put it into my heart to build this house, will send one, who shall deliver unto me his own truth; who shall speak of Jesus Christ, and his salvation. When the house was finished, I received an application from the Baptists; and I told them, if they could make it appear, that God Almighty was a Baptist, the building should be theirs at once. The Quakers, and Presbyterians, received similar answers. No, said I, as I firmly believe, that all mankind are equally dear to Almighty God, they shall all be equally welcome to preach in this house, which I have built. My neighbours assured me, I never should see a preacher, whose sentiments corresponded with my own; but my uniform reply was, that I assuredly should. I engaged, the first year, with a man, whom I greatly disliked; we parted, and, for some years, we have had no stated minister. My friends often asked me, "Where is the preacher, of whom you spake?" And my constant reply has been, He will by and by make his appearance. The moment I beheld your vessel on shore, it seemed as if a voice had audibly sounded in my ear: "There, Potter, in that vessel, cast away on that shore, is the preacher, you have been so long expecting. I heard the voice, and I believed the report; and when you came up to my door, and asked for the fish, the same voice seemed to repeat: Potter, this is the man, this is the person, whom I have sent to preach in your house!"

I was astonished, immeasurably astonished at Mr. Potter's narrative; but yet I had not the smallest idea it could ever be realized. I requested to know, what he could discern in my appearance, which could lead him to mistake me for a preacher? "What," said he, could I discern, *when* you were in the vessel, that could

induce this conclusion? No, sir, it is not what I *saw*, or *see*, but what I *feel*, which produces in my mind a full conviction."

But, my dear sir, you are deceived, indeed you are deceived; I never shall preach in this place, nor any where else.

"Have you never preached? can you say, you have never preached?"

I cannot, but I never intend to preach again.

"Has not God lifted up the light of his countenance upon you? Has he not shown you his truth?"

I trust, he has.

"And how dare you hide this truth? Do men light a candle to put it under a bushel? If God has shown you his salvation, why should you not show it to your fellow men? But I know, that you will; I am sure, God Almighty has sent you to us for this purpose; I am not deceived, I am sure I am not deceived."

I was terrified, as the man thus went on; and I began to fear, that God, who orders all things according to the council of his own will, had ordained, that thus it should be, and my heart trembled at the idea. I endeavoured, however, to banish my own fears, and to silence the warm-hearted man, by observing, that I was in the place of a supercargo; that property to a large amount had been entrusted to my care; and that, the moment the wind changed, I was under the most solemn obligations to depart.

"The wind will never change, sir, until you have delivered to us, in that meeting-house, a message from God.

Still I was resolutely determined never to enter any pulpit, as a preacher; yet, being rendered truly unhappy, I begged I might be shown to my bed. He requested I would pray with them, if I had no objection. I asked him, how he could suppose I had any,

objection to praying? The Quakers, he said, seldom prayed; and there were others, who visited him, who were not in the habit of praying. I never propose prayer, sir, lest it should not meet with the approbation of those, with whom I sojourn; but I am always pleased, when prayer is proposed to me. I prayed, and my heart was greatly enlarged, and softened. When we parted for the night, my kind host solemnly requested, that I would not think of what he had said. Alas! he need not to have made this request; it was impossible to banish it from my mind. When I entered my chamber, and shut the door, I burst into tears; I would have given the world, that I had never left England. I felt, as if the hand of God was in the events, which had brought me to this place, and I prayed most ardently, that God would assist and direct me by his counsel. I presented myself before Him, as a man bowed down by calamity; a melancholy outcast, driven by repeated afflictions of body and of mind to seek refuge in *private* life; to seek solitude amid the wilds of America: Thou knowest, said my oppressed spirit, thou knowest, O Lord, that, if it had pleased thee, I would have preferred death, as the safest, and most sure retreat; but Thou hast not seen fit to indulge my wishes in this respect. In thy providence, thou hast brought me into this new world; thou seest how I am oppressed by solicitations to speak unto the people the words of life; thou knowest, that I am not sufficient for these things; thou God of my fathers, thou God of the stranger, look with pity upon the poor, lonely wanderer, now before thee: O thou, that sittest in the heaven, and rulest in the earth, and who assurest us, that a hair of our head cannot fall, unnoticed by thee; O thou, who kindly directest us, thy poor dependent creatures, to acknowledge thee in all their ways, and to make their requests known unto thee in

every time of affliction, behold thy poor dependent, supplicating thee for thy kind direction and protection; if thou hast indeed put it into the heart of thy servant to demand of me, the meanest and weakest of all, to whom thou didst ever give power to believe in the name of thy Son, to declare unto him, and the people of this place, the gospel of thy grace; O God! in mercy prepare me, prepare me for so vast an undertaking, and let thy presence be with me; strengthen me, O Lord, by thy mighty spirit. And if it be not thy pleasure thus to employ me,—for thou, O God, wilt send, by whom thou wilt send, graciously manifest thy will, that so I may not by any means be drawn into a snare. Thou art the sinner's friend, thou art the only friend I have. To thee, O thou compassionate Father of my spirit, encouraged by thy gracious promises, I make application. Pity, O pity the destitute stranger; leave me not, I most earnestly entreat thee, to my own direction.

Thus did I pray, thus did I weep through the greater part of the night; dreading more than death, even supposing death an object of dread, the thought of engaging, as a public character. On the one hand, I discovered, that if there be a ruling power, a superintending providence, the account, given by the extraordinary man under whose roof I reposed, evinced its operation; that, if the heart of the creature be indeed in the hand of the Creator, it was manifest, that God had disposed the heart of this man to view me as His messenger, sent for the purpose of declaring the counsel of his peace to his creatures. On the other hand, I recollected, that the heart is deceitful, above all things; that the devices of the adversary are manifold; and that, had it been the will of God, that I should have become a promulgator of the gospel of his grace, he *would have* qualified me for an object of such infinite

magnitude. If I testified of Jesus according to the scriptures, I well knew upon what I must calculate; the clergy, of all denominations, would unite to oppose me. For I had never met with any individual of that order, either in the Church of Rome, or elsewhere, who were believers of the Gospel, that God preached unto Abraham, that, in Christ Jesus, all the families of the earth should be blessed; nor did they, as far as I had known, embrace the ministry of reconciliation, committed unto the Apostles, namely, that *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself*, not imputing unto them their trespasses; nor did they acknowledge the *restitution of all things, testified by all God's holy prophets ever since the world began.* To these doctrines I supposed clergymen in this, as well as in the country I had left, united in their opposition; and, convinced that there were no enemies in the world more powerful, than the clergy, I trembled at the thought of stemming the full tide of their displeasure. I was persuaded, that people in general, being under the dominion of the clergy, would hate where they hated, and report what they reported. Acquainted in some measure with human nature, and with divine revelation, I was certain, that, if I appeared in the character of a real disciple of Christ Jesus; if I dared to declare the whole truth of God, all manner of evil would be said of me; and, although it might be *falsely* said, while the *inventor* of the slander would be *conscious of its falsehood*, the majority of those who heard would yield it credit, and I should become the victim of their credulity.

I knew how Mr. Relly had suffered in England, and the Apostles in Judea; and being a believer in the testimony of God, I was assured, if my doctrines were the same, my treatment would be similar. All this rose to my view, and the prospect was tremendous.

Thus I passed the night, and the ensuing morning witnessed my indisposition both of body, and mind. My good friend renewed his solicitations. "Will you, sir, speak to me, and to my neighbours, of the things, which belong to our peace?" Seeing only thick woods, the tavern across the field excepted, I requested to know what he meant by neighbours? "O sir, we assemble a large congregation, whenever the meeting-house is opened; indeed, when my father first settled here, he was obliged to go twenty miles to grind a bushel of corn, but there are now more than seven hundred inhabitants within that distance." I was amazed; indeed every thing I saw, and every thing I heard, amazed me; nothing, except the religion of the people, resembled what I had left behind.

My mind continued subjected to the most torturing reflections. I could not bring myself to yield to the entreaties of Mr. Potter, and still I urged the necessity of departing, the moment the wind would answer. Mr. Potter was positive the wind would not change, until I had spoken to the people. Most ardently did I desire to escape the importunities of this good man. The idea of a crowd, of making a public exhibition of myself, was, to my desolate, woe-worn mind, intolerable; and the suspense, in which I was held, was perfectly agonizing. I could not forbear acknowledging an uncommon coincidence of circumstances. The hopes and fears of this honest man, so long in operation, yet he evinced great warmth of disposition, and was evidently tinctured with enthusiasm; but, after making every allowance for these propensities, it could not be denied, that an over-ruling Power seemed to operate, in an unusual, and remarkable manner. I could not forbear looking back upon the mistakes, made during our passage, even to the coming in to this particular inlet, where no vessel, of the size of the brig "Hand-

in-Hand," had ever before entered; every circumstance contributed to bring me to this house. Mr. Potter's address on seeing me; his assurance, that he knew I was on board the vessel, when he saw her at a distance: all these considerations pressed with powerful conviction on my mind, and I was ready to say, If God Almighty has, in his providence, so ordered events, as to bring me into this country for the purpose of making manifest the savour of his name, and of bringing many to the knowledge of the truth; though I would infinitely prefer death, to entering into a character, which will subject me to what is infinitely worse than death; yet, as the issues of life and death are not under my direction, am I not bound to submit to the dispensations of providence? I wished, however, to be convinced, that it was the will of God, that I should step forth in a character, which would be considered as obnoxious, as truly detestable. I was fully convinced, it was not by the will of the flesh, nor by the will of the world, nor by the will of the god of this world; all these were strongly opposed thereto. One moment, I felt my resolution give way; the path, pointed out, seemed to brighten upon me: but the next, the difficulties, from within and without, obscured the prospect, and I relapsed into a firm resolution to shelter myself, in solitude, from the hopes, and fears, and the various contentions of men.

While I thus balanced, the Sabbath advanced. I had ventured to implore the God, who had sometimes condescended to indulge individuals with tokens of his approbation, graciously to indulge me, upon this important occasion; and that, if it were his will, that I should obtain the desire of my soul, by passing through life in a private character. If it were *not* his will, that I should engage as a preacher of the ministry of reconciliation, he would vouchsafe to grant me such a wind,

as might bear me from this shore, before the return of another Sabbath. I determined to take the changing of the wind for an answer; and, had the wind changed, it would have borne on its wings full conviction, because it would have corresponded with my wishes. But the wind changed not, and Saturday morning arrived. "Well," said my anxious friend, "now let me give notice to my neighbours." No, sir, not yet; should the wind change by the middle of the afternoon, I must depart. No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, how much I suffered this afternoon; but the evening came on, and it was necessary I should determine; and at last, with much fear and trembling, I yielded a reluctant consent. Mr. Potter then immediately dispatched his servants, on horseback, to spread the intelligence far and wide, and they were to continue their information, until ten in the evening.

I had no rest through the night. What should I say, or how address the people? Yet I recollected the admonition of our Lord: "*Take no thought, what you shall say; it shall be given you, in that same hour, what you shall say.*" Ay, but this promise was made to his disciples. Well, by this, I shall know if I am a disciple. If God, in his providence, is committing to me a dispensation of the gospel, He will furnish me with matter, without my thought, or care. If this thing be not of God, he will desert me, and this shall be another sign; on this, then, I rested. Sunday morning succeeded; my host was in transports. I was—I cannot describe how I was. I entered the house; it was neat and convenient, expressive of the character of the builder. There were no pews; the pulpit was rather in the Quaker mode; the seats were constructed with backs roomy, and even elegant. I said there were no pews; there was one large square pew, just before *the pulpit*; in this sat the venerable man and his family,

particular friends, and visiting strangers. In this pew sat, upon this occasion, this happy man, and, surely, no man, upon this side of heaven, was ever more completely happy. He looked up to the pulpit with eyes sparkling with pleasure; it appeared to him, as the fulfilment of a promise long deferred; and he reflected, with abundant consolation, on the strong faith, which he had cherished, while his associates would tauntingly question, "Well, Potter, where is this minister, who is to be sent to you?" "He is coming along, in God's own good time." "And do you still believe any such preacher will visit you?" "O yes, assuredly." He reflected upon all this, and tears of transport filled his eyes; he looked round upon the people, and every feature seemed to say, "There, what think you now?" When I returned to his house, he caught me in his arms, "Now, now, I am willing to depart; Oh, my God! I will praise thee; thou hast granted me my desire. After this truth I have been seeking, but I have never found it, until now; I knew, that God, who put it into my heart to build a house for his worship, would send a servant of his own to proclaim his own gospel. I knew, he would; I knew the time was come, when I saw the vessel grounded; I knew, you were the man, when I saw you approach my door, and my heart leaped for joy." Visitors poured into the house; he took each by the hand. "This is the happiest day of my life," said the transported man: "There, neighbours, there is the minister God promised to send me; how do you like God's minister?" I ran from the company, and prostrating myself before the throne of grace, besought my God to take me, and do with me, whatever he pleased. I am, said I, I am, O Lord God, in thine hand, as clay in the hand of the potter. If thou, in thy providence, hast brought me into this new world to make known, unto this people, the grace and the

blessings of the new covenant; if thou hast thought proper, by making choice of so weak an instrument, to confound the wise; if thou hast been pleased to show to a babe, possessing neither wisdom nor prudence, what thou hast hid from the wise and prudent,—be it so, O Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. But, O my merciful God! leave me not, I beseech thee, for a single moment; for without thee, I can do nothing. O, make thy strength perfect in my weakness, that the world may see that thine is the power, and that, therefore, thine ought to be the glory. Thus my heart prayed, while supplicating tears bedewed my face.

I felt, however, relieved, and tranquillized, for I had power given me to trust in the name of the Lord; to stay upon the God of my salvation. Immediately upon my return to the company, my boatmen entered the house: "The wind is fair, sir." Well, then, we will depart. It is late in the afternoon, but no matter, I will embark directly; I have been determined to embrace the first opportunity, well knowing the suspense the captain must be in, and the pain attendant thereon. Accordingly, as soon as matters could be adjusted, I set off; but not till my old friend, taking me by the hand, said: "You are now going to New-York; I am afraid you will, when there, forget the man, to whom your Master sent you. But I do beseech you, come back to me again, as soon as possible." The tears gushed into his eyes, and, regarding me with a look, indicative of the strongest affection, he threw his arms around me, repeating his importunities, that I would not unnecessarily delay my return. I was greatly affected, reiterating the strongest assurances, that I would conform to his wishes. Why should I not? said I; what is there to prevent me? I do not know an individual in New-York; no one knows me; what should

induce me to tarry there? "Ah, my friend," said he, "you will find many in New-York, who will love and admire you, and they will wish to detain you in that city. But you have promised you will return, and I am sure you will perform your promise; and in the mean time, may the God of heaven be with you." Unable to reply, I hurried from his door; and, on entering the vessel, I found the good old man had generously attended, to what had made no part of my care, by making ample provision, both for me and the boatmen, during our little voyage.

I retired to the cabin; I had leisure for serious reflections, and serious reflections crowded upon me. I was astonished, I was lost in wonder, in love, and in praise; I saw, as evidently as I could see any object, visibly exhibited before me, that the good hand of God was in all these things. It is, I spontaneously exclaimed, it is the Lord's doings! and it is marvellous in my eyes. It appeared to me, that I could trace the hand of God, in bringing me, through a long chain of events, to such a place, to such a person, so evidently prepared for my reception, and, while I acknowledged the will of God, manifested respecting my public character, I at the same moment distinguished the kindness of God, evinced by his indulging me with a retirement so exactly suited to my wishes. The house was neat, the situation enchanting, it was on the margin of the deep, on the side of an extensive bay, which abounded with fish of every description, and a great variety of water-fowl. On the other side of this dwelling, after passing over a few fields, (which at that time stood thick with corn,) venerable woods, that seemed the coevals of time, presented a 'scene for contemplation fit, towering majestic, and filling the devotional mind with a religious awe.' I reflected, therefore, with augmenting gratitude to my heavenly Father, upon the pressing invitation he had put it into the heart of his faithful servant to give me; and I determin-

ed to hasten back to this delightful retreat, where nothing, but the grandeur of simple nature, exhibited in the surrounding objects, and the genuine operations of the divine spirit on the heart of the hospitable master, awaited my approach.

I had not the least idea of tarrying in New-York a moment longer, than to see the captain deliver up my charge, and receive my baggage, and I resolved to return, by the first opportunity, to my benevolent friend. And thus did I make up my mind: Well if it be so, I am grateful to God, that the business is thus adjusted. If I must be a promulgator of these glad, these vast, yet obnoxious tidings, I shall however be sheltered in the bosom of friendship, in the bosom of retirement. I will employ myself on the grounds of my friend, thus earning my own support, and health will be a concomitant; while I will preach the glad tidings of salvation, free as the light of heaven. The business, thus arranged, I became reconciled to the will of the Almighty, and I commenced, with tolerable composure, another, and very important stage of my various life.

CHAPTER VI.

Record continued from the September of 1770 *to the Winter of* 1774.

"Arm'd with the sword of Jesse's youthful son,
Engag'd with ardour in the freedom won
By Christ, the anointed God of earth and Heaven,
Dare nobly, Murray, tell the boon that's given."
Motto by a Friend.

Behold me now entering upon a new stage of the journey of life, a professed preacher of the gospel. Of my inability for an undertaking so vast, I retained a continued, and depressing sense; but I determined to be as consistent, and as useful, as possible; I would be an as-

sistant to my new friend in his agricultural and fishing employments; and, upon every returning Sunday, I would preach to him the truth, as it is in Jesus; (I had not the most remote idea of ever preaching any where, but in the house, which he had built;) and thus I should questionless be indulged with the retirement which had been the prime object of my voyage. Thus consolatory were my reflections upon my passage to New-York; at which place I arrived about noon, upon the ensuing day. I inquired for the captain, delivered up my charge, took my baggage from the brig Hand-in-Hand, and secured a lodging, until I could obtain a passage back to the hospitable mansion I had left. But the day had not closed in, before a number of persons visited me, earnestly soliciting me to speak to them of the things of the kingdom! I was immeasurably astonished; totally a stranger in the city, I could scarcely believe I was not in a dream. The boatmen, however, having given an account of me on their arrival, the intelligence was wafted from one end of the city unto the other; and the people, being anxious to hear something new, and from a new preacher, became extremely importunate. I could not deny, that I had preached; but I gave the solicitors to understand, that I had absolutely engaged to return by the first opportunity, and that, of course, I was not at liberty to comply with their request. They promised they would insure me a speedy, and eligible conveyance, if I would consent to give them a discourse in the Baptist meeting-house; and it became impossible to resist their persuasions. The house was thronged, and the hearers so well satisfied, as to solicit, most earnestly my continuance among them. But this I was not disposed to do; this I could not do; my word, my honour was engaged to my first American friend: and, when duty is seconded by inclination, perseverance becomes a matter of course. Upwards of a week elapsed, before the earnestly sought for passage presented, during which period I frequently

preached, and to crowded houses. I was gratified by the marked attention of many characters. Novelty is rarely destitute of attraction. Even the minister extended to me the hand of apparent friendship; which I accounted for upon a supposition, that he was ignorant of my testimony. I made use of the same scriptures, which he made use of; and he was not apprized, that I yielded them unqualified credence. I had no doubt, that, so soon as he should be informed, that I *believed* what I delivered, he would *condemn*, as much as he now appeared to approve. Yet some few there were, firm, unchanging friends, whose attachment to me, and my testimony, has to this moment continued unbroken. So soon, as an opportunity to return presented, I very cheerfully embraced it; and I felt my heart bound with pleasure, at the thought of that meeting, which a few days before, I would have died to avoid. The charming retreat in the gift of my friend, was, in my estimation, highly preferable to New York, and all which it could bestow: and I longed most earnestly to quit the one, and return to the other.—A number of friends accompanied me to the vessel, and we parted, with expressions of regret. A single day produced me again in the abode of genuine, Christian friendship; to which I was welcomed with every demonstration of heart-felt joy.

Here, then, I considered I had found a permanent home; that a final period was at length put to my wanderings; and, after all my apprehensive dread, from being drawn into the public character, now, that I had a prospect of sustaining this *public* character, in so *private* a manner, I was not only reconciled, but tranquillized, and happy. I had leisure to retrospect my past life, and I was filled with astonishment when I beheld all the various paths which I had trod, ultimately leading me to a uniform contemplation of redeeming love; nor could I forbear exclaiming: Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, O *thou King of* saints!

The winter now approached and with hasty strides; my worthy friend was diligently gathering in the fruits of the earth. I was disposed to aid him, to the utmost of my abilities. He could not bear the thought of my labouring in the field. "Why need you? have you not enough to engage your attention, in the business; on which you are sent?" Believe me my friend, my employment, in your field, will not interrupt my reflections. I can study better in the field, than in the chamber; it requires but little study to deliver simple, plain, gospel truth; to pervert this truth, requires a vast deal of worldly wisdom. Let me, my dear sir, do as I please; I have fixed upon a plan, with which you shall be acquainted, when the labours of the day are closed. In the evening, when the cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and we were seated in the well lighted parlour: "Come," said the good man, "now for your plan." I think, my dear sir, said I, I am at length convinced, that God in his providence has thought proper to appoint me, however unworthy, to the ministry of the new testament; and while persuaded, that our common Father has committed a dispensation of the gospel to me, and that a woe is pronounced against me, if I preach it not, it will be impossible I should remain silent; but knowing, as I do, something of the nature of man, and of the situation of preachers in general, I am, for myself determined not to make a gain of godliness; I will make no provision for myself. I have abundance of clothing; and as to food, I will eat of whatever is set before me, asking no questions, either for the sake of conscience, or appetite; and for my drink, nothing is so salutary for me as cold water. I am persuaded that I shall not live long in this world; at least, I hope I shall not. I am alone in the world; I shall want but little here, 'nor want that little long.' I reject, then, with my whole soul I reject, the liberal offer, you so recently made me, of a

fixed stipend. I will have no salary, I will have no collections, I will preach the gospel freely. I will work in your fields, I will eat at your table, I will slake my thirst at the limpid stream, which furnishes your family; but you shall make no change in the order of your house, on my account. I will associate with your associates. I expect to meet them at the table of my great Lord and Master, in mansions beyond the grave; and shall I hesitate to meet them, upon equal terms, in this lower world? I am pleased with your situation; with your house of worship; with your neighbours; with every thing I am pleased; and if that God, who brought me hither, will graciously vouchsafe to indulge me with the privilege of tarrying here, until I am liberated from this body of sin and death, I shall be still better pleased.

The good old gentleman could no longer suppress his feelings. He arose from his seat, caught me in his arms, essayed to speak, paused, and at length exclaimed: "O my God, is it possible? Why such, I have thought, ministers of Jesus Christ ought to be." But, my friend, I replied, every minister of Jesus Christ cannot live, as I can. I have no family, no home, no want. If I had a family, I should be worse than an infidel, not to make provision for my household; but God, by separating me from my beloved companion, and from my cherub boy, has enabled me to preach the gospel, freely. I never saw any man so delighted, and especially with my determination to continue with him. Dear, kind-hearted man, both he, and I, then believed, that death only could separate us.*

* If the reader wishes to peruse a delineation of the feelings of the subject of this biography, upon visiting this delightful retreat, after the demise of its philanthropic owner, with a sermon, preached upon the occasion, he may see both in the Eleventh Letter, Vol I of the "Letters and Sketches of Sermons," recently published by the now *departed preacher.* *Editor.*

In a place, so remote from the world, I imagined I should enjoy, uninterruptedly, every wish of my heart; and again and again I felicitated myself in the prospect of finishing my weary life in this sweet, this calm retreat, unincumbered by care,—conferring, as well as receiving, benefits,—nobly independent,—possessing all, which the treacherous world could now bestow. Thus I went on,—pleased, and pleasing. I had leisure for converse with myself, with my bible, and my God. The letters of my Eliza were a source of mournfully pensive consolation,—they were multiplied,—and I had carefully preserved them. Many a time have I shed over them the private, the midnight tear; and reading them thus late, when I have fallen into a sweet slumber, I have met the lovely author in my dreams, and our meeting has been replete with consolation, with such high intercourse, as can only be realized in heaven. Our Sundays were indeed blessed holy-days; people began to throng from all quarters on horseback; some from the distance of twenty miles. I was at first pleased with this, so was my patron; but multiplied invitations to visit other places, saddened our spirits. I dreaded the thought of departing from home, and, in the fulness of my heart, I determined I would never accede to any request, which should bear me from a seclusion, so completely commensurate with my wishes. Alas! alas! how little do we know of ourselves, or our destination. Solicitations, earnest solicitations, poured in from the Jersies, from Philadelphia, and from New-York; and it became impossible to withstand their repeated and imposing energy.

The first visit I made, was to a village about eight miles from my late-found home. My patron accompanied me, and we were joyfully received, by a serious and respectable family, who embraced, with devout hearts, the truth, as it is in Jesus; and who were con-

sequently saved from all those torturing fears, that had previously harrowed up their spirits, in the dread expectation of those everlasting burnings, which they believed awaited themselves, and their offspring. In this village, I one morning entered a house, and beheld a fond mother weeping over an infant, who lay sweetly sleeping in her arms. Sympathy for the sorrowing mother moistened my eye; and, supposing that her tears flowed from some domestic distress, or pecuniary embarrassment, I endeavored to console her, by observing, that the world was very wide, and that God was an all-sufficient Father. "Alas! sir," she replied, "I never, in the whole course of my life, experienced a moment's anxiety from the dread of my children, or myself, suffering the want either of food or raiment. No, sir, my fears are, that they will be sufferers, through the wasteless ages of eternity, in that state of torment, from whence there is no reprieve; and that they will continually execrate their parents, as the wretched instruments of bringing them into being. I have eight children, sir; and can I be so arrogant, as to believe, that *all these children are elected to everlasting life?*" But, my dear lady, you have reason to believe they will be saved, whether they be elected or not, because Christ Jesus is the Saviour of all men. This did not satisfy her. I took up the Bible, which lay upon her desk, and the first scripture, which met my view, was the 127 Psalm. I glanced my eye upon the 3d verse of that Psalm: "Lo, children are the heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is His reward." I did not recollect this passage; it was the first time it had met my particular observation; but it has ever since been right precious to my soul. I merely opened the bible, in the expectation of finding something to soothe a sorrowing mother, and this most pertinent passage broke upon me, with unequal-

led splendor. I was myself astonished, and presenting the sacred passage, I remarked: There, madam, God has sent you, for your consolation, this divine discovery. You have been unhappy, because you did not know, that your children were God's children, and that He loved them as well, yea, infinitely better, than you can pretend to love them. Nay, look at the passage, you see your children are the heritage of God, they are his reward; will He give His heritage to His adversary? or will He suffer him to seize any part thereof, if He has sufficient power to prevent it? Again and again, the fond mother perused the passage; gradually her countenance changed, and the clouds dispersed; a flood of tears burst from her eyes; she brightened up, and, pressing her babe to her maternal bosom, rapturously exclaimed: "Blessed, blessed God, they are not mine; they are thine, O Almighty Father; and thou wilt not be regardless of thine own!" I never saw more joy in consequence of believing, than I then beheld. Ten years afterwards, I again saw this parent, and asked her, what she thought of her children? Blessed be God, said she, they are God's children; and I have never had an unhappy moment respecting their future state, since my Redeemer has been graciously pleased to make known unto me his soul-satisfying truth. No, sir, my spirit is not now a sorrowing spirit.

Again a letter was handed me from New-York, earnestly entreating me to pay them a visit. Arrangements were made for my passage in the vessel, by which I received the solicitation. To a summons so pressing, I dared not turn a deaf ear. In fact, a revolution had taken place in my mind. It appeared to me, that I was highly reprehensible in thus withdrawing myself from the tour of duty which seemed appointed for me; and I determined never to seek, di-

rectly or indirectly, for an open door, and never again to refuse entering any door, which providence should open. It is true, I never wished to receive an invitation; but I was aware, that the direction of me and my movements were in the hands of infinite wisdom; and promising my benevolent host, that I would return as soon as possible, I departed for New-York. My reception surpassed my expectations, and even my wishes. Many persons, anxious to detain me in their city, went so far, as to hand about a subscription-paper, for the purpose of building for me a house of public worship. It was completely filled in one day, when application was made to me to abide with them continually. I urged, my absolute promise given, and my inclination, prompting my return to Good Luck, the name of the place where my friend Potter dwelt. They were astonished at my determination to reside in such a place, when the city of New-York was opening its arms to receive me; but, on my repeating the circumstances, attendant upon my arrival there, they seemed disposed to acquiesce, and to acknowledge the good hand of God outstretched for my direction. The Baptist meeting-house was again open to me, and the congregations were very large; my friends multiplied very fast, and I became gradually attached to this city. Yet I ardently desired to return to the home of my choice, and, after spending a few weeks in New-York, I once more hailed my providential residence; numbers of warm-hearted friends accompanying me, as before, even to the vessel's side, where they offered up to heaven their most fervent prayers in my behalf. My heart was greatly affected, I was warmly attached to many in New-York. The family of Col. Drake, and many others, now no more, were very dear to me. I reached home in good health, and was received with *great joy;* even the servants seemed to participate the

benevolence of their master. In fact, having nothing in the habitation of my friend to render me uneasy, my mind became more tranquil, than it had been for many years; and, at peace in my own breast, I consequently contributed to the happiness of all around me. Thus I continued in undisturbed repose, until a Baptist minister from New-Jersey, believing my sentiments precisely in unison with his own, conceived a strong affection for me. He solicited me to become a member of his church, that I might obtain a licence from their association. Of course, I declined his friendly offers; for I well knew, when he discovered I really believed the gospel, which I preached, uniting with his brethren, he would be as anxious to exclude me from his synagogue, as he now was to receive me. He pressed me, however, to visit him, which I did, accompanied by my patron, who, to his great mortification, was necessitated to leave me there. In this gentleman's pulpit I preached; I lodged in his house; and received from him every mark of attention, until my unbending refusal of all collections, and the partiality of his friends, visibly diminished his regards. I had calculated upon this change, and it did not therefore astonish me. He was, however, a warm-hearted man, and as sincere, as men in general are. In this place I was introduced to many worthy characters, who, as a part of the election, obtained a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus; among the rest was a justice Pangburn, a venerable old gentleman, who had for many years been considered by his brethren, as an oracle. This gentleman heard me; conversed with me; and discovered, that my testimony was not in unison with the teaching, to which he had listened. He became sedulously intent upon detecting my errors, and he soon discovered I was wrong, and as soon, kindly endeavoured to set me right; but, as there was no other way of effectuating

his wishes, but by the word of God,—for I refused al other authority,—he was soon convinced, upon searching the sacred writings for proofs of my heresy, that it was he himself, who had wandered from that precious truth once delivered to the saints. Without hesitation, he renounced his former views, and continued ever after an able, and zealous advocate for the truth, preached by Abraham. It was now noised abroad, that I was an erroneous teacher. The clergyman, who was so warmly attached to me, while he believed me a Calvinistic Baptist, now commenced a most inveterate adversary; and his opposition published more extensively my name, and peculiar tenets. Curiosity was excited, and I became the object of general inquiry. It is a melancholy truth, that esteem, and consequent friendship, are not generally so operative upon the human mind, as rancour and enmity: my experience is in unison with this observation. I hastened back to my calm retreat; alas! it was no longer my *peaceful* home,—for, although no change had taken place in the house of my friend, yet the influence of my clerical enemy pursued me. Opposition, however, begat opposition; and, while I was hated by the many, I was loved and caressed by the few. Solicitations to preach were multiplied from every quarter, and, although there was no abatement in the attachment of my patron, yet the estrangement of some individuals, in our vicinity, diminished the difficulty of accepting invitations, and I was induced to visit a few warm-hearted individuals, in the neighbourhood of my implacable foe. Upon my arrival there, I discovered a want, of which I had not until then been conscious: I wanted a horse. A single hint was sufficient; a horse was immediately procured, and, so ardent was the affection of my adherents, that I could not express a wish, which they were not eager *to gratify*; but my wishes were very much bounded, *and my wants* few and simple.

An invitation from Philadelphia being frequently, and earnestly repeated, I repaired to that city; a respectable circle of friends awaited me there. The Baptist minister invited me to his house, and his pulpit. He questioned me in private, and, in the course of our conversation, he frequently repeated: "*Christ, in us, the hope of glory.*" I ventured to ask, Pray, sir, what do you understand by *Christ, in us, the hope of glory?* "Why, sir, in looking into my heart, I find something in it, which I had not some years ago." Do you, sir, call this something, Christ? "Undoubtedly." But, sir, all the angels of God worship Christ; all the ends of the earth are admonished to look unto Christ, and be saved; we are exhorted to trust in him at all times; and to believe, that there is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we can be saved. Now, my good sir, suffer me to ask, would it be safe for angels in heaven, or men upon earth, to worship that *something*, you have in your heart, which you had not there some years ago? would it be safe for all the ends of the earth, or any of the inhabitants of the world, to look to that something for salvation? could I, or any other person, trust, at all times, to that something? "Then, sir, if this be not Christ, what can the passage I have cited mean?" Certainly, sir, this cannot be the Christ, Paul preached. The Christ, Paul preached, was crucified; he was buried; he arose; he ascended; and the heavens must contain him, until the time of the restitution of all things. "But how then is it, that *this Christ can be in us the hope of glory?*" Why, sir, the Christian has no other hope of glory, than Jesus Christ, entered within the vail; and this Saviour is, *in his heart*, the object of his *trust*, *confidence*, and affection. You have, sir, as I understand, a beloved wife in Europe; but, although the Western ocean rolls between you, yet you may say, she is ever in your

heart, and no one would be at a loss to understand you; but if you were to tell them, your conjugal affection was your wife, they would stare at you: and yet it would be as proper to say, your conjugal affection was your wife, as to say your love to God, or any other good, and proper propensity, was your Christ. No, my dear sir, these are not that Christ, the things of which, the Spirit of truth taketh, and showeth them to men, as the matter of their rejoicing. The Christ, of whom you speak, can be no other than the false Christ; that is, something which is called Christ, but is not Christ. The Christ, of whom you speak, *as your hope of glory*, was never seen by any body, and is itself nobody. It neither suffered for your sins, nor rose for your justification; and it is therefore most unworthy to be had in reverence. This conversation, as may be supposed, made this gentleman exceeding angry; and I was not a little surprised to hear him, although he immediately broke up the conference, insist upon my coming the ensuing day (Sunday), according to promise, to preach in his pulpit. The intelligence ran through the city, that I was to preach in the Baptist meeting-house, and numbers flocked to hear. I came, I entered the parlour of the Rev. gentleman; many of the members of his church were present, and a young candidate for the ministry. The gentleman, who invited me, and who repeated his invitation on parting with me, arose, and throwing upon me a most indignant glance, took the young gentleman by the hand, and led him into the meeting-house, which was adjoining to his dwelling, leaving me standing in his parlour. I now perceived, why he had insisted upon my coming to preach for him. But it was not wonderful; I had spoken contemptibly of his Christ, and he took rank among my inveterate foes; yet I had, among his connexions, a few friends who indignant at the treatment,

I had received, redoubled their caresses. There was at this time a small company, who assembled at a place, known by the name of Bachelor's-Hall; they were unacquainted with the truth I delivered; yet, willing to hear for themselves, they invited me to preach for them. Halting between two opinions, they solicited aid from a minister of another persuasion; and they requested me to hear him, to which I readily consented. The preacher selected his text, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He commenced his comment: "My friends, I shall undertake to prove, that Jesus never did, nor never will take away the sin of the world." I was astonished, and the persons, asking my attendance, were abashed. The preacher added: "It is impossible Christ can have taken away the sin of the world, for then all the world must be saved." This was unquestionable; I was exceedingly gratified, and the more, as this sermon, intended for my confusion, did much to establish that truth, of which, by the grace of God, I was a promulgator.

The combined efforts of the clergy in Philadelphia barred against me the door of every house of public worship in the city. Bachelor's Hall was in Kensington. But at Bachelor's-Hall the people attended, and a few were enabled to believe the good word of their God. There was in the city, a minister of the Seventh-day Baptist persuasion; for a season he appeared attached to me, but soon became very virulent in his opposition. He told me, he passed on foot nine miles, upon the return of every Saturday, to preach. I asked him, how many his congregation contained? "About an hundred." How many of this hundred do you suppose are elected to everlasting life? "I cannot tell." Do you believe fifty are elected? "Oh no, nor twenty." Ten perhaps? "There may be ten." Do you

think the *non-elect* can take any step to extricate themselves from the tremendous situation, in which the decrees of heaven have placed them? "Oh no, they might as well attempt to pull the stars from the firmament of heaven." And do you think your preaching can assist them? Certainly not; every sermon they hear will sink them deeper, and deeper in damnation." And so, then, you walk nine miles every Saturday, to sink ninety persons out of a hundred deeper and deeper in never-ending misery.

Reports, injurious to my peace, were now very generally circulated; and although I expected all manner of evil would be said of me falsely, for his sake, whose servant I was, yet did the shafts of slander possess a deadly power, by which I was sorely wounded. Had the poisoned weapon been aimed by characters, wicked in the common acceptation of the word, it would have fallen harmless; nay, the fire of their indignation would have acted as a purifier of my name; but reports originating from those, who were deemed holy and reverend—alas! their bite was mortal. Again I sighed for retirement, again I hastened to the bosom of my patron, and again my reception was most cordial. Yet, although so much evil was said of me, many, glancing at the source, made candid deductions, and were careful to proportion their acts of kindness to the magnitude of my wrongs. Invitations met me upon the road, and, wafted upon the wings of fame, I could enter no town, or village, which my name had not reached; in which I did not receive good, and evil treatment. The clergy and their connexions were generally inveterate enemies; while those, who had will and power to act for themselves, and chanced to be favourably impressed, were very warm in their attachments. Thus my friends were very *cordial*, and my enemies very *malignant*; and as my enemies were generally at a distance,

and my friends at my elbow, but for officious individuals, who brought me intelligence of all they heard, I might have gone on my way with abundant satisfaction. At Brunswick, which I had been earnestly solicited to visit, I was received into a most worthy family. The Rev. Mr. Dunham was of the Seventh-day Baptist persuasion; a man of real integrity, who, although he could not see, as I saw, threw open the doors of his meeting-house; conducted me into his pulpit; and discharged toward me, in every particular, the duty of a Christian. His neighbour, a clergyman, who was a First-day Baptist, exhibited a complete contrast to Mr. Dunham. He invited me, it is true, to his house; asked me to lodge there; we conversed together, prayed together, he appeared very kind, and much pleased, and I believed him my confirmed friend, until leaving Brunswick, I called upon some, whose deportment to me was the reverse of what it had heretofore been. I demanded a reason; when they frankly informed me, that the Rev. Mr. ——— had made such representations, as had destroyed all the pleasure, they had been accustomed to derive from my presence. This affected me beyond expression, a stranger as I was; and, suffering in the dread of what I had to expect, I turned from the door of those deceived persons, without uttering a word. I quitted their habitations forever; invidious remarks were made upon my silence; but of these I was careless; on other occasions I might have been affected, but treachery from a man, who had entertained me so hospitably, and who stood so high in the ranks of piety, shocked me beyond the power of utterance. Upon the afternoon of this day, on which I had been so deeply hurt, I was engaged to deliver my peaceful message in the pulpit of Mr. Dunham, in the vicinity of this perfidious man. Some time had elapsed since I had seen

him, and I then met him upon the road; he advanced toward me with an extended hand, and a countenance expressive of Christian affection: "You are a great stranger, sir." Yes, sir, I am a stranger, and sojourner, in every place, as all my fathers were before me. "Well, how have you been, since I saw you?" Thanks be to God, I have been preserved, and owned, and blessed, notwithstanding the slanders of the adversary, and his agents. He saw he was detected, and he determined immediately to drop the mask. "Well, I will do all in my power to obstruct your progress, in every place." Had you, sir, made this declaration at an earlier period, I should at least have believed you an honest man. But to pass yourself upon me as my friend, my sincere friend, while you were aiming at me a vital stab! Oh sir, I am astonished at you. "And I am more astonished at you; do you not tremble, when you think, that God must have a quarrel with you? and that all His ministers in America hate you?" Sir, I do not believe my Creator is a quarrelsome Being, neither do I credit the information, that all *God's* ministers hate me; a *minister of God* is incapable of hating any human being. "But are you not confounded, when you consider, that *you* must be *right*, and we *wrong;* or you wrong, and all God's ministers right? Surely, it is more probable we should be all right, and *you* wrong, than you right, and we all wrong." I have no apprehensions upon this head; some one might have questioned, in the days of Elijah, when he was opposed by eight hundred and fifty prophets: "Do you not tremble to see all these holy, and reverend priests on one side, and you *alone* on the other? either they must be wrong, and *you* right, or you wrong, and they right." So in Jerusalem, our divine Master might have been asked: "Are you not appalled at beholding all the *ministers* of God, all the rulers of the people, in oppo-

sition? Either they must be wrong, and *you* right, or you wrong, and they right; and which, pray, is the most probable?" And the people might have been asked: "Have any of our rulers believed on him? He is a Devil, and mad, why hear ye him?" "I am astonished at your daring blasphemy, in comparing yourself either to Elijah, or Christ." Why, was not Elijah a man of like passions with us? and are we not taught to put on the Lord Jesus Christ? Who is it that asks, If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub? what ought the servants of his household to expect? Elijah is a member in the same body with me; but the Redeemer is still nearer; He is my head, the head of every man; He indulges me with the privilege of denying myself, my sinful self, and he allows me to acknowledge no other than his blessed self; that, thus standing in his name, I may stand in the presence of the Father, the *Divinity*, with exceeding joy; that, asking in the name of his immaculate humanity, I may be sure to receive, that my joy may be full. Nor can all that you, nor any one else can say, be able to shake me from this my strong hold. "Ay, perhaps you may be mistaken—you may be deceived." If I am deceived, I am deceived; but I will venture. "You know this is not the privilege of all, and therefore it may not be yours." I do not know, that this is not the privilege of all; but, if it be of any, it is of the believer; and, as I believe, it must be mine. They shall, said my divine Master, say all manner of evil of you, *falsely*. You, sir, have been in Brunswick, fulfilling this scripture; and I rejoice, that I have made the discovery. *You* can never deceive me again, but, as I am not naturally suspicious, others may obtain a lease of my good opinion, from which they will never, but upon the strongest conviction, be ejected. I left this good man beyond measure enraged; and, no doubt,

believing he should really render God service, by doing me the most essential injury. I immediately repaired to the pulpit of my friend Dunham, where, preaching peace, I recovered my lost serenity; and it gladdened my heart to believe, that the inveterate enemy, with whom I had parted upon the road, was included in the redemption it was my business to proclaim.

But now again, my heart failed me—again I sickened at the prospect before me, and my whole soul, revolting from a continuance in public life, I once more fled to my beloved, my sequestered home. I sighed ardently for my emancipation. Of that God, who was, in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, I entertained not the smallest dread. But my coward spirit trembled before a combination of religious characters, headed by the clergy, and armed for my destruction. Their zeal was manifested by their industriously propagating a variety of evil reports. I would detail them, were they not so numerous. And, although all manner of evil had not yet been said of me, enough was said to implant a dread of some overwhelming termination. Thus my aversion to the path, into which I had been pressed, became more imposing. I was ready to say, Lord, send, by whom thou wilt send, and, in mercy, vouchsafe to grant me my final exit from those surrounding scenes, which embosom the retirement of my friend. Often have I wept, as I traversed the woods and groves of my patron, at the thought, that I could not be indulged with the felicity of passing the remainder of my days, amid those sylvan scenes; especially as it was the wish of the liberal master, that I should so do. I became apprehensive, that my trials, in this new world, would surpass those, which I had encountered in the old. These agonizing anticipations prostrated me before the throne of the Almighty, imploring *his protection*; and from this high communication with

my Father God, my griefs have been assuaged and my wounded spirit healed. Urged by a strong sense of duty, I again visited Upper Freehold, to which place I had been repeatedly summoned. My acquaintance there was large and respectable, but it was the residence of a high-priest, who treated me roughly. I was asked to breakfast, at the house of one of his congregation, without the most remote hint, that I was to meet this great man; but I was hardly seated, when he was observed making his approaches; and, from some expressions of surprise, I was induced to believe he was totally unexpected. I was astonished to see so many assembled; but supposed, that curiosity to see the strange preacher, of as strange a doctrine, had drawn them together. I was, however, afterwards assured, that the plan had been previously concerted. Mr. Tennant entered. We were introduced to each other. He drew a chair into the midst of the circle; and, commanding into his countenance as much stern severity, as he could collect, he commenced his studied operations. "I want to know, sir, by what authority you presume to preach in this place?" Pray, sir, by what authority do you thus presume to question me? "I am, sir, placed here, by Almighty God, to look after the affairs of his church, and people; and I have a right to insist on knowing who, and what you are?" Well, sir, if you be placed here, as the vicegerent of Heaven, you should take care how you conduct; you have a great charge, and your responsibility is proportioned to its magnitude. But, sir, I am not assuming; I have no design upon your people; I am like a person in the time of harvest, who steps into the field, and binds up some sheaves, making no demand upon the proprietor of the grounds. I have never attempted to scatter your sheep, I have not even plucked a lock of their wool. I do not wish to govern, I only aim at being a help. "I do not like you a bit the better for all this stuff. I insist on knowing, whether you came in at

the door?" I wish to know, sir, what door you mean? "I mean, the door of the church; all, who come not in at that door, are thieves and robbers." But, sir, I would know, what church you mean? The pope declares, there is no *true* church, save the one of which he is the head. The Episcopal bishop affirms, there is no true church, but that of which the king is the head. Do you, sir, mean either of these? "No, sir, I mean the *true* church. Did you come in at that door?" If, sir, you do not tell me, what you mean by the *true* church, how can I answer you respecting the door? "Sir, I will have no evasions. Did you, or did you not, come in at the door?" Jesus Christ says: 'I am the door; by me, if any man enter, he shall be saved.' Do you mean this door, sir? "No, sir, I mean the door of the church." Is not Jesus Christ the door of the church, sir? "No, sir." Well, sir, although there be many preachers, who have not entered at this door, you will not, I trust, esteem a preacher the less, for having the privilege to go in and out at this door. "Sir, I have nothing to do with this; I wish to know, whether you have church authority for preaching? that is, whether you came properly in at the door?" Sir, I have the same authority for preaching, which the apostle Paul had; he received his mission by the will of God, so have I. "Ay, sir, give us the same miracles Paul wrought, and we will believe you." If the power of working miracles were necessary to prove a right to preach the gospel, perhaps you, sir, would be also at a loss to prove your own right, either to preach, or thus to question a fellow creature. "Sir, you are a deceitful hypocritical man. If you had come properly in at the door, I should have received you; but you are an impostor, I pronounce you an impostor." That is more than you know, sir, and, I add more than I know myself; but, if we cannot agree about the church, and the door, blessed be God! we can agree in one fundamental point: While we were yet sinners, Christ Jesus

died for us, and, while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son. The old gentleman started from his seat, and, running round the apartment, exclaimed, in a loud and thundering voice, to those, who were without: "Come in, and hear gibberish, gibberish, gibberish." I was astonished, and when he had so far spent his rage, as to remain for one moment silent, I looked full in his face, and asked: Pray, sir, what language do you make use of? Is it possible, that *you*, a clergyman, highly distinguished, the head of the Presbytery, and now in the evening of life, should be so little acquainted with the scriptures, as to call the language of revelation, gibberish? "You know nothing about revelation; there never was an individual of the human race, that ever had any interest in Christ, or in God, until they had repentance and faith." Pardon me, sir; you do not believe this yourself. "I say, I do." Excuse me, sir; you certainly do not. "Give me leave to tell you, you have a great deal of impudence, thus to talk to me." Nay, sir, I do not wish to offend; I wish you to reconsider your assertion; I am confident, you do not believe it; and I am confident, you will have the goodness to own it, before I quit this apartment. "Let me tell you, young man, you have the greatest stock of assurance, I have ever met with in any young person. I tell you again, there never was an individual of the human race, who left this world without faith and repentance, who ever had any interest in Christ, or ever tasted happiness." Not one? "No, sir, not one." Oh! sir, I am sorry you compel me to make you retract this affirmation. Turning to the company, he required them to say, whether they did not think my insolence surpassed credibility? The company were silent, and, after a pause, I said: I know, sir, if you believe Calvinistic principles, you believe some infants may be eternally lost; but no Calvinist denies, that *some* infants are interested in Christ, and eternally blessed, although they passed out of time, *without repentance* or faith. "Sir, I never thought of in-

fants." So I imagined; and it was therefore, sir, I took the liberty to say, you did not believe what you advanced. "But I believe it with respect to all, besides infants." No, sir, pardon me, you do not. Again he was exceeding angry, until I mentioned idiots. "I did not think of idiots." I believe, you did not; but, my good sir, would it not be as well, if you were always to think, before you speak? "Again I say, I am astonished at your impudence; I could not have believed a young man, like you, could have had so much impudence." I dare say, sir, you are disappointed; you expected to have met a timid, poor, destitute stranger, who would have been confounded by noise, and such cogent arguments, as gibberish, gibberish, repeatedly vociferated; you expected I should not have dared to utter a syllable; you have been pleased to treat me very roughly; you know not, but you have been pouring vinegar into wounds already sore; you have, sir, been vexing the stranger; and without any provocation on my part. "Ay, ay, this is the language of all impostors."

Thus ended my morning repast. I was very much hurt; yet I reaped advantage from this new trial. Returning to my lodgings, I experienced the most painful sensations; but the rebuff, I had received, operated as usual, it drew me nearer to my God, and, pouring out my heart in secret before the Father of my spirit, I obtained what the favour of the clergy could never give—consolation and peace in believing.

My conduct at this breakfasting conference was represented in such a point of view, as increased the number of my friends; and clerical gentlemen, in this place and its environs, forebore direct attacks; but the tongue of the *private* slanderer was busily employed. A gentleman of C——, the Rev. Mr. S——, repeatedly attended my public labours; addressed me

after preaching, continued sometime in conversation with me, and appointed a day, on which he pressed me to dine with him. I accepted his politeness with gratitude, and was punctual to the time. Mr. S—— received me with manifest satisfaction; we were alone, and we passed many hours most pleasantly. Mr. S—— seemed solicitous that I should view him, neither as a skeptic, nor a caviller, but simply an inquirer after truth. He asked me many questions which I answered as clearly, as I was able; and he appeared sometimes satisfied, sometimes dissatisfied, and sometimes silenced. Upon the whole, his deportment was gentlemanly, and I could not forbear regarding him, as a sensible, illumined Christian. On my departure he urged me to consider his house my home, whenever I visited C——; waited on me while I mounted my horse, pressed my hand, and, with much apparent devotion, supplicated the blessing of heaven upon me. On recurring to my journal, I find my notice of this interview, concluded as follows:—Thus far am I brought on my way rejoicing; the Lord is my Sun and Shield, blessed be the name of my God! Yet no sooner was I out of view than this same Mr. S—— ordered his horse, and posting to every respectable family in his parish, informed them, that, with all my *cunning* he had outwitted me; that he had asked me to dine, and, by *flattery* and *caresses* had *thrown me off my guard*, and obtained a complete knowledge of my principles. "Well, dear sir, and what are his principles?" O! truly shocking! horrid! most horrid! I dare not relate them, you shall not be contaminated by the recital; it would be dangerous in the extreme. Nor was this enough. Being a member of the Presbytery, he wrote a circular letter, addressing every leading associate, which effectually steeled all hearts, and, so far as his influence extended, barred every door against

me. Calumnies of various descriptions were disseminated; rancour became uncommonly prolific; astonishing efforts were made to destroy my reputation; but God was with me, and his spirit was my never failing support. In the midst of these fiery trials, I passed on; succeeding weeks and months rolled away, while my days were appropriated to my beloved home, to different parts of the Jersies, Philadelphia, New-York, and many of the intervening towns, scattered between those cities. In the commencement of the Autumn, of 1773, I was strongly induced to journey as far as Newport, in Rhode-Island; and having dropped a tear, at parting with my faithful friend, I commended him to the care of heaven, and began my new tour of duty. The chilly mornings and evenings, of even the first autumnal month gave me to experience the want of an outside garment. I was, however, determined not to solicit human aid; this, I believed, would be taking the business out of the hand of my Master. If God had sent me, he would put it into the hearts of his people to supply me; yet I did not calculate, that this want would be supplied, until I reached New-York. I believed I had in that city a friend, who would derive pleasure from administering to my necessities. But when I was preparing to leave Brunswick, a person entered the parlour, displayed a number of patterns, requested I would make a choice for a greatcoat; and asked, how long I should tarry in town? I told him I should leave town early on the succeeding morning: "Well, sir," he returned, "your coat shall be ready." I asked, by whom he was sent? "Sir, I was ordered not to say by whom." It is very well, I know who sent you. "Do you, sir?" Yes, sir, it was God, my Father; who, having all hearts in his hand, has stimulated your employer. Early the following morning, the *coat was* brought home; I was deeply affected, and

laying my hand upon it, I said: Henceforward thou shall be my monitor; whenever I feel my heart desponding, in silent, but persuasive language, thou shalt say: "Cast thy care upon God, for he careth for thee." It was not so much the supply of this pressing want, that pleased me, as the recognition of the immediate hand of paternal Deity, who thus vouchsafed to own and bless my mission. On my arrival in New-York, I learned, to my great astonishment, that the friend, on whom my hopes of a winter garment had rested, was become my enemy! I was greatly pained, he was very dear to me; but a religious slanderer had been at his ear, and had prejudiced him against me. I lost him forever—alas! alas! how many such losses have I sustained, since I became a promulgator of the truth, as it is in Jesus.

Leaving New-York, I postponed my journey to Newport, passed through East Jersey, and stopped at Amboy, where I had many friends. Sitting one evening at tea with a lady, she complained, that her maid had quitted her, having been seduced from her duty, by a foot soldier. This immediately reminded me of Mrs. Trinbath, the poor unhappy lady, at whose house in Cork, I had, in company with Mr. Whitefield, and others, been so splendidly entertained. I related the mournful tale, when the lady assured me, she knew the unhappy creature; she had seen her in Amboy, and that she was now in New-York, in a most wretched situation. I immediately conceived a hope, that, if I could obtain an interview with her, I might prevail upon her to return to her widowed mother, and to her children; and although her husband was no more, she might yet, in some measure, retrieve the past. Alas! alas! I did not calculate that I was thus making provision for the most serious calamity, which, during my sojourn in this new world, had until then overtaken me.

The following day intent on my purpose, I took passage in the packet, for New-York; accompanied by the serjeant-major of the regiment, to which the fellow belonged, with whom this deluded woman lived. I asked him, if he knew such a person? Yes, he knew her, and she was in a very wretched condition. I sighed, from the inmost recesses of my soul, while I listened to his account of her manner of living. I begged to know, if I could see her. Yes, he could conduct me to her abode; but on our arrival passing over the common, near the goal, to the residence of this poor creature, we chanced to meet her infamous seducer, who, not having heard of the death of Mr. Trinbath, immediately concluded I was that injured husband, come to reclaim my wretched wanderer. Under this impression, he hastened home, and effectually secreted her, before we reached the door. I was disappointed, but I informed a poor creature in the house, that I would call, upon the ensuing day, at one o'clock, when I hoped I might obtain an interview. I was, the next day, punctual to the appointment; but, instead of the misguided woman, I received a letter, directed to Mr. Trinbath, entreating most earnestly, that I would not attempt to see her; that, after treating me as she had done, she never would see me more; and that, if I persisted in pursuing her, she would leave the city, and, taking with her her miserable children, they would all perish together, for she would, rather than meet my eye, suffer a thousand deaths. I was beyond measure shocked at this letter; I saw the absolute necessity of seeing and convincing her of her error; but how was this to be effectuated? I could devise no plan. I told the old woman, it was a most capital mistake; that I was not the person she supposed. O, said she, you need say nothing about that, sir; every body knows *you are her* husband, and every body pities you, poor gen-

tleman, that you should have such a wife; but she has bad advisers, and I dare say, if you can see her and forgive her, (and every body says, if you did not intend to do so, you would never have sought her,) she will again be a very good woman. I was provoked beyond endurance; but every appearance of irritation was imputed to my disappointment, and consequent resentment. My soul was harrowed up by agonizing distress; unable to convince the old woman, I returned to my lodgings. My friends perceived the anguish of my spirit, for which they were well able to account; they, however, carefully avoided the subject. At last, not being able to control my emotions, I burst into tears. They were alarmed. "What is the matter?" I circumstantially related the whole story, and dwelt upon my sufferings, consequent upon my inability to see Mrs. Trinbath, and convince her of her mistake. My friends appeared relieved, and proposed my writing to her, and leaving my letter at her lodgings; she will see it is not the hand-writing of her husband. The propriety of this measure was obvious; I asked the gentleman, if he would accompany me? "Most gladly." I wrote immediately, labouring to convince this unfortunate woman of her error, and assuring her, that my friend, Mr. Trinbath, had been many years dead; that if she would but give me a meeting, for a single moment, she would acknowledge, she had nothing to fear from me. This letter was ineffectual; she was positive it was all a deception, and that, with a view of deceiving her, I had employed some other pen.

This story was a sweet morsel to my religious foes. It was painted in the most odious colours, and industriously exhibited. They declared, the woman was unquestionably my wife; and that, on account of the treatment she had received from her barbarous husband, she had *preferred* putting herself under the pro-

tection of a common soldier; that she had attended church, upon a lecture evening, and upon seeing me, her husband, in the pulpit, she had shrieked aloud, and fainted. This, and a thousand other falsehoods, were circulating, through the city. My humane friends, at length, interfered; they solicited the commanding officer to oblige the fellow, with whom the woman lived, to produce her; she approached with dread apprehension; a large company was collected, spectators of the scene. She caught a glance, and exclaiming, in a tremulous accent, It is, it is he—immediately fainted. Curiosity, and humanity, combined to recover her; she was led into the parlour. I appeared full before her, entreating her to take a view of my face; she did so, and no words can express her confusion; her acknowledgments were repeated and copious; she did not recollect, ever to have seen me before. I was most happy in the result of this untoward business, which had nearly annihilated my anxiety respecting her restoration to her connexions. Indeed I was assured, no entreaties would procure her return to Cork. So many had witnessed an eclaircissement, so honourable to me, that I fondly believed it would be attached to the narration; but alas! there was not a thousandth part of the pains taken to publish the truth, as had been taken to spread far and wide the slander; here it was the still voice of friendship; there it was Slander with her thousand tongues. None but God can tell, how much I have suffered, from the various trials, I have encountered. Again, I mournfully acknowledged, that my object in coming to America was not in any view obtained; that my grand desideratum appeared further and further from my reach; again I wished most ardently to be in England; nay, in the very scenes from which I had escaped, if I might thus be delivered, from *the distracted* situation, in which I was involved; and

the more I contemplated the indignation, and power, of the clergy, the more frequently I exclaimed, Doubtless I shall one day perish by the hand of my enemy. Yet, in the darkest night of my affliction, my gracious God frequently vouchsafed to grant me peace, and joy, in believing that His almighty power was sufficient for me; and, in the pulpit, whatever was my previous situation, either mental, or corporeal, when engaged in the investigation of divine truth, I was not only tranquil, but happy: And this happiness I often enjoyed; for an ardent curiosity obliged the people every where to hear; and, when a pulpit could not be obtained, a private house, a court-house, a wood, answered the purpose; and I rejoiced, while contemplating the irradiations of divine truth, bursting through the dark clouds of prejudice, and with such imposing splendor, as could only be effectuated by Omnipotent power.

I received frequent and most pressing invitations to visit New-England. During my residence in New-York, I became known to many gentlemen of Connecticut; and I was requested to stop, and deliver my testimony in various places, along the road. I resumed my purpose of visiting Newport, determining to proceed thither with all possible dispatch. I had, however, promised to stop at a friend's house, in Milford, and at another's, in Guilford; at which places I preached to very large congregations; several strangers, having seen me elsewhere, recognised me, and entreated me to accompany them to their respective homes; but my object was Newport. Many individuals, from Norwich, departed from Guilford with me; they gave me to understand, that, having made part of my audience, on the preceding evening, they were extremely desirous I should proceed with them to Norwich. We passed the day very agreeably together, conversing with *great freedom.* About sunset, we reached New-

London, where it was my resolution to bid my new associates adieu; but they so earnestly importuned me to go on, one gentleman in particular, that, accepting his proffered kindness, I was that night lodged in his hospitable dwelling. He soon became, and ever after continued, my steadfast friend. Many, in Norwich, received me with great kindness; a house of worship was provided; but it not being sufficiently spacious, the doors of the great meeting-house were thrown open, and never afterwards shut against me. Thus, in this instance, the zeal of the people has been sufficiently imposing, to prevail against ministerial opposition. The friends I obtained, in Norwich, were, in truth, inestimable; some individuals are not yet called home; they remain unwavering in the belief of the truth, as it is in Jesus; and in their affectionate attachment to its feeble advocate. At Norwich, I was solicited to preach in the meeting-house of Mr. Hart, of Preston; to which place many of my new friends accompanied me. Having passed the night at Preston, on the succeeding morning, I re-commenced my journey, with the Rev. Mr. H——,* of Newport. The distance was between 30 and 40 miles; but as Mr. H—— was going *home*, he would not stop to dine on the road. In the course of the day, Mr. H—— thus questioned me: "Well, sir, I suppose you will preach in Newport?" Very likely, sir. "You have friends there, I presume?" No, sir, I do not know a single soul. "You have letters of recommendation, perhaps?" Not a line, sir. "Where then do you intend to go, and what do you intend to do?" I have laid no plans, sir. "I promise you, you shall not preach in my meeting.

* Nearly the whole of this conversation was published in the first volume, Letter Fourth, of "Letters, and Sketches of Sermons." Instead of the Letter A, the Letter H....., which was the original and true initial, is now substituted.

I should be very much surprised, if I did, sir. "And I suppose, you think you are called of God, to go to Newport? I think it is not unlikely, sir. "I believe, you will find yourself mistaken." It is possible. "Suppose you should find no place to preach in, what would you do then?" Devote myself to private conversation. "But suppose you could find no one to converse with?" Then I would turn about, and come back again. "But what would you think of your faith?" Call it fancy. But at present, I think I shall preach the gospel in Newport; and, although I am an utter stranger, knowing no one, nor known by any one; yet I expect, before I leave the place to have many friends. "Ay, these are fine fancies, fine fancies indeed." Had you not better suspend your decision, until you witness the result? will it not then be full time to determine, whether it be *faith*, or *fancy?* "If it should not be, as I predict, I should not be ashamed to own my error; if it should, you ought to blush for your unwarrantable confidence. But, as it is not impossible, you may preach in that city, and that some of my people may be among the number of your hearers, I think I have a right to question you." If God will give me leave to preach to his people, I am content. "What do you mean by that, sir?" Your observation brought to my mind, what, on a certain occasion, a very distinguished servant of God said to his Master, when he was told to go down and see what *his people* were doing. *O Lord, they are not my people, they are thy people.* However, Moses was not settled on your plan. "Well, sir, I look upon my people to be God's people." You are perfectly right, sir, so indeed they are; and if I speak to them at all, I shall speak to them, in that character. "Well, sir, as you call yourself a preacher of the gospel, and *may*, as I have said, preach to my people; it is proper I should know what ideas you have of gospel. Tell me, sir, what is gospel?" I am happy in being able to *give you a direct answer.* The gospel, sir, is a solemn

declaration, given upon the oath of Jehovah, that, *in the Seed of Abraham, all the nations of the earth should be blessed.* "Is that all you know of gospel?" Would it not, my good sir, require a very long time to inform mankind, *who*, and *what*, that Seed is; how, and in what manner all the nations of the earth *are*, and *shall be blessed therein;* and what blessings they are blessed with, *in Christ Jesus?* The apostle Paul, although he laboured more abundantly, than his brethren, found this vast, this important subject, abundantly sufficient for his *whole life;* and those, who are blessed in that Seed, will find the contemplation of that blessedness, which they shall be blessed with, *in Him*, sufficient to furnish a song, which, although never ending, will be ever new. "If such be your views, you know nothing at all of gospel." You could not so absolutely determine this matter, if you yourself were not acquainted with the meaning of the term, gospel. Tell me then, sir, if you please, what is gospel? "Why, sir, this is gospel: He, that believeth, shall be saved, and he, that believeth *not*, shall be damned." Indeed, sir, I had thought, the *literal, simple* meaning of the term gospel was, *glad tidings.* Which part of the passage, you have cited, is gospel, that which announces *salvation*, or that which announces *damnation?* "Well then, if you please, this is gospel: *He, that believeth, shall be saved.*" Believeth what, sir? "That." What, sir? "That, I tell you." What, sir? "That, I tell you: *He, that believeth, shall be saved.*" *Believeth what*, sir? What is he to believe? "Why that, I tell you." I wished, sir, to treat this investigation seriously; but, as you seem to be disposed to be rather ludicrous, we will, if you please, dismiss the subject. "No, sir, I do not mean to be ludicrous; I am very serious." Well, sir, if so, then I beg leave to ask, what is it I am *to believe; the believing of which, will save me?* "That Jesus Christ made it *possible* for sinners to be *saved.*" By what means? "By believing." Believing

what? "*That.*" What? "That Jesus Christ made it possible for sinners to be saved." By what means is it possible sinners may be saved? "By believing, I tell you." But the devils believe; will their believing save them? "No, sir." Suppose I believe, that Jesus Christ made it possible to save sinners; will that save me? "No, sir." Then, sir, let me ask, what am I to believe, the believing of which will save me? "Why, sir, you must believe the gospel, that Jesus made it possible for sinners to be saved." But by what means? "By believing." Believing what? "*That*, I tell you."

Mr. H—— could not but be conscious the ground he had taken was untenable. Had he answered in scripture language, that the truth to be believed, and which we make *God a liar by not believing, was*, that Christ *had given himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time; that he had absolutely tasted death for every man;* and that *every man* should be made alive in Christ Jesus, &c. &c. the inference was unavoidable, nor man, nor devil could undo, what God had done; the power exists not, which can set aside the decrees of God. If the Redeemer *did not* taste death for all; if He has *not* purchased all; then those, for whom He has not tasted death, whom he has not purchased, have no right to believe He has; and were they so to believe, they must indubitably believe a lie. But, finding the temper of Mr. H—— rise higher and higher, every time I repeated my question; I endeavoured to bring the matter to a conclusion, by observing, that I was astonished to find a master in Israel, and a writer too, either not *able*, or not *willing*, to answer a simple question, viz. what I am to believe is the foundation of my salvation? what I am to believe procures my justification in the sight of God? "And I am astonished at your blasphemy." This is in character, sir; men of your description were long since fond of fixing this charge on both the Master, and his witnesses; but, remember, sir, if I have blasphemed, it is only M

H——, whom I have blasphemed. "Well, sir, I believe I have gone too far; I will, if you please, take back the charge." With all my heart, sir. "I do not doubt, you may be admired in Newport a whole fortnight." That no doubt will be fourteen days longer, than you would wish. Arriving in sight of Newport, Mr. H—— said: "There, sir, is my meeting-house; at a little distance from thence is my dwelling-house, and my friends are multiplied." Well, sir, I have no home, meeting-house, nor friend, in Newport. Yet, I repeat, before I leave that city, I expect to have more than one home, and many friends. "Well, now I think of it, there is one man, who has a little place, in which, possibly, you may get leave to preach; I will direct you to a man, who has some acquaintance with him." I will thank you, sir, to inform me where my horse may be taken care of; for myself, I have little concern. "I promise you, horse-keeping is very high in Newport." That, sir, is very sad tidings to me, for I promise you, my finances are very low. Some very bitter speeches were made; and I regretted, that I was so unfortunate, as to have taken the journey with Mr. H——. Your people, said I, are leavened with the leaven of the Pharisees, and *you* seem to be leavened with the leaven of Herod. "What do you mean by the leaven of Herod?" I mean the nature of Herod. "How does that apply?" Some persons urged our Master to fly, in consequence of Herod's seeking his life. *Go*, said He, *tell that fox, I work to-day and to-morrow*, &c. &c. Our Master denominated Herod a fox, for the purpose of giving an idea of his nature. What is a fox? a creature that lives upon the spoil; but he is dependent upon the secrecy of the night, and, we are told, in order the more effectually to cover his designs, he sometimes imitates the watch-dog, thus endeavouring to make it appear, he is defending the property of the husbandman, while under the guise of watchful care for *others, he* is covertly acting for himself, till the morn-

ing dawns, till the light appears, and then his labour ends. This is the leaven of Herod, and it was of the nature of this insidious animal, that our Lord cautioned his disciples to beware. "Well, there is something ingenious in that, I confess." We reached the ferry a little before sunset, and on landing at Newport: "There," said Mr. H———, pointing to a small shop, "if you will call on that man, he will give you direction." I walked on, stopped at the door and holding the bridle in my hand, asked the man behind the counter, if he would be so obliging as to inform me, which was the best inn for keeping horses? "Please to walk in, sir." I fastened my horse and entered the shop, and seeing the man look very gloomy, and hearing him sigh very bitterly, I concluded he must be under the pressure of some heavy calamity; and as no woman appeared, I suspected the poor fellow must have lost his wife, and my sympathies were very powerfully excited. I was, however, solicitous about my horse, and again requested the requisite information. "Do not make yourself uneasy, sir, my little boy will be here in a few moments, when I will send him with your horse, and you will be so obliging as to tarry here, and drink tea; my wife is out of town, and of course things will not be so well, as if she were here." I was very much relieved by this intelligence, and sat down. "How far have you travelled to-day, sir?" From Preston, in Connecticut, sir. "Did you come alone, sir?" No, sir, I came in company with a Mr. H———, one of your Teachers; I parted with him at the ferry. "Did he not ask you to his house?" No, sir. "Well, sir, I hope you will believe, there is not another man in this town, who would have been so deficient; you must, however, tarry here to-night, and we will take especial care of your horse." *You are very obliging, sir*; but I had rather, if you please,

attend to my horse myself. "Will you, sir, be so good, as to leave this matter to me, and take some refreshment yourself? You are a public character, and I have been accustomed to attend to public characters." How do you know I am a public character? there is nothing in my appearance, which indicates it. "The moment you came to my door, it seemed as if some one had said, The person who addresses you is a preacher; take kind notice of him; and I immediately determined to obey the impulse." This instance of providential care nearly overpowered me, I was the more affected by this bright manifestation, as it closed a very dark day. It spoke, to my wounded mind, the language of assurance; my Divine Master was with me, and had prepared the heart of this man to receive me, and this soothing consideration gave me inexpressible pleasure. Had I been in a clerical dress, or had the smallest vestige of those habiliments been discernible, I should have believed those externals had produced their effect. But, divested as I was, of every thing which could speak to the eye, I could not but greatly rejoice in this instance of recognising goodness, and my full soul glowed with fervent and devotional gratitude. My cup of tea was mingled with my tears; but they were tears of joy, of sacred rapture. It was like the priest leaving me, and the good Samaritan taking me up; and the oil and wine, thus poured into my lacerated bosom, was most salutary, truly refreshing.

My kind host summoned a number of his friends to pass the evening; they all appeared very gloomy, and I had sympathy for their situation. After being introduced, they continued for sometime silent, and sighed in their turns very bitterly. Those sighs, however, although signs, were not proofs, of sorrow; it was the *custom for very* religious people to be very melancholy,

and these were very religious people ; so much so, that I afterwards discovered, there was no society in town, with which they could conscientiously associate. It was proposed, I should narrate my experiences, that they might judge if I were a child of God. I very readily accommodated myself to their wishes, and gave them a sketch of some memorable scenes in my life. When I closed, a profound silence, interrupted only by sighs, succeeded ; at last, one affirmed, I was not a child of God, my experiences were not of the true kind, he could not go with me ; a second pronounced, I was a child of God, for he felt me, as I proceeded. Being thus divided, they knew not on what to determine ; at last, it was proposed to apply to Mr. D—— for his meeting-house. This was the very place, pointed out by Mr. H——. I knew his design was to ruin me, and therefore, without hesitation, I said I did not feel a freedom to speak in the proposed place. Well, would I preach in the room, in which we were sitting ; many had so done, and why not me ? This also I rejected, it was too much confined. They pronounced me very difficult ; they did not believe, I should find any other place. I assured them, I was not anxious in this respect. If God had sent me, he would provide a place for me ; if he had not I was willing to return, whence I came. " Perhaps God has provided you a place, by directing us to make these offers." No, sir, if God had directed you to make these offers, and had thought proper I should deliver my message in either of the places mentioned, he would have disposed my heart to embrace them ; but this *I feel* he has not done. They pronounced me very odd, and took their leave ; but the master of the house, and one of his friends, conceiving there was something uncommon in me, my manner, and my matter, continued with *me in conversation* the greater part of the night, and

although I had travelled all the day, yet I found no inconvenience from this additional fatigue.

After breakfast, on the ensuing day, I walked round the town, and was much pleased with its situation; its harbour, and perspective views, delighted me, and although a stranger, with only a few shillings in my pocket, my bosom was as tranquil, as if in my own residence, and master of thousands. Blessed be God! I have never yet experienced much solicitude about this world, or the gifts, which it has to bestow. It never entered into my head, or heart, that I should not be supplied with whatever was necessary for me; I had fared hard, and I could again accommodate myself to the vicissitudes of life—yea, and without a murmur. I continued perambulating the streets, until the hour of dining, when I returned to my lodgings. "Well, sir, the committee of Doctor S———'s meeting have been here, to engage you to supply their pulpit to-morrow,—Sunday,—and they will call for your answer in the evening." I was, I confess, astonished; but the evening produced the committee, and I acceded to their wishes. One of the gentlemen pressed me to return with him, and take up my abode at his house, during my continuance in Newport; I did so, and was soon domesticated in his family, which continued my occasional home for many, very many years. Doctor S——— was absent, and it was the business of the committee to supply the desk, till his return; my appearance was opportune, and the people were generally pleased. I was requested to publish a lecture for the next day. I did so, and the congregation was crowded, and attentive. I informed the audience that I purposed tarrying in Newport two weeks, during which time I was ready to unite with them, in consulting the sacred writings, as often as they pleased; but if I delivered any more lectures, it must be in the eve-

ning; my reason for which was, that there were many labouring persons, who could not attend, without loss of time,—and loss of time, to them, was loss of property. I was then informed that when Mr. Whitefield was last there, the parish had passed a vote against evening lectures. I replied: The parish has an indubitable right to adhere to their vote; but they must excuse me, if I thought it my duty to abide by my determination. The parish met, re-considered their vote, and requested me to preach in the evening. Here then I preached, every evening until the Doctor's return; to whom my kind, honest host, requested me to accompany him on a visit, insisting upon my promising, that I would return with him. Simple man, because he, a hearer, was pleased, he conceived his minister would also be pleased, and that he would press me to abide at his house; I promised him, however, and he exulted in having gained his point. The Doctor received me with cool civility; asked me a great many questions; spoke of my pulpit talents, in the way I expected he would speak of them; and finally expressed regret, that he could not ask my assistance on the ensuing day,—Sunday,—as there were so many individuals, who would be offended. My friend was astonished. I was not. My friend observed, there was but one in the congregation, who was opposed to my preaching in their meeting-house; and, he added, if I did not preach, the people would be greatly disappointed. The Doctor would not hear him, and we parted, without my receiving even an invitation to repeat my call. My guileless host expressed great surprise. "So good a man as the Doctor; why, I imagined, he would have taken you into his arms, and never, if he could help it, have permitted you to lodge any where, but under his roof." From this moment, I had much to grieve me in Newport, for, although my friends were

numerous, and my enemies but few, yet those few were uncommonly industrious.

On Monday morning, one of the committee, who had first engaged me to preach, called upon me at my lodgings; and informed me, there came, on Saturday night, from New-York, a Reverend divine, who had given me a most horrid character; he had said many things, which he hoped and believed were not true. Pray, sir, where is this good man? "He is, sir, at the house of Mr. Rogers, father of the Rev. Mr. Rogers." Will you, sir, call upon this gentleman with me? "Certainly, sir, but you had better first take breakfast." By no means, I may miss him, and I want to see him in your presence. We hurried off immediately, but alas! he had left town at break of day; he had just cast about firebrands, arrows, and death, and withdrawn from the investigation, upon which he had reason to calculate. The parade was full of people; the reports ran like wild fire; fame had blown the trumpet of slander, and, at the house of Mr. Rogers, many were assembled. I regretted, that the Rev. calumniator had flown; I wished to be tried in the presence of the people. I requested, however, that they would exhibit the charges, that had been lodged against me. They did so, and they consisted of the following items:—1st, I had formerly laboured for my living; 2dly, I was a married man; 3dly, I had children; 4thly, I had been a stage player; and 5thly, I had sung songs. Upon which I observed: Perhaps my denial of these charges may answer little purpose; yet, as in the presence of heaven, you will allow me to say, that, although I have made some unsuccessful attempts to obtain an honourable competency, yet I have, alas! and it is with extreme sorrow I make the declaration, I have, *in this world*, neither, *wife*, nor *child*; I solemnly assure you, *I never* was an actor upon any stage; I acknowledge

I have sung songs, I was once pronounced a good singer; yet I do not recollect, that I ever sang any bad songs, indeed I have been so long out of the habit of song-singing, that I do not remember what songs I have sung. I do not, however, admit, that if these charges could be substantiated, they ought to criminate me. It cannot be a crime to labour; "*Six days shalt thou labour.*" The apostle Paul laboured with his own hands. Many of you are married men; many of you have children; many, in pursuit of business, quit for a season both wives and children; and if I had relinquished the stage for the life of a Religionist, it should be considered as a testimony in my favour. With regard to song-singing, while music makes a part, even of divine worship, a sentimental song could not be supposed detrimental to the interests of morality. I requested to know, if there were any other charges; and was answered with a murmur of applause, "NONE, SIR, NONE." The tide now turned in my favour, and the people were astonished, that they had annexed the smallest consequence to those reports.

I had now in Newport a very respectable circle of friends, and the occurrence, thus briefly recorded, augmented their affectionate attentions. As a testimony how little they regarded it, they made a party to go out in a number of carriages, and pass the day upon the island; and most delightfully did we enjoy ourselves. We left town in the midst of the tumult; but those, who were present at the examination, mingling with their fellow citizens, gave them an account of what had passed, and it was generally considered, as a plan to bar their pulpit against me; this irritated them, and they determined it should not succeed. They dispatched a message to me; I could not be found. I returned in the evening, and received, by the sexton of Doctor S——'s meeting, an address, signed by a

large number of influential characters, earnestly requesting I would, upon that evening, deliver a lecture. I consented; the bell announced my consent; the congregation assembled, and the house was very full. I selected my subject from Isaiah, "*Who hath believed our report.*" I was divinely supported; my heart was very full; gratitude glowed in my bosom, gratitude to that Being, who had upon this, as well as upon many former occasions, so conspicuously appeared for me.

Among other valuable acquisitions, which crowned my labours in Newport, was the friendship of Mr. afterwards General Varnum, who gave me upon the succeeding morning, a letter to Mr. N. Brown, of Providence, for which place I departed. Mr. Brown received me with much civility, and distinguished me by many acts of kindness. The Rev. Mr. Snow's meeting-house was thrown open; the congregations in Providence were large, I acquired many respectable friends, and my visit was truly pleasing. I contemplated extending my tour as far as Boston, but the season being far advanced, I postponed my purpose, and hastened back to my pleasant home. Visiting my friends upon the road, I did not reach the dwelling of my patron, until the winter was at the door. This enduring friend began to fear he should eventually lose me; and in truth the pressing calls, made upon me, allowed me but little leisure to tarry with him. In the course of this winter, I made many visits; but my little stock of money was nearly exhausted. Had I consented to the mode of collecting, then in practice, such was the zeal of my hearers, that I might have amassed large sums; but I had no family, I did not want money, I believed I should be less obnoxious as a preacher, if I levied no taxes upon the people; and I was ambitious of being able to ask, Whose ox, or whose ass have I *taken?* Still, as I proceeded, the rancour of the clergy

pursued me; this pained me to the soul, and I have passed many agonized hours, originating from this inveterate source. I, however, veiled those scenes of sorrow from the eye of the many; in fact, when engaged in conversation, I so unreservedly enjoyed my friends, that I ceased, for the time being, to reflect upon my enemies or their enmity. I never left home, without increasing both the number of my friends and my enemies; and they were, individually and collectively, very much in earnest, while every attempt to oppose the progress of truth became, in the hand of God, subservient to the purpose of opening the eyes of the people.

I think it was in the January of 1773, that a most importunate solicitation drew me to Philadelphia; and, having frequently visited that city, I had many opportunities with strangers, collected there. Many bore with them to their respective homes, such an account of my doctrine and my manner, as excited much curiosity. I was repeatedly and earnestly urged to proceed to Maryland; an eminent physician, by repeated letters, reiterated his solicitations. A sense of duty imperiously insisted, upon my accepting every invitation of the kind, to the extent of my power, and I consequently determined upon an immediate commencement of my journey to Maryland; accordingly my horse was produced at the door, when it occurred to me, that I had no money. Well, and what then? said I. "You will not think of a journey in such circumstances?" said cold-hearted Prudence. I certainly will. "But how are you to get through a strange country, in which you have no acquaintance?" For shame, is this a time for these remarks? Do you not know, that God Almighty can, at all times, and in every place, open the heart; and that, if He be disposed to do any thing with me, or by me, he will most assuredly bring me on my way? "But had you not better let your friends in this *city know your* circumstances? They will unques-

tionably make provision for you." But this would be leaning upon an arm of flesh; it would be making provision for myself. "What will you do at the first stage; you will not be able to purchase any thing, either for yourself, or your horse." If I meet with no support, I will return immediately; by this I shall know, if it be the will of God I should proceed. "And will you really go on in this way?" Most assuredly; and I was on the point of mounting my horse, when a gentleman crossed the street. "Are you going out of town, sir?" Yes, sir. "How far, pray, and which way?" To Maryland, sir, to visit a place, which, as I am told, is eighty miles from this city. "Are you going alone, sir?" I am, sir. "I wish I had known of your determination one hour since, I would certainly have accompanied you part of the way." Well sir, you can do that now; if you please, I will wait an hour. "Will you? then I will get ready as soon as possible." The gentleman was punctual; in less than an hour he was on horseback; and we commenced our journey together. We passed on to Chester, delighted with our ride, and dined luxuriantly, at one of the best inns in the country. Here I expected my fellow traveller would quit me; and prudence again questioned: "Will you not either return, or make known your situation?" I will do neither; I will trust in the Lord, and stay upon the God of my salvation. Our horses were ordered out, again we proceeded *together*, and our conversation was interesting, animated, delightful. In the middle of the afternoon, we made a second stage; here, said my companion, I had determined to leave you, but I find I am not able, I must proceed. We went on until evening, when we put up at the house of a friend of my fellow traveller, in Newark. This town contained an academy, in the hall of which I afterwards preached. We spent the night most agreeably, and although I expected to pursue the residue of my journey alone, my slumbers were unbroken through the *night*, and I arose happy in the thought, that I was enabled to cast my care upon God.

Here my friend, after commending me to the protection of Heaven, bade me adieu. I tarried until breakfast was over, when I requested my horse; it was brought to the door. I took the bridle in my hand. Prudence again was ready with her expostulations: "Well, and what are you to do now? you have been thus far brought on by an obliging friend; you have fifty miles more to ride, through a country, not an individual in which you have ever seen, and you have not a *penny in your pocket.*" Again, I say, am I not here, as in Philadelphia, under the care of of that beneficent Being, who holds the universe in His hand? I will go on. Just as I raised my foot to the stirrup, the master of the house appeared. "One word, sir, if you please, step in for a moment." I once more entered the hospitable dwelling. "You will, I hope, excuse me, sir; but, ever since I left my bed this morning, I have been strongly excited to do, what however I am afraid to mention, and what I had concluded I would not venture to do. But when I saw you in the act of mounting your horse, I could no longer withstand an irresistible impression, which impels me to ask your acceptance of this trifle:"—putting into my hands abundantly sufficient to bring me to the end of my journey. "You may not want this, sir; but you may meet with some individual, who does." Could my spirit, at this moment, forbear ecstatic prostration before the throne of my God, my Father? This was manifestly another instance of the interposition of my Divine Master. It was He, who has the hearts of all in His hand, that had thus disposed the heart of this man. I could not forbear felicitating him on being appointed to distribute. I communicated to him my real circumstances, while tears of pleasure gushed into his eyes. He would then have made an addition to the gratuity; but this I resolutely refused: I had enough for my present purpose, and more than enough would have been burdensome. I went on from this place, with inexpressible delight, my soul warmly disposed to mag-

nify the Lord, and to trust him at all times, not being afraid. My faith, by these manifestations thus invigorated and renewed, I rejoiced in the good pleasure of my God; my way was made clear before me, and I nothing doubted, that my journey would be crowned with success. This day was indeed a happy day, I shall certainly never, so long as memory shall continue its office, recur to it without the most pleasurable emotions.

Upon the evening of this memorable day, I arrived at the end of my journey, and I was received by the physician, whose letter of earnest solicitation had brought me thus far, with many demonstrations of joy. I was, however, greatly surprised, to find a person, who I understood was master of a large fortune, plain, if not penurious, both in his house, furniture, and apparel; but, if I was disappointed by the appearance of the man and his dwelling, I was abundantly more so, by his conversation, from which I learned, that he had been imposed upon by the accounts he had received of me; he had been made to believe I was, for matter and manner, a second Whitefield. My heart sunk, as I reflected what I had to expect, from a gentleman thus circumstanced. I beheld before me a *self-righteous* Calvinist; and I believed, when he discovered (as I was determined he immediately should) the amount of my testimony, he would sincerely repent, that he had summoned me to his abode, and that I should, in consequence, have much to suffer. The house afforded no spare bed, and, of course, I lodged, I cannot say slept, with my host. The whole night was devoted to conversation, and I embraced the first pause to inform him, that I once viewed the Deity, and the creature man, precisely as they now appeared to him; but that a complete revolution had been wrought in my mind. Sir, I once believed the *faithful Creator* had called into existence by far the greatest number of human beings, with no other intention, than to consign them to endless misery, rescuing only a few *respected persons*,

from a state of sin and suffering. You will, my dear sir, probably regret that you have invited me hither, when I inform you, that the Christ, in whom I trust, and the gospel, which I preach, is not the Christ, of whom you expected to hear, nor the gospel, you supposed I should preach. The Christ, in whom I formerly confided, was a *partial* Saviour; but the Christ, in whom I now trust, is the Saviour of the world. The gospel, you have been accustomed to hear, and which you expected I should preach, is a *partial* gospel, conveying the glad tidings of eternal life in Christ Jesus, only to an *elected few*. The gospel, I preach, is *glad tidings* to every individual of the human race; assuring them that, in Christ, the promised seed, all the nations, all the families of the earth shall be blessed. I fear, sir, that, not being accustomed to the ministry of the reconciliation, committed to the apostles, to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto them *their* trespasses; that, when all mankind like sheep had gone astray, the Lord, the offended God, laid upon Jesus the iniquities of us all, that he might put them away by the sacrifice of himself, that they might thus, as a mill-stone, be cast into the depths of the sea, and be found no more at all; that Jesus, thus performing the will of God, the world may ultimately behold him in his true character, as the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world; thus becoming the Saviour of all men,—not *in*, but *from* their sins. I fear, my good sir, that when you hear me thus preaching the gospel, which God himself preached to Abraham, and which he testified by the mouth of all his holy prophets ever since the world began, your disappointment will be grievous. I know, sir, you have not been accustomed to hear of Universal Love, of boundless compassion; and these sounds may make you as angry, as they have made many of our brethren in every age. Here I made a full pause, continuing for a few moments in painful suspense. I was, how-

ever, soon relieved. "No, sir, you have nothing to fear from me; for although the things, of which you speak, have never entered into my head or heart, yet, give me leave to assure you, it will never give me pain to know, that God's ways are not as my ways, nor his thoughts as my thoughts. My mind is so far from revolting at the tidings you bear, that nothing would give me more unutterable joy, than to be assured of their truth." Thus was my mind exonerated from a weight of dread apprehension. I asked him, what assurance he could either wish for, or expect? "Nothing more than a 'Thus saith the Lord.'" I continued through the residue of the night, preaching the gospel, according to the scriptures; and it pleased Almighty God so to furnish my mind with testimonies, drawn from the sacred volume, that I went on from Genesis to Revelations, until the morning dawned upon us. But a brighter morning dawned upon the long-benighted mind of my wondering hearer; he exhibited what he said he experienced, rapture before unknown. He was, indeed, as one, brought out of darkness, into marvellous light, and from the power of satan, unto God. I never before saw so great a change, wrought in so short a time. He gave me a sketch of his life, which had been employed in seeking to accumulate riches, and righteousness. The former he had gained, but the latter he had not; and he was constrained to confess, that if the wealth, he had taken such unwearied pains to obtain, and to keep, were no better in the sight of man, than his righteousness was in his own estimation, and in the estimation of his God, he had been all his life labouring in vain, and spending his strength for naught. By commerce and the practice of physic, the Doctor had acquired a fortune of forty thousand pound sterling; yet from the appearance of the man, we should have concluded his resources extremely

limited. His offsping were only one son, and one daughter; his wife was no more; his son a prodigal; his daughter a married woman, in eligible circumstances, and of a most amiable character. The Doctor was far advanced in life, and although he had been uniformly employed in *getting* and *hiding* money, yet he was so religious a man, as to part with four hundred pounds sterling toward building a meeting-house; and he was greatly mortified, at not being able to obtain permission for me to preach therein, though he went so far, as to assure those who had the care of the house that he would put it in complete repair if he might be indulged with the pleasure of hearing who he pleased in the pulpit, when it was not otherwise occupied. But the Presbytery had given orders, that no person should be admitted, into any of their meetings, without a letter of licence, first had and obtained from that body. "So," said the Doctor, "let God send by whom He will send, the sent of God, can obtain no admission; but those, whom the Presbytery think proper to send, must be admitted every where! Is not this rank *priestcraft?*" But although the doors every house of worship, in that neighbourhood, were shut against us, many private houses were devoted to us, and the Doctor was indefatigable in striving to spread abroad the savour of the Redeemer's name. His soul was so highly wrought, by the discoveries he had made, that he most ardently desired to make all men acquainted with the grace, in which they stood.

The Doctor was a man of uncommon abilities; his mind was highly cultivated; I never new a finer speaker. He was well acquainted with the religion of the world, and, possessing a happy facility of manifesting his knowledge, when it pleased God, to show him his salvation,—when he had power given him to believe with his heart the word of God, which giveth life unto

all men,--from the abundance of his believing heart, his mouth became full of the praises of his God; and wherever he went, so often as opportunity offered, he delighted to magnify the name of the Redeemer; spreading far, and wide, to the utmost of his abilities, the truth as it is in Jesus, the glad tidings of the gosple. Every body, who knew the man, was astonished; for, strange to tell, he became liberal; liberal of that, with which he had heretofore found it so difficult to part; he could part with his mony; and, among numerous instances of his generosity, I myself was an example. He saw my vestments were rather worn, they could not last always, and he ordered me a complete suit of superfine broadcloth. I looked at the Doctor, at his garments much worse than mine. I am really astonished, said I. "Not more than I am myself, sir. I have for a whole year been perfectly aware, that I wanted raiment, yet I could not find it in my heart to purchase even those articles of which I stood in most need; but, sir, I do indeed behold my former self with detestation. I continued with the Doctor for several weeks; he accompanied me from place to place, enjoying abundantly more, than the world could give, or take away; and his numerous connexions were partakers of his felicity. For myself I had rich opportunities of preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and my pleasures were proportioned to the satisfaction, which I was instrumental in communicating. But it became necessary I should return to Philadelphia, and the Doctor was exceedingly affected; yet, previous to my final departure, I had engaged to preach at an Episcopalian church, at some distance, where it was believed a large concourse of people would be assembled. But on Saturday evening, the wind being north-west, brought on so severe a frost, that the ensuing day, Sunday, February 14th, 1773, was by far the coldest day

I had ever experienced. I was however determined to keep my appointment, and I rode six miles on horseback, accompanied by a gentleman, who had conceived for me the strongest affection, and we derived so much pleasure, from the divine subjects, which engaged our attention, that we hardly adverted either to the severity of the day, or the distance; and my fellow traveller, in the fulness of his heart, declared, did it depend upon him, we would ride on till the close of time, and then leap into eternity together. The cold, however, was sufficiently piercing to compel us to assemble in the school-house, instead of the church, where a large chimney, and a blazing hearth, hardly kept us from freezing; yet was my own heart, and the hearts of many of my hearers, warmed by that fire of divine love, enkindled by the word, and spirit of our God; which spirit graciously vouchsafed to take of the things of Jesus, and show them unto us, giving us not only peace, but joy, unspeakable joy, in believing. I proposed departing for Philadelphia, on the following Monday; but the Doctor, and his friends, prevailed upon me to tarry a day or two longer, in which time he labored hard to persuade me to continue with him. "Only," said he, "consent to abide here, and I will very cheerfully build for you as handsome a church, as any in the country, and it shall be your own. I will devote ten, of the forty thousand pounds, which I possess, to this purpose. I thanked him, most cordially, for his flattering offer; but added, that the tender of his whole estate would be no temptation to me to accept a permanent residence. My mind was, at that time, solemnly impressed by a conviction, that I was sent out to preach the gospel; and that, as the servant of God, I must neither loiter by the way, nor seek to evade the spirit of my commission. An imposing sense of duty compelled me to say, that, so long as I was

able I would submit to the will of my Master. Upon the night previous to my departure, we had but little sleep. We expatiated with pleasing wonder upon the mysterious ways of heaven, and we poured out our souls in prayer to that God, who, having brought us together, had caused us to drink into one spirit. The morning came, when after commending ourselves to God, and to the word of his grace, I was on the point of departing, in the same manner I had left Philadelphia, yet, without even the vestige of apprehension. But the Doctor, taking me by the hand, essayed to articulate; but was necessitated to pause for self-possession, when he said; "God forever bless you, and be with you; and wherever you go, make your way plain before you; and, if we never meet again in this world, (for I am an old man you know) I rejoice in the assurance, that we shall meet in the presence of God our Saviour, and spend an eternity together." He then put into my hand gold sufficient, abundantly sufficient, to bear my expenses even to the dwelling of my patron. "You may want this upon the road," said he, "take it as a memento of friendship." I am, my dear sir, amazed at your liberality. "I also am amazed—it is the Lord's doings, and truly, it is marvellous in my eyes." Thus closed my visit to my worthy friend, after I had promised, that, if it should so please God, I would cheerfully visit him again.

On my return, being earnestly solicited, I preached in the hall of the academy at Newark; and I once more reposed under the roof of that hospitable man, who was made the instrument of administering to my necessities, on my way. At Wilmington too, I delivered my message; and elevated by an excursion, which had been so greatly blessed. I returned to Philadelphia in perfect health, and high spirits. During the residue of *the spring*, the whole of the succeeding summer, and a

part of the autumn, until October 1773, my time was divided between Pennsylvania, the Jersies, and New-York. My friends were to be found among every class of people, from the highest to the most humble, and almost every day increased the number, both of my friends, and enemies. The clergy continued a phalanx of opposition. One good man stumbled upon a most ingenious device. A Mr. Still, a Baptist priest, wrote a most elaborate letter, in which he charged me with many crimes, assuming as facts, those *reported crimes*, which my soul abhorred. This letter he read in every company, in which he mixed; sent copies of it to New-England, and various other parts of the country; giving those, to whom he made his communications, to understand, that he had forwarded this letter to me, although *I never saw it*, and was indebted for an account of its contents, to some worthy individuals, who were among the number of those, to whom it was read. Thus did this man industriously essay to prejudice the minds of the people, trusting that their hatred of me, and my testimony, would, if possible, be commensurate with his own; and thus, at his righteous tribunal, I was tried, and condemned, and, as far as he could prevail, executed, without being suffered to plead in my own defence, or even furnished with a copy of the allegations against me. Had I not reason to supplicate: Grant me, O my God! patient resignation, and the divine light of thy countenance. Yet the character, priest, and adversary, did not always prove synonimous: A clergyman, upon a memorable evening, entered a house of public worship, in which I was promulgating *The Truth as it is in Jesus*. He presented himself with a determination to oppose me; but, quitting the church, and entering my lodgings, he folded me in his arms, exclaiming (while his eye glistened with pleasure,) "If this be heresy, may I so worship the God of my fathers, during the residue of my days."

Nor was this a solitary instance; Mr. Duchee, minister of the established church of Philadelphia, Mr. Tretard, of New-Rochelle, Mr. Gano, of New-York, Mr. Tyler, Episcopalian Minister of Norwich, were among the number of those, who, if they were not fully with me in sentiment, have uniformly discharged toward me the duty of Christian friends. My opportunities of observing uncommon characters were multiplied. I regret, that the limits, I have prescribed to myself, will not permit me to dwell upon the life and virtues of Thomas Say, of Philadelphia; a man, who, it may be said, re-visited this world, after being privileged with more than a bird's-eye view of another. Anthony Benezet might also claim many pages. Christopher Marshall; the celebrated Mrs. Wright, and her uncommon family; many shades of departed friends flit before me, but I must hasten from the now-beatified group, and pursue the sometimes rugged path, over which the journey of life hath conducted me.

Upon the 10th of October, 1773, I embarked on board the Hum-Bird, Captain Lawton, for Newport, which place we reached at early breakfast, and where I was received in a manner comporting with my most sanguine wishes. Belcher, Warner, Otis, Newton, Wright, Wanton, Waterhouse, Ellery, &c. &c. these all received me with open arms; but having reason to believe, much confusion would result, from an attempt to open the doors of the meeting-house, in which Dr. S——— officiated, I sent the Doctor an assurance, that I would no more enter his pulpit. The Governor granted the state-house to the solicitations of my friends, and became himself one of my audience. I preached also in the meeting-house of Mr. Kelly, and at the prison. The congregations were crowded, and attentive. Newport contains a synagogue, and the many Jews, collected there, pressed to hear. Mr. Lopez, an opu*lent gentle*man among the Jews, celebrated as well for

humanity, as for mercantile knowledge, met me at the door of the state-house, and, pressing my hand, said: "God Almighty be with you, sir, and bless and preserve you wherever you go, giving you good success always." He would have added; but his overflowing heart evidently denied him utterance. The Jews were generally pleased. They declared, they had never before heard so much in favour of Christianity. Poor hearts! they would see the things, which belong to their peace, if the appointed time of the Father were come; in this their day they are hidden from their eyes; but the day of the Lord cometh, when whatever is hidden shall be revealed.

I was solicited to take up my abode at Newport, and assured, if I would so do, a place of public worship should be erected for my accommodation. These good people learned, that I had been necessitated to part with my horse, for the purpose of defraying the expenses, attendant upon re-printing specimens of apostolic preaching, selected from the writings of Mr. Relly; and they insisted upon purchasing me another. Nor was this all; they helped me on my way, contributing abundantly, by *private gratuities*, to the relief of my necessities. Mr. Ward, secretary to the then province of Rhode-Island, with many others, were, upon this my second visit, added to the number of my friends. A member of Dr. S——'s church informed me, it was affirmed, I had absolutely said, all men *should be saved*. I assured him, I had never said, all men *should be* saved; I had said, Jesus *was* and *is* the Saviour of all men; and that, in the fulness of time, he would *gather together all things into* ONE,—bringing in his antient people, the Jews, and with them the fulness of the Gentiles,—causing all flesh to come and worship before him,—and making of Jew and Gentile ONE new man, so making peace; and that all the kingdoms of the world should become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. I publicly invited any individual in Newport, who had aught to say against the testimony I delivered,

to meet me in an open manner, the bible in his hand; and if the arguments he should produce were more consistent with the sacred writings, I would upon the spot, in the most unreserved manner, acknowledge and renounce my errors.

Quitting Newport, I took passage for East-Greenwich. A fellow passenger told me, he had been informed I had said: Our sins were laid upon the Devil; and that there was nothing for us to do; and he wished to know, if I believed either the one or the other? Certainly not, I replied; it was not the *Devil*, but the *Redeemer, on whom the Lord laid the iniquities of us all.* I assured him, we had many things in our various characters to perform, to which it was our bounden duty to attend; and that those, who continued in offences, would be experimentally able to say, "Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard;" for, assuredly, they would be chastised with many stripes. My appearance at East-Greenwich was welcomed by Mr. Varnum, and others. Several gentlemen, whom I had not before known, called upon me at Mr. Varnum's; among these was Dr. Hawkins, who questioned me, and appeared satisfied with my answers; he introduced me to his friends, Mr. Green, &c. &c. I preached, in the court-house, to a crowded audience. The superior court was then in session; the judges and the lawyers were among my hearers. I was labouring under great indisposition, but God was with me. Esquire Casey took me to his house, where I was met by Judge Potter for the purpose of conversation. He said, he had never been pleased with pulpit exhibitions, because they were so replete with contradictions, and he was determined to sift me thoroughly. We passed the night together; he performed what he had proposed, with candour, and appeared satisfied with the result. At parting, he earnestly wished me success, and prayed that I might be preserved from the power of the priest, and *the flatterer.* This gentleman continued to evince great

affection for me; he seemed to understand and feel the power of the gospel;—I had not seen his superior. At this period, I was desirous of extending my tour as far as Boston: but, notwithstanding the repeated manifestations of divine protection, with which I had been favoured, a reluctance to venturing on untried scenes was gradually pervading my spirit, and I was again ready to ask, What am I to do in Boston? Yet I added: O! my unbelieving heart, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death? *Blessed be God, who is faithful.* Passing an hour at Mrs. Green's, I was introduced to a lady from Boston, a Mrs. Hubbard; she questioned me upon the doctrine of reprobation, particularly that passage, which expressly asserts, "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." My answers were so much to her satisfaction, that she gave me a pressing invitation to her house in Boston; and as I contemplated a journey thither, she prayed me to take a letter to Mr. Hubbard, and to make his dwelling my abode, during my continuance in the metropolis of Massachusetts. From East-Greenwich I proceeded to Pawtuxet, delivering my message in their house of worship; and from thence I repaired to Providence, where I was received by those, who had before bade me welcome, with continued kindness. Immediately on my arrival, a summons to pass the evening with the Rev. Mr. Snow was presented me; I delayed not to attend him, and I was accompanied by Mr. Binney, a young gentleman of great promise. Mr. Snow's parlour was nearly filled by the members of his church and congregation. A long and solemn pause succeeded the usual ceremonies of introduction; Mr. Snow at length broke silence by observing:—"We are, sir, perfectly aware, that by far the greater part of the town are anxious to hear you; and, as our house is the most convenient, we presume application will be made for its use. But, since you were last here, a few of our members have heard strange reports respecting you: (viz.) That you believe

all mankind will finally be saved; and that the new birth is not *in us, but in Christ.* I have, therefore, thought proper to call together several of my church, that they may have an opportunity of speaking to you, and determining whether they think proper to open their doors. Do you, sir, believe that all mankind will be saved?" *I believe, Jesus Christ is the Saviour of all men; that, by the grace of God, he tasted death for every man; that he is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world; and that God was, in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses.* "Well, and do you believe, that all are saved?" Not as unbelievers; they, who believe not, are damned. "How then are they interested in Jesus?" Precisely as they were in the first Adam. "But all are not interested in Jesus, as they were in the first Adam." How then doth it appear, *that as, by the offence of one man, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men to justification of life?* "And do *you*, sir, believe that, in consequence of this, all will be finally happy?" Do you, sir, believe all who learn of the Father will be happy? "O yes." And do you believe all will be taught of God, and come to Jesus, and be saved? "No, indeed." Do ministers in general believe this? "No, we know they do not." Why then do they pray for it? Do they not pray, that God would hasten the happy time, when he shall bring in his antient people, the Jews, and with them the fulness of the Gentiles; that all the kingdoms of the world may become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ; that they may all be taught of God from the least unto the greatest? For this, and much more, clergymen repeatedly pray: and can we suppose they are dealing hypocritically with their God? are they such monsters of impiety, as to solicit, for what, they believe the

Almighty had determined, before the foundation of the world, he would never grant? A profound pause succeeded; after which, I was asked: "Do you, sir, believe the New Birth is in us, or in Christ?" *He, who is born of God, sinneth not.* But if *we* say, we have *no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. He, who is born of God, is a new creature; all old things are passed away, and all things are become new: a good man, out of the good treasury of his heart, bringeth not forth good and evil, but good, only good.* I conceive, therefore, that to be born again, or, as it may be rendered, to be born anew, or born from above, alludes to the birth of the human family in the person of Christ Jesus, we being members of his body. Hence the sacred record decidedly pronounces: *Created anew in Christ Jesus.* "Well, that is scripture, to be sure." Are we Christ Jesus? "No certainly." Then, can being *created anew, in Christ Jesus,* be understood as being *created anew in ourselves?* A part of the company discovered great bitterness; others were more calm. I requested them to observe, that, if they reported me as a heretic, they must remember they smote me through Paul's skirts, for I had delivered no sentiments of my own fabrication; I had merely rehearsed in their ears the unadulterated language of revelation: I therefore begged, I might be honestly reported. One gentleman declared, that, whether I deemed it honest, or not, he should report me as a heretic. I then insisted, he should declare, what heresy was. He said, I was against the gospel. I requested, he would say, what gospel was? He replied, it was whatever was found in the new testament. I appealed to the company, whether this was either fair, or true? whether there were not many particulars in the new testament, which were not gospel?

and whether the gospel was not preached to Abraham? or whether the gospel was not God's good sayings, or glad tidings to all people? Whether I had said any thing contrary to this, or proposed any way of salvation, beside Christ Jesus? or whether I had privily strove to bring in such a damnable doctrine, as to deny the Lord who bought them? They were all dumb. At length Mr. Snow said: "Well, my friends, you know the reason of my calling you together, and you can now determine respecting Mr. Murray's again entering our pulpit. I would have you freely deliver your sentiments." One said, the people wished to hear, and there was no house so convenient as theirs; he could see no reason why I should not preach. Another objected. His conscience would not allow him to consent. A third remarked, the people would go to hear me, preach where I would? suppose I was wrong, I could not contaminate the house; for his part, he did not see that I had said any thing, which had been proved erroneous; that he most devoutly blessed God he had been present, for he had received more light, than he had ever before enjoyed; and many united their acknowledgements with his. I assured them, it was my solemn determination to preach nothing but Christ Jesus, and him crucified for every human being. Finally, they determined to open their doors for my reception: and thus, by permission of minister, and people, I again and again addressed a vast multitude from the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Snow, of Providence, and my hearers appeared serious and attentive.

During my continuance in Providence, I became acquainted with Doctor Huse of that place, a very uncommon man, and, as it appeared to me, of a very luminous intellect. Bidding me God speed, he added: "Sir, I rejoice, that you dare be honest; how long you will *continue* so, I know not. At present, you are boldly

facing danger, and without fear. Continue, I beseech you, to declare unmixed truth, although all men should be against you." On the 26th of October, 1773, I took a seat in the stage for Boston. Late upon the evening of that day, we reached town. I had a letter from Mrs. Hubbard, and another for a gentleman, a major Paddock: but I was unwilling to disturb strangers at an hour so improper for a first introduction, and the old question recurred: "What are you to do now?" The passengers, one after another, were dropped; I remained alone in the coach, and the coachman civilly questioned: "Where will you be set down, sir?" Can you recommend to me, a decent tavern? While he deliberated, a son of Mrs. Hubbard accosted him: "Is Mr. Murray in the coach?" "Yes, sir." He approached the door. "My mother, sir, has written to my father respecting you, and we have been looking out for you with great impatience." All was immediately settled; and thus was I met in Boston, by the good providence of God, while my throbbing heart exclaimed: To the Lord belongeth mercy; and praise and thanksgiving, are his righteous due.

By Mr. Hubbard I was receieved with great kindness, he was an innocent, honest man, and his family were truly friendly. Upon the ensuing morning I delivered my letter to Major Paddock, whose reception of me was such, as a stranger ought to expect, *coolly civil;* he, however, introduced me to Mr. Williams, a respectable, philanthropic gentleman, strongly attached to the writings of Jacob Bhemen. To Mr. Williams I have most gratefully to acknowledge a series of important, and essential obligations. Measures were soon in train for the purpose of procuring a place, in which I might be allowed to deliver my testimony; but every effort was ineffectual, until the following Saturday, October 30th. In this interval, I received from Mr.

Thomas Handasyde Peck, a polite invitation to dine. Mr. Peck was a very respectable man, and his lady a most valuable woman ;* they were unwearied in contributing, to the utmost of their abilities, to the relief of the sons and daughters of sorrow. Ranking among the admirers of Mr. Whitefield, they possessed eminently the characteristic of his adherents,—they were abundantly less bigoted than other Religionists. In the agreeable family of Mr. Peck, I passed a most delightful day ; I related to them the manner of my coming to the house of my patron, and I sketched for them the dealings of God with me, since he had called me forth. They listened with silent astonishment; and when I had finished, they praised God in my behalf. They were evidently pained, that I could not obtain a place in which to preach ; and they added, if no other could be procured, they would open their own doors for this purpose. There were in Boston at this period a few individuals, who were immeasurably attached to the writings of Jacob Bhemen. Those persons looked down with pity on all those they had left behind, who were such infidels, as not to ascribe honour and glory to the inspired pages of this writer. I could not forbear experiencing great satisfaction from the consideration, that Jesus Christ was *made unto me wisdom*. The adherents of Bhemen enjoyed their philosophical divinity very highly, delighting to wrap themselves about in a mysterious garment of unintelligible jargon. But thus it must ever be. Error will prevail, until the

* Many of the descendants of this exemplary couple are among the most opulent dwellers in this town. It is reported, that they are marching forward in the luminous path of their excellent ancestors; that they uniformly extend to the children of adversity a munificent and extricating hand; and, although their voices did not gladden the sick chamber of the preacher, yet he rejoiced in their prosperity, and in that large portion of benevolence, ascribed to them by the echoing tongue of fame. *Editor.*

appointed time of the Father shall usher the benighted mind into the clear shining of the full meridian of Divine Revelation.

At the house of Major Paddock I met a member of Mr. Stillman's church, who seemed to conceive there would be little difficulty in overthrowing my plan; to whom I observed, that if any individual would unite with me in searching the scriptures, I would, supposing there were not found in the book of God more positive assertions of final, and universal Redemption, than of final Reprobation, pledge myself immediately to surrender my present soul-satisfying views. "No one," he replied, "could take pleasure in the destruction of mankind." Why, do not you, sir? "No, sir." Why, sir? "I wonder you should ask such a question." Why, sir, why should you not take pleasure in that in which God takes pleasure? "God does not take pleasure in destruction, sir." What, sir, and make individuals on purpose to destroy them? and Almighty too—Ruling in heaven above, and in earth beneath, as seemeth in his sight good? Do you dare say, if you had power, no fellow creature should be lost; and dare you suppose, that He, who hath all power, both in heaven and in earth, hath not so much love as you, a finite being? Will He say to you, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those, who despitefully use you,—and will He not do likewise? shall the disciple be above his Master, and the servant above his Lord? He answered with a sigh: "I cannot argue with you, sir, that last observation has weight." Ah, sir! I continued, would that every individual were more intimately acquainted with that most elevating subject, the love of God to man, the never-beginning, never-ending love of God to man. This, sir, is a species of knowledge, which doth not puff up; but it lifts up, as on eagle's wings, ever mount-

ing, never tiring, but still discovering, new wonders, through the wasteless ages of eternity. But man, poor, fallen man, who in his present state is enmity against God, is ever measuring the love and compassion of Deity, by his own scanty rule. Nay, by a rule, which he would blush to acknowledge. I have frequently said, that there is not a person of character upon this continent, who would bear to be delineated, whatever character he sustains, as he thinks and speaks of the Most High. What father would choose to be supposed deficient in providing, to the extent of his power, every requisite aid for the beings he has been instrumental in introducing into existence? It is confessed by all, that God is Almighty; that he is a sovering; that he can do and will do, as he pleases; and that no power can resist his will. It is also said, That he willeth not the death, the eternal death, of the sinner; that he willeth, that man should be saved; that he hath appointed, and therefore sends out his servants to warn mankind, to call them to eternal blessedness, to persuade them to come, that all things are now ready. All this looks like love in God. But we are informed, the people, called, have no knowledge of God; that they are enmity against God, and that, *not* from a persuasion that God was, in Christ, reconciling them to himself, but because they do not know this, and therefore do not believe it; that no man can come unto the Father, but by Jesus; that no man can come unto Jesus, except the Father draw him; and that all, who learn of the Father, come unto Jesus; and all, who come unto him, he will in no wise cast out. Are multitudes cast out forever? Then it is because they were not taught of God; for if they had learned of the Father, they would have come unto Jesus, and he would in no wise have cast them out. But did God attempt *to teach* them, and, finding it beyond his power, did he

finally give them up? But is not God almighty? Yes, but he did not choose to stretch forth his Omnipotent arm. Why? Because if he had, they must be saved, and he would leave them to the freedom of their own will. Did he not know the consequence would be their eternal damnation? O yes; but this is perfectly right; for, when he called, they would not hear. Did he intend they should hear? We have nothing to do with that. Merciful God! lift up the light of thy irradiating countenance upon the benighted family of man.

Upon the evening of October 30th, 1773, I preached for the first time in Boston, in the hall of the Factory. My hearers were attentive, and, after I had closed, several individuals addressed me, and with apparent kindness invited me to visit them at their houses. On the succeeding evening, (Sunday,) I again preached at the hall; the congregation was too large for the place. My subject was Zechariah ix. 9. The people were more affectionate, than the preceding evening; many solicited me to tarry, and assured me, that a better place should be provided for my accommodation. On Monday evening, Nov. 1st, I preached to a select number at Mr. Peck's, who seemed to have the power of God among them. In consequence of pressing solicitations from this gentleman, I took up my lodging in his hospitable mansion; thus goodness and mercy continually followed me. From my beloved friend Binney, I received repeated and affectionate letters, and I trusted this young gentleman would become an able advocate for the Redeemer.

A Mr. Little, of Newburyport, united his earnest solicitations with a number of gentlemen, who importunately urged me to visit that place. I dared not refuse; and, parting with my affectionate friends in Boston, I accompanied Mr. Little and others in the

stage for Newburyport. On our arrival, inquiries were made at the coach-side, if I were there; and on being answered in the affirmative, a crowd collected. Mr. Parsons, the Presbyterian minister, a venerable looking gentleman, immediately visited me, and asked me many questions. Where I came from? what clergymen I was acquainted with? and what credentials I could produce? During his inquiries he discovered, as it appeared to me, some uneasiness at the idea of my preaching in his pulpit: I therefore hastened to inform him, that I was no priest, nor approved of by gentlemen of that order; that I professed myself somewhat acquainted with the salvation, wrought out by Jesus Christ, and that, wherever his providence called me, I was willing to speak well of the name of the Redeemer; but, I added, that I had great reluctance in speaking in any place in opposition to the wishes of the officiating minister. Mr. Parsons replied: The house was not his, it was the property of the people, and when it was not occupied, they had an indubitable right to invite who they pleased. Speaking of my call to preach, whether ordinary, or extraordinary, I observed I had both; when he petulently asked: "Pray, can you speak with tongues?" It is possible I may, sir, with tongues that you may not understand. However, your question is as much against you, as against me. Jesus says, among the many signs, that shall follow those who believe, they shall heal the sick by laying hands upon them, and if they take up any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. From these evidences, sir, perhaps it would be as hard for you to prove yourself even a believer, as for me to prove myself a preacher, sent of God.

While we were yet conversing, the bell was rung, and a large congregation assembled, among which Mr. *Parsons* himself attended; and I selected, for my sub-

ject, Isaiah lv. 10, 11. Agreeably to his earnest request, Mr. Little was my host; and upon the ensuing morning, (Saturday,) in consequence of a very polite invitation, I breakfasted with Mr. Parsons, and I was received by him, and his, very cordially; his countenance brightened upon me, and he requested me to preach again in his church on that day: Nor was this all; he walked with me to the pulpit, and sat with me there, while I preached preparatory to the communion, upon John xv. 12. On the ensuing day (Sunday,) by the request of Mr. Marsh, who was indisposed, I preached, both morning and evening, at his church. Several friends visited me at Mr. Little's, and we closed the day with prayer. I was rather surprized to learn, that I lodged, at Mr. Little's, upon the very same bed, in which Mr. Whitefield had reposed; and that I had preached in the pulpit, before which he was entombed. I continued in Newburyport, passing my time most pleasantly, a second Sunday; I preached morning and evening, in the pulpit of Mr. Marsh; I gave frequent lectures there, and in the meeting-house of Mr. Parsons, who always sat in the pulpit with me, and frequently entertained me most hospitably at his house. His lady appeared to merit a rank among the most accomplished of women; she was highly social, sentimental and pleasant. The circle of my friends in Newburyport was very respectable. Upon a lecture evening, after I had closed, an old, grey-headed man, a member of Mr. Parsons' church, quitting his seat, addressed the congregation, and in a loud voice said: "My friends, this is a servant of the living God, who is come from a far country, to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation. We have too long been in darkness; yea, our tongues have cleaved to the roofs of our mouths, and this man is sent to animate and renew our faith." Many blessed God, they had seen and heard me; and all this I imputed to a

want of knowledge, relative to the extent of the glad tidings I promulgated. The Grace, Union, and Membership, upon which I expatiated, were admitted by every Calvinist, but admitted only for the *elect*; and when I repeated those glorious texts of scripture, which indisputably proclaim the redemption of the lost world, as I did not expressly say, My brethren, I receive these texts in the unlimited sense, in which they are given,—they were not apprized, that I did not read them with the same contracted views, to which they had been accustomed. When they became assured of the magnitude and unbounded result, which I ascribed to the birth, life, and death of the Redeemer, their doors were fast closed against me. For myself, I was in unison with Mr. Relly, who supposed the *gradual* dawn of light would *eventually* prove more beneficial to mankind, than the sudden bursting of meridian day. Thus I was contented with proclaiming the truth, as it is in Jesus, in scripture language only,—leaving to my hearers deductions, comments, and applications.

While I continued at Newburyport, numerous solicitations poured upon me, from various quarters; but in haste to return to Philadelphia, I could only comply with the urgent importunities of several gentlemen from Portsmouth, to which place I journeyed on the 10th of November, 1773. I was received at Portsmouth with most flattering marks of kindness. The pulpit of the separate minister, Mr. Drown, then recently deceased, was thrown open to me; the congregations were large; my adherents were truly respectable, and I was earnestly urged to take up my residence among them. The meeting-house of Mr. Drown being too small, I was invited into the pulpit of Dr. L——, in which I preached, two clergymen occupying seats therein. In Portsmouth I received many marks of friendship; my necessities were sought out, and removed; and the names of Clarkson, *Morrison*, Hart, and Drown, son of the deceased minis-

ter, were, on the first visit, among my most partial friends. I returned to Newburyport, accompanied by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Drown, and again delivered my testimony in the pulpits of the Rev. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Marsh. Mr. Parsons requested I would write to him from Philadelphia; and on Wednesday, November 17th, I returned to Boston, where I learned, that a spirit of inquiry was in operation among my friends; that their bibles were in their hands; and that they were diligently employed in searching the scriptures, to find whether these things were indeed so. Upon the evening of the 18th, I preached in the mansion of my venerable friend, Mr. Peck; and I was distinguished by him, and his lady, with even parental kindness: Mrs. Peck entreating me to inform my mother, that I had found, in the new world, a second maternal friend. It was upon this occasion, that I audibly exclaimed: O God! thou hast still continued my God, and my guide; let me not forget to render praises unto Thee.

At the period of which I am speaking, there were in Boston a number of Deists, who attended my labours. Their leader gave me frequent invitations to visit him; he summoned his friends, with whom he united in expressing his abhorrence of the character of the Apostle Paul. To this gentleman I dwelt upon the respectable proofs, by which the authenticity of scripture was supported, and I took leave to observe that he must have received the character of Paul from his enemies; that Paul was indubitably a learned man, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; that he was celebrated as an orator; and that his morals were unimpeached. It was true, he was said to have advocated a most comfortless doctrine,—to have affirmed that a few were elected to everlasting life; while, by the same irreversible decree, countless millions were consigned to remediless and never-ending misery. But, I added, sirs, believe it not; for, verily, the doctrine, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto him-

self, was uniformly proclaimed by our great Apostle. The doctrine of election is questionless to be found in the pages of this evangelical writer; but reprobation is not a necessary consequence of election, nor does it appear in the writings of the Apostle to the Gentiles. A governour is elected by a commonwealth, a council, senators, representatives are elected; but are the people therefore consigned to perdition? Thus I went on, and my little audience with lifted hands exclaimed: "This plan is worthy of a God; and we felicitate you, dear sir, as the ambassador of Deity." The hall of the factory, and the dwelling of my friend being too small for the increasing congregation, Mr. Peck proposed I should publish a lecture in the meeting-house of Mr. C———, of which he was the principal support. I at first declined this proposal; but his repeated and earnest solicitations, produced me in Mr. C———'s pulpit. In the hall of the Factory also, I again delivered my message; and on Friday, November 26th, I preached at Faneuil-Hall: my subject, John viii. 36: "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The principal gentlemen of the town were among my audience, who heard me with great seriousness. After lecture, many took me by the hand, and urging me to return to them speedily, prayed, in the warmest manner, for my success, as a gospel promulgator. This was the last night of my abode in Boston, on my first visit. I passed it at Mr. Peck's, accompanied by some friends, and we devoted it to scriptural investigations. My continuance in Boston was strongly urged; but I was under the necessity of departing, and devotional prayers for my safety, success, and speedy return, were reiterated—SUCH ARE MY CREDENTIALS. I left Boston on Saturday, November 27; reaching Providence upon the evening of that day, where, again and again, I delivered my testimony in the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Snow. Departing thence, on the Tuesday *following*, accompanied by my dear young friend, Mr.

Binney, for East Greenwich, I met some very dear friends, and, as iron sharpeneth iron, so was my countenance brightened, and my spirit soothed and cheered.

From this period, November 30th, until the close of January, 1774, when I reached my lodging-place, at the house of my patron, I moved slowly on, preaching glad tidings in various places, friends and enemies still multiplying. At New-London my opportunities of preaching were repeated, and the number of my treasures proportionably augmented; *Hertell, Whey, Trueman*, these were of the true circumcision, who worshipped God in the spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh; and my orisons were daily offered up to the God of all consolation, that the number of such genuine believers might be increased. I delight to dwell upon the days I have passed in New-London. Deshon, Wheat, Saltonstall, Packwood, Law, Huntington, Champlin, Hubbard, &c. &c. very pleasant have ye been unto me. May the blessing of God descend upon your children's children, to the latest generation.

One capital difficulty, which has encompassed me in my progress through this younger world, has been the extreme reluctance of inquirers to receive their answers in scripture language. Standing alone, I have sought to wrap myself about, or rather to intrench myself in the sacred testimony of my God; and for this I have been accused of prevarication, equivocation, and what not? merely because I have not generally chosen to garb my sentiments in my own words. For example: The interrogator commences with a great many compliments, and then follows: "Do you believe all men will finally be saved?" *I believe, it is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.* "But do *you yourself* believe, that all man-

kind will finally be saved?" *God hath included all in unbelief, that he may have mercy upon all.* "But will *all* be finally saved?" *God hath spoken of the restitution of all things, by the mouth of all his holy prophets, since the world began.* "But still you do not answer my question." Why, sir, for any thing I know, the authors, I have cited, mean, by their words, precisely the same as I do. I adopt their language, because I conceive it expresses my own ideas better than any set of phrases I could press into my service. This mode, however, has rarely given satisfaction. Persons dare not, in an unqualified manner, deny the validity of scripture testimony; they can only assert, it does not *mean as it speaks*, and they earnestly repeat the question: "Do you believe," &c. &c. While my responses are drawn from the sacred streams, flowing in the book of God, from Genesis to Revelations, still they importunately, sometimes clamorously demand: "But do you take those scriptures, as they are spoken?" To which I can only reply: I have no reason to believe, that, by *saying one thing, and meaning another*, men, so upright, have formed a plan to deceive me. An attempt has then been made to prove the texts in question did not, could not, mean as they spake. To which I have answered: Multitudes are on your side; many have laboured to prove God a liar; but I have never yet heard any argument, sufficiently potent, to convince me that He is so.

On the ninth of April, in this year, I received from the church and congregation in Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, worshipping in the separate meeting-house, a solemn, and affectionate call, to take upon me the pastoral charge of that people; but I was not then convinced I ought to accept an establishment in any place. I passed the spring, and the early part of the summer of 1774, in Pensylvania, the Jersies, and New-

York with persons, who had drank into the same spirit with myself; with my revered friend, and father, with the Mounts, and Pangburns of those happy days. Blessed be God, I have indeed enjoyed richly the consolations of friendship. In Philadelphia I was present at the heart-rending trial of some malefactors, which resulted in their receiving sentence of death; and I could not forbear exclaiming: OH, ADAM, WHAT HAST THOU DONE? My bosom swells to rapture, upon the reflection, that I had frequent opportunities of visiting those criminals, and of preaching to them peace, through the fountain opened in the side of the second Adam. The poor creatures seemed much affected. The proclamation of the tender mercies of the Redeemer was more effectual, than all the terrors of Mount Sinai. Departing from New-York, about the 20th of July, I passed, by short stages, through Connecticut and Rhode-Island, visiting my friends in various directions, and deriving inexpressible satisfaction from beholding their order, their zeal, and the magnitude of their faith. On the 16th of August, the governour of Rhode-Island sent me a passage of scripture, soliciting me to take it for my subject: It may be found, Mark xiv. 10. The governour attended, and after I had closed, took my hand with much cordiality, and expressed himself well satisfied, and truly grateful.

September 14th, 1774, I again reached Boston. My friends had long been expecting me, and I was received with demonstrations of heart-felt joy. Through the greatest part of this autumn, I continued preaching in the hall of the factory, in the mansion of my venerable friend, and at Faneuil-Hall. Once I attempted to preach in Masons'-Hall; but the throng, and consequent confusion were so great, that I was necessitated to desist, even after I had worded my text: and finally, the congregations still augmenting, I yielded to the

pressing solicitations of the proprietors of Mr. C——'s meeting-house, and repeatedly delivered my testimony there. On the 31st of October, a gentleman, by the name of Sargent, called upon me from Gloucester, urging me to accompany him to his place of residence. My engagements would not allow my immediate attendance, but I gave my word for an early compliance with his wishes. November 2d, Wednesday evening, I named as the subject of my public lecture, Luke 13th, from the 24th to the 30th. After I had closed, a clergyman, of a respectable appearance, whom I had never before seen, ascended the stairs of the pulpit, and addressed the people to the following effect: "My friends, you have heard a great deal said, (for what purpose I know not,) which is calculated to lead you astray from the true meaning of the text. The passage refers to the general judgment, and to nothing else; and all, that has been said, can only originate wrong ideas of the scriptures; for how can it be, that the Jews should be intended by those, who were shut out? When did the Jews see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God? or how is it possible, that, if they should thus behold them, they could ever be happy? It is not possible, that any person, who dies in a state of unbelief, should ever be happy to all eternity; and therefore, my brethren, I would exhort you to take care you are not led astray by the words of man's wisdom, and the cunning craftiness of men, whereby they lay in wait to deceive. O! it is very dangerous to give heed to such things." Thus the gentleman proceeded, earnestly warning the people, and then paused. Again I arose, saying: Now, this is well; I like this. How infinitely preferable to secret calumny; no bush-fighting here. And, so much am I gratified by this ingenuous manner of dealing with me, that it is with *extreme reluctance* I find it necessary to dissent from him

in opinion. Yet I must beg leave to observe: In the first place, the gentleman must assuredly be wrong, in supposing the passage in question refers to the general and *final* judgment. Do but attend to the concluding verse: There are *last*, which shall be *first*, and *first*, which shall be *last*. Surely, the text would not be thus worded, if the *last* judgment were designed. The parable of the ten virgins illustrates this passage. Then turning to the 11th of Romans, I pointed out some particulars, which are generally passed unnoticed; and when I read, "*for God hath included them all in* UNBELIEF, *that he might have mercy upon all*, my opponent, rising, looked over my shoulder, evidently to ascertain, if I had given the genuine reading of the text; upon which a lawyer, in the assembly, exclaimed: "I advise you, sir, to retire, and read your Bible." I begged, we might not be interrupted; and I affirmed, that my antagonist was entitled to my cordial thanks, and that I devoutly wished his example might be generally influential. I then proceeded to show, that it was possible an individual might pass out of time, ignorant of God, and yet be taught of God in that great day, when the books should be opened. I read the last part of the 22d Psalm, making a few remarks thereon; and, after exhorting the audience to follow the example of the Bereans, I paused for a reply. The gentleman affirmed, I had given an erroneous view of the parable of the ten virgins; that it pointed out the visible church; and that the foolish virgins were the hypocrites: and he admonished the people to beware of false teachers, &c. &c. To which I replied, by presuming the gentleman did not recollect, that the *foolish virgins* seemed to be *equally a part of the kingdom of heaven*, with the wise virgins, otherwise he would not so liberally have consigned them to the Devil. He would have us believe, the kingdom of

heaven is the visible church; such are the sentiments of His Holiness at Rome; but, having abjured one Pope, I trusted we should not again be brought into subjection to principles, the propriety of which our hearts refused to acknowledge.

November 3d, I repaired to Gloucester, and was received by a few very warm-hearted Christians. The mansion-house—the heart, of the then head of the Sargent family, with his highly accomplished, and most exemplary lady, were open to receive me. I had travelled from Maryland to New-Hampshire, without meeting a single individual, who appeared to have the smallest idea of what I esteemed the truth, as it is in Jesus; but to my great astonishment, there were a few persons, dwellers in that remote place, upon whom the light of the gospel had *more than dawned*. The writings of Mr. Relly were not only in their *hands*, but in their *hearts*. Four years previous to this period, an Englishman, a Mr. Gregory, had brought with him those obnoxious pages, and loaned them to this small circle of Glouceterians, by whom they had been seized with avidity; the Father of their spirits rendered them luminous to their understandings; and it was in consequence of their admiration of Mr. Relly, that, observing in the papers of the day, an individual malignantly arraigned, as a Preacher of Relly's Gospel, they delayed not to dispatch earnest solicitations for my presence among them. In Gloucester, therefore, I passed my time most agreeably, until November 12th. The clergyman of the principal meeting-house, being confined by illness, I was visited by the deacons and elders of his church, and by them conducted to his house, after which I obtained permission to preach in his pulpit, which I several times did; my subjects 1 Cor. xi. 26. The good Samaritan. Isaiah xxviii. 16, &c. Every *day, and* every evening was appropriated to the ex-

pounding of the scriptures, in the spacious and well filled parlour of my new, and highly respectable friend; and I had reason to believe, that God most graciously crowned my labours in this place, by giving to some brighter views, and inducing others to search the scriptures for themselves. Every morning commenced, and every day closed, with prayer; and, with glad hearts, we delighted to hymn the praises of a redeeming God. Taking a most affectionate leave of those very dear friends, on Saturday morning, accompanied by Mr. Sargent, I returned to Boston. Upon the evenings of Sunday, and Wednesday, I again occupied the pulpit of Mr. C——; and upon the evening of Wednesday, the audience were incommoded by a profusion of water, thrown over them, and an egg was aimed at me in the pulpit, which however happened to miss me. On Thursday a piece of slander was published in the paper of the day, over the signature of Mr. C——. He had before declared, he would print no more in the newspaper, so had I; but, although he had forfeited his word, I did not think proper to follow his example, and I therefore addressed the following letter, to his private ear.

Sir,

Some time since, being under the disagreeable necessity of replying to a dull repetition of your abusive slanders; and being persuaded, *right* or *wrong*, you would have the *last* word, I assured the public I would write no more in newspapers, so did *you;* but your brilliant example shall never influence me to undertake the vindication of my veracity, by convincing the world I can lie. But as, in the close of your last performance, you informed me and the public, that, if I thought myself wronged, what had been asserted should be proved to my face, before as large an auditory as I pleased; I *now, sir,* take leave to say, I do think my-

self most cruelly wronged, and I should rejoice in an opportunity of vindicating myself at the bar of the impartial public; yes, I should rejoice to see a very large audience collected: but, as I suppose we shall not be able to procure any place, but the meeting-house in School-street, I shall expect, if you be an honest man, to meet you there. You commend a certain gentleman, who recently spoke to me in that house—so do I. He did not, like Solomon's fool, cast about firebrands, arrows, and death, and say, Am I not in sport? he spake above-board, fair, and openly. I should be glad you would come and do likewise—only I request you will let me know in writing, by the bearer, when you will do this piece of common justice, to the cruelly, and most unwarrantably treated,

JOHN MURRAY.

This letter enraged him, and he sent it back, declaring he would have nothing to do with me. But on the following Sunday evening, when I repaired, as usual, to the meeting-house to preach, Mr. C—— was upon the stairs of the pulpit, with a number of his violent adherents, for the purpose of barring me out. Making no resistance, I requested the gentleman might be heard with patient attention; and silence being obtained, Mr. C—— entered the pulpit, and declaimed for a long time, with great bitterness; accusing me of preaching damnable doctrines, though he had never heard me preach; but so he had been informed, asserting, that I was one of Relly's followers, and Relly believed all mankind would be saved; and Relly was a blasphemer, and denied the atonement; and I was a Deist, and it was dangerous to allow me to speak: for I said once, in his hearing, that God loved the Devil's children: and then, raising his voice he vociferated, "it is a lie, a lie, a lie, it is a damnable lie." Thus he went on alternately crying out against me, and against Mr. Relly, damning

my preaching, and his writings, and exhorting the people to avoid me, &c. &c. When he had concluded, he quitted the pulpit, and was passing out of the house as speedily as possible. I requested him to stop; but, observing he was rapidly departing, I urged the people to give me an opportunity of having justice done me, by detaining my accusing adversary, that I might defend myself in his presence; and Mr. C—— was accordingly led into a pew. I informed the audience, that I did indeed labour under great difficulty. The person, to whom I was about to reply, was an old gentleman, and a clergyman, both of which characters were indubitably entitled to respect. Yet truth was, in my opinion, abundantly superior to every other consideration; it was beyond all price; a gem, with which its possessor should never part. I should therefore take leave to say, Mr. C—— was very right, and very wrong. Right in condemning damnable doctrines; wrong in charging me with preaching those doctrines. Mr. C——, I said, reminded me of Nero, who, to be revenged upon the Christians, caught the city of Rome on fire, and charged the Christians with that atrocious deed. Mr. C—— had dressed me in bear's skins, and then set the dogs at me. He affirms, that I preach damnable doctrines! Suffer me to ask, What are damnable doctrines? Peter says, There shall arise false teachers among you, as there were false prophets among the people, who shall privily bring in damnable doctrines, even *denying* the Lord, who *bought them.* I appeal to this audience. Did I ever deny the Lord, who bought you? On the contrary; have I not borne constant testimony to this purchase? Did you ever hear me say, It made no difference, whether a man lived a *good*, or a *bad* life; was a *believer*, or an *unbeliever*? Surely, it is highly inconsistent to rank me with the Deist, who *utterly* disowns the Redeemer, when I am

arraigned at this bar for believing there is no God out of Christ, and that he, who is God, our Saviour, *is all, and in all.* Mr. Relly is three thousand miles from this metropolis, Mr. C—— has neither seen nor heard him. Blasphemy, of which Mr. C—— accuses him, is no where to be found in his writings. These writings, give me leave to say, will live, and be held in admiration, when ten thousand such characters as Mr. C——'s and mine, will be consigned to oblivion. Thus I went on. Mr. C—— again advanced to the pulpit; reiterated what he had before asserted, without regarding a syllable which I had uttered, until at length he interrogated: "Does God love all the people in the world as well as Peter and Paul?" Suffer me, sir, first to ask you one question, which, if you will answer, then I will reply to yours. Did God love Peter, and Paul, as well before they believed as afterwards? "God loved Peter, and Paul, from the foundation of the world." Again, and again, I repeated my question, but could not obtain a direct answer. The people from the galleries called out, "Why do you not say yes, or no?"—but he refused thus to commit himself, and of course I dropped the inquiry. Again he returned to the charge. "Does God love all the people in the world, as well as Peter, and Paul?" Yes, sir, I believe He does, as well as He loved those Apostles before they believed. "Do you believe God loves all the people in the world?" Yes, sir, I do. Then, again, he proceeded most violently, and, that the heresy might be confirmed, he once more questioned: "Do you believe, that God loves all the Devil's children, as well as his own beloved ones?" No, indeed; I do not think God loves any of the Devil's children. "There, there, now he is *hiding* again." Suffer me, sir, to ask, What is it constitutes *the character* of the wicked man? "That is nothing *to the purpose.*"

Again I ask, what is it constitutes the character of the wicked man? Here several individuals tremulously asked: "Why do you not answer the question? we are all concerned in it, we are seeking information." "Suppose I cannot; let some one else answer, and, if I like it, I will agree to it." No answer was given, and Mr. C—— resumed his declamation, affirming, I had said, God loved the Devil's children. I denied the charge, and was again accused of *hiding*, when I besought the attention of the people, while I explained myself. What are we to understand by a father, and a child, but begetter and begotten? Can you, Mr. C——, or can any one present, presume to say, that the bodies, or the souls of mankind, were begotten by the Devil? Is not God the Father of the spirits of all flesh? Is not God the Maker of our frames? and doth not the Apostle say, we are all His offspring? If it be confessed, we all died *in* Adam, we were of course *in* Adam; and if we were *in* Adam, we were what Adam was. But the Evangelist Luke affirms, that Adam was the *son of God*. We will next inquire, Who are the children of the Devil, and who are the children of God? I humbly conceive, Christ Jesus himself has put the matter beyond dispute, in the ever memorable parable of the Tares of the field, and our obligation to the Redeemer, for explaining it so clearly to his disciples, is indeed immeasurable. I then repeated the parable, and the explanation; and proved from thence, that the abominations of the earth were the children of the Devil, because produced by him; that the iniquities of the people were the tares, sowed by the adversary; that our nature was the *good* seed, which *Jesus sowed*. A holy God could not love sin, and, of course, could love no child of the Devil: but men, being his offspring, He once loved them as his own, and having loved His own, He loved them

unto the end; that He had proved this to all men, in the *Gift* of his son; *God so loved the world, that He gave them his Son.* Mr. C—— interrupted: "Nine tenths of all you have said is nothing at all to the purpose:" and again, in terms the most violent, he renewed his accusation, that I was all the time *hiding.* A voice from the gallery exclaimed: "If he be *hiding*, why do you not hunt him out of the bush?" Mr. C—— at length tauntingly said: "Come, come, leave off *hiding*, and tell the people, in plain english, that God loves them all." To which I answered: I will, sir, in as plain english, as I can command;—and then, addressing the congregation, I thus delivered the genuine sentiments of my soul: I am comissioned to say, to every individual before me, that God loves you, and that you are not to accept this declaration upon my bare word; you have the word of a God, *who cannot lie;* who proclaims Himself loving unto every man; who has given you proof positive of His love. His love has been greatly manifested in your birth; in rearing you from infancy; in guarding you through the devious paths of childhood, and youth; and preserving you from ten thousand dangers, to which you have been exposed. His gracious providence, in so plentifully providing for you, is a proof of His love. Your civil, and religious liberties, are blessed proofs of the love of your God. These particulars announce the love of Deity, to every individual, as a Creator, and Preserver. Yet these manifestations may be considered as merely temporal: But, blessed be the holy name of Jehovah! I am authorized to add, and in plain english too, that God loves the soul, which emanates from Himself, and that He has proved this love by the *gift* of His son. *God so loved the world, that He gave them His son. To us a child is born, to us a Son is given.* God has evinced His love, by giving us, in this Son, Reconcili-

ation, Regeneration, a new Head, a new Heart, a right Spirit. Here your Creator so loved you, as to give you *Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* In Christ Jesus, God has so loved you, as to bless you with all spiritual blessings. Every individual should believe this, since it is nothing more than an accomplishment of the promise, of the *oath* of Jehovah, which he swear unto Abraham, saying: *And in thy Seed shall all the nations, all the families of the earth, be blessed.* Such are the glad tidings, which the God, who loved you before the foundation of the world, hath commanded us to proclaim to every one of you; such are the glad tidings, which you ought to believe. If your heart tell you, It is not so, believe it not, it is an unbelieving heart; he, that trusteth such a heart, is a fool. If the Devil tell you, It is not so, believe him not, he was a liar from the beginning. If your ministers tell you, You ought not to believe this good report, trust them not; they take part with the Devil, and your unbelieving hearts. The Devil would persuade you, not to believe these glorious truths, because, if you were delivered from his usurpation, you would henceforward serve your Creator without fear. The arch fiend is solicitous to retain you in bondage; his utmost efforts are in requisition to prevent you from believing, that God has so loved you, as to purchase you with the price of blood, of the precious blood of the lamb of God; he would prevent you from believing, that you are bought with such a price, lest, thus believing, you should render yourselves living sacrifices, holy, and acceptable to God. But let God be true, and every man a liar. Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, and the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, *if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they, who live, should not henceforth live unto*

themselves, but unto Him, who died for them, and rose again.

All the time I was speaking, Mr. C——— was kicking my legs, or pulling the skirts of my garment, ever and anon vociferating: "Have done, have done; you have said enough; quite enough," &c. &c. Sometimes he stood up close to my side, shouldering me as hard as he was able. The congregation noticed his behaviour, and it did not give them pleasure. For myself, I had much cause for gratitude to my divine Master: 1st, that he was pleased to give me words; and 2dly, that he did not suffer me to lose my self-command. No, not for an instant. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

My next evening lecture was uninterrupted; but, on the succeeding Sunday evening, the throng was so prodigious, that it was with much difficulty I reached the pulpit; and when entered, I was nearly suffocated by the strong effluvia, arising from the asafoetida, with which the tools of the adversary had wet the pulpit and the pulpit cloth, plentifully sprinkling the whole house with the same noxious drug. For some moments I was so much overpowered, as to induce an apprehension, that it would be impossible I should proceed; but the God of my life was abundantly sufficient for me. The demons of confusion were, however, not quite satisfied; many stones were violently thrown into the windows; yet no one received any other injury, than the alarm, which was created. At length, a large rugged stone, weighing about a pound and a half, was forcibly thrown in at the window behind my back; it missed me. Had it sped, as it was aimed, it must have finished me. Lifting it up, and waving it in the view of the people, I observed: This argument is *solid* and *weighty*, but it is neither *rational* nor *convincing*. Exclamations from various parts of the house, were echoed and re-echoed: "Pray, sir, leave the pulpit, your life is at hazard." Be it so, I returned, the debt of *nature* must be paid, and I am as ready, and as willing, to

discharge it now, as I shall be fifty years hence. Yet, for your consolation, suffer me to say, I am immortal, while He who called me into existence has any business for me to perform; and when he has executed those purposes, for which He designed me, He will graciously sign my passport to realms of blessedness. With your good leave, then, I will pursue my subject, and while I have a—THUS SAITH THE LORD—for every point of doctrine which I advance, not all the stones in Boston, except they stop my breath, shall shut my mouth, or arrest my testimony. The congregation was, as I have said, astonishingly large; but order and silence were gradually restored, and I had uncommon freedom in the illustration, and defence of those sacred truths, which will be ultimately triumphant. Two or three succeeding lecture evenings were unmolested, when the business of stoning me in the pulpit was again resumed; my friends were in terror, and, after I had closed, forming a strong phalanx around me, they attended me home. Many religious people were violent in their opposition; they insisted that I merited the severest punishment; that the *old discipline for Heretics* ought to be put in force, and I was thus furnished with abundant reason to bless God for the religious liberty of the country of my adoption, else racks and tortures, would have been put in operation against me, nor would these holy men, moved by the spirit, have stopped short of my destruction. Yet was the charge of *heresy* never *proved* against me. I was never silenced either by reason or scripture—I had called upon men every where, clergymen, or laymen, to step forward, and convict me of error; promising, solemnly promising, immediately upon conviction, to relinquish the obnoxious tenet, whatever it might chance to be, and to adopt that better way, which would, in such an event, become luminous before me. Truth, and gratitude, originates the confession, that in all circumstances, I have hitherto had reason to bless the God of my life, who hath

promised He will be with me to the end of the world, and that all things shall work together for good. Amen, and amen.

CHAPTER VII.

Summary Record of Events, from January, 1775, to October, 1809.

> Amid the haunts of memory let me stray,
> As *duty*, *love*, and *friendship*, point the way;
> With hand of diligence, and humid eye,
> The faithful record tearfully supply.

WOULD the beloved preacher had continued his narrative. The Editor fondly calculating upon assistance, which she believed herself authorized to expect, pledged herself to continue the sketch, even to the closing scene. But, alas! disappointed in her cherished hopes she stands alone. Her health is broken, her spirits are depressed, and she is advanced in life; yea, doubtless, she is inadequate to the performance of her promise—But she remembers that this volume is addressed only to the friends of the dear departed, and she mournfully proceeds to its completion.

Upon December 14, 1774, Mr. Murray again visited Gloucester; the numerous family of the Sargents, then seated in that place, embraced in almost all its branches, the truth as it is in Jesus, and their attachment to him, whom they believed an ambassador of the Redeemer, was proportioned to their zeal. Many respectable names were added, and a little congregation was collected, who seemed to have among them but one heart, and one soul. Like the primitive Christians, they assembled daily, and they continued from house to house worshipping the only *true God* their Saviour. On recurrence to the journal of

the Preacher, we find a memorandum, written upon his second visit to Gloucester, which is thus worded: "Here my God grants me rest from my toils, here I have a taste of heaven. The new song is sung here, and WORTHY IS THE LAMB constantly dwells upon their tongues." Mr. Chandler's meeting-house was not closed against the Promulgator of glad tidings, until some time in January, 1775, upon the 20th of which month he made a second journey to Newburyport and Portsmouth. Those who had adhered to him in those towns, having ascertained that he absolutely believed the final restitution of all things, united with the many in the most unqualified censure. But the friends he had lost, particularly in Portsmouth, were replaced by many others, among whom we find the names of Judge and Sheriff Parker, Atkinson, Wentworth, Austin, Warner, Sheafe, Langdon, Sewall, Brackett, Whipple, Thompson, Turner, Gardner, Massey, Jackson, &c. &c. The heaven-instructed preacher continued many years an occasional visitor in Portsmouth, where his labours were greatly blessed, and when other pulpits were closed against him in that metropolis, the doors of the Episcopal Church were open for his reception. But after he had repeatedly lectured in that church, a few persons appeared in opposition, and we have this moment under our eye, an original writing, addressed to the Promulgator upon this occasion; we transcribe a verbatim copy.—"Whereas it is represented that some objections have been made by one, or more persons, belonging to the Church called Queen's Chapel, against the doors thereof being opened, for the admission of Mr. John Murray to preach the gospel; Wherefore, we the subscribers, proprietors, and parishioners of the Church aforesaid, having taken the same into consideration—Do (in order to remove any difficulties that might arise in that gentleman's breast in consequence of such objections) hereby fully declare *our free will, and* consent, that the said Church be

opened at ALL TIMES, whenever it may be convenient for him to perform divine service in town, more especially during his present stay; and, instead of deeming it an indulgence granted him, we shall, on the contrary, acknowledge it a favour conferred on us, in his acceptance of this invitation. Portsmouth, May 24, 1781."—Signed by twenty-four of the leading members of the Church in Portsmouth. Our Preacher was also made the instrument of irradiating the mind of an exemplary Philanthropist, Mr. Noah Parker, now in regions of blessedness, who was so deeply penetrated, as to present himself a servant of the living God, a voluntary Preacher of the Gospel. A convenient house was raised for his use, by the brethren in Portsmouth, and he continued, until his departure out of time, a zealous and able minister of the Reconciliation.

Attached to the Gloucesterians, Mr. Murray once more believed he had found a permanent residence; yet, although he consented to consider that place as his home; he did not relinquish the persuasion that his commission obliged him to go forth a preacher of the Gospel, wherever, and whenever, the providence of God might seem to direct him. The inveteracy of his enemies in the town of Gloucester, was in full proportion to the attachment of his friends, and every mean of annoyance was in requisition. The spirit of liberty mounted very high in Gloucester, and for the purpose of influencing the ignorant, the teacher was proclaimed a PAPIST, sent out by Lord North, to aid the purpose of an obnoxious ministry; anathemas, and sometimes stones, followed his steps as he passed the streets; a town-meeting was called, the *aim* of which (lest the friends of the promulgator should take the alarm) was most illegally shrouded in silence, and a vote was thus surreptitiously obtained, that he should forthwith depart *from* the borders of Gloucester; of this vote he

was advertised by an officer—let us not say of justice. Still, however, he continued witnessing both to small and great, what Moses and the prophets had testified, concerning Jesus of Nazareth, that he died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. The most unwarrantable means were employed, old slanders were resuscitated, and new accusations brought forward; tales which had been repeatedly confuted, were new garbed, and sent abroad, swelling the bosom of integrity with unutterable anguish. Among countless other calumnies which were afloat, a story was embellished, and published, originally propagated by one Maxwell, wherein the preacher, the lover of the Redeemer, is represented as treating the Eucharist in a ludicrous manner! although the gentleman——Mr. afterwards General Greene, at whose house, and in whose presence, the irreverent profanation was said to have taken place—had written to Doctor S—— and others, completely exonerating the accused. Mr. Murray's sentiments upon the sacred and consolatory ordinance of the Lord's Supper, are explained and expatiated upon, in his Letters and Sketches of Sermons, to which the interested reader is referred. It cannot be denied, that characters generally respectable, combined to stimulate the mob to the most desperate measures, but every unwarrantable project was frustrated. The doors of the meeting-house being now closed, the parlours of respectable friends became the places of assembling, until at length a spacious room was consecrated for that purpose. Letters of excommunication were now addressed, by the established Minister, to seventeen of the most respectable Church members, and this, for their attachment to the Gospel of God our Saviour. While others, availing themselves of a Provincial Law, endeavoured to expel the Ambassador of their God, as a Vagrant. To *meet*, and obviate which difficulty, the

kind friend under whose especial patronage he then was, presented him with a deed of gift, which constituted him a freeholder in Gloucester. The months of March and April, in this year, were, by the Preacher, devoted to visiting his friends in Boston, and various parts of Rhode Island, and toward the close of April, he returned to his highly favoured home, rejoicing that the zeal, and attachment of the Gloucesterians, were nothing diminished, and their meetings for scriptural investigations were joyfully resumed. In the month of May, 1775, the leading officers of the Rhode Island Brigade, assembled in the neighbourhood of Boston, despatched a respectable messenger, with a letter, soliciting the attendance of the Promulgator, as chaplain to their detachment of the Revolutionary Army. We transcribe a verbatim copy of this letter.

"DEAR SIR,

"AMIDST that concurrence of events which the great Creator in infinite wisdom directs, for the accomplishment of his own purposes, a British armament hath set hostile foot upon American ground. What the design of the Almighty may be, we cannot at present absolutely determine. One thing we know, *our cause is just*, and also that the Parent of the universe can do no wrong. An army hath been raised in this Colony, which is now stationed upon Jamaica Plains, in Roxbury, and that this army may do honour to themselves, and the cause in which they are embarked, it is requisite, propriety of manners, regularity of conduct, and a due reliance upon the Almighty controller of events, should be cultivated and enforced. The most probable human means we can devise to effect an object so ardently to be desired, consist in a decent, sincere, and devout attendance, at opportune seasons, upon divine worship. We have, therefore, selected you, as a *Chaplain*, to our Brigade, well convinced that your ex-

tensive benevolence, and abilities, will justify our choice. We cannot, without doing violence to the opinion we have formed of your character, doubt of your ready compliance with our united request. The support you will receive shall *exactly correspond with your feelings, and your wishes.* We are, dear sir, &c. &c. &c.

Signed in behalf of the Brigade,

J. N. VARNUM.

May 24, 1775.

A persuasion that he could be of more use in the army, than elsewhere, would not allow the Preacher to balance, and, accordingly resigning the calm recess of friendship, he presented himself in the American camp, and, "armed with the sword of Jesse's youthful son," he was indeed most ardently engaged. The scene, however, was not calculated to give pleasure to a philanthropist. In a memorandum of this date, he thus expresses himself:—"My troubles have recommenced; I am now indeed in the world, and shall doubtless encounter tribulation; I am associated with an ungovernable set of people. It is true, the officers are gentlemen, and call into action every effort to strengthen my hands; but the soldiers—alas! the fact is, I am not in my own company." Upon the 3d of July, the chaplain accompanied a detachment of the Brigade, to compliment General Washington, upon his arrival to take the supreme command of the army at Cambridge; and he was received by the immortal chief, with that urbanity which he so well knew to practise. The subject of the first sermon, preached on sabbath morning at the Camp, Jamaica Plains, was Psalm xliv. 1, 2, 3, and upon the evening of the same day, the last verse of the same Psalm. The Preacher was engaged occasionally at Jamaica Plains, and on Prospect Hill. Every morning at 7 o'clock, he met the several *Regiments* upon the parade; gradually the

habits of swearing and the rough manners of the soldiery, yielded to the Christianized eloquence of their Chaplain, and his success in the army was indeed most wonderful. His benevolence, and benignity while there, is storied by many a tongue, we indulge ourselves by selecting an instance, which did not reach our ears, until since his decease. A detachment of the army were ordered to march, a river was to be forded, a poor soldier in years, and struggling with sickness, was tottering under his burden: the preacher instantly accoutred himself with the knapsack, arms, and cartouch box, and, thus arrayed, proceeded on, while the sufferer disencumbered, passed lightly over. The writer of this sketch, could furnish a series of similar anecdotes; often, when his finances have been at the lowest ebb, and the prodigious expense of living has produced distressing embarrassments, she has seen him extend to the necessitous, an extricating hand, and he not only indulged, and cherished, but *invariably stimulated* every charitable purpose of her soul.

General Washington, honoured the preacher with marked, and uniform attention; the Chaplains of the army united in petitioning the Chief, for the removal of the promulgator of glad tidings; the answer was handed them, in the general orders of the ensuing day, which appointed Mr. John Murray, Chaplain of the three Rhode-Island Regiments, with a command from his Excellency, GEORGE WASHINGTON, that he should be respected accordingly. Mr. Murray's commission was made out, and delivered to him, when enclosing it in a respectfully polite letter of thanks, he returned it to the noble minded Chief, earnestly requesting permission to continue in the army, as a volunteer. General Washington, after perusing, folded the paper, and observed: "Mr. Murray is a young man now, he will *live to be* old, and repentance will be the companion

of his age." The preacher lived to see this prediction fulfilled. Had he embraced the rich opportunity then presented he might have continued in the family of General Greene, whose friendship was unbroken, and where his abode was hailed as a distinguishing favour, his daily ratio would have augmented for his emolument, his salary would have accumulated, he would have retired upon half pay, or commutation, and, during the years of languor, and decrepitude, he might have commanded his own carriage, and servants; but the reader must have seen, that the preacher was accustomed to withdraw from the approaches of affluence.

Mr. Murray continued in the army so long as his health would permit, but being violently seized by an indisposition, which terminated in a bilious fever that precipitated him to the gates of the grave, he was, by the Physician of the Brigade, conducted to Gloucester; and no sooner was his health re-established, than his strongest feelings were powerfully excited, by the sufferings of the sons and daughters of want in that town. War of any description, is particularly oppressive to its inhabitants, seated upon the margin of the ocean, their subsistence is principally derived from the deep. The rich sources of Commerce, thrown open by the genial hand of peace, become, to the hardy, and enterprizing Gloucesterian, legitimate objects of pursuit; and his uniform, and industrious efforts, are crowned by competency. But whatever obstructs his adventurous plans, inevitably involves him in distress, and the period to which we advert was, perhaps, the most gloomy of any during the revolutionary war. It had continued long enough to *try* without *familiarizing or indurating* the feelings, and hope had almost become the victim of despair. The humane preacher surveyed those multiplied children of penury—and he surveyed them with a philanthropic eye; nor was this all—commencing a

journey in the depth of a severe Winter, he addressed the general officers in the American army, beginning with their revered Chief, and extending his application to many other gentlemen, whose confidence, and whose friendship he enjoyed. He addressed to those distinguished individuals, the voice of supplication, and so successful was his embassy, that he returned to Gloucester with a large sum of money, which he converted into rice, meal, and molasses, rendering a scrupulous account to the selectmen, and praying them to recommend such persons, as were proper objects of this providential bounty; the whole was punctually distributed, and many sufferers most essentially relieved. Yet on the 27th day of February, in the succeeding year, 1777, we find this same feeling solicitor, summoned from the house of a friend, Mr. Winthrop Sargent, where he was suffering from indisposition, and arraigned at the bar, of the then committee of safety, for the town of Gloucester. Some gentlemen councelled him to disregard the summons, especially as the whole committee were not assembled, and those who were collected, were decidedly his inveterate enemies,—but he answered, that possessing a consciousness of innocence, he could not fear the face of man. The following account of the extraordinary proceeding which ensued, is from the minutes of a gentleman, who was an ear witness of the scene. The chairman of the committee opened the business. "We have sent for you, to know who you are, and from whence you came?" "Your question is rather difficult, sir, I hardly know how to answer you, do you mean where did I come from last?" "I say where did you come from?" "I have been in various places in this country, sir." "I say where did you come from when you came into this country?" "From England." "From what part of England?" "London." "What business had you

o come to this country ?" "Business, sir ! I felt dis-
osed to come, and came—" "What business have
ou in this town ?" "The same as I have in every
own where I happen to sojourn." Here one of the
ommittee, arose, and requesting leave to speak, which
as granted, said : "I conceive we have sent for this
an to know from whence he came, who he is, and
hat business he has here ; this is a time of difficulty,
e are at variance with England, he calls himself an
Englishman, we do not know what he is. He asso-
iates with a great many, whom we look upon as ene-
ies to this country, and they go to hear him, con-
erse—I think—I cannot call it *preaching*." Here
Mr. Murray would have spoken, but he was impe-
iously, not to say impudently commanded to be silent,
nd his accuser proceeded, until at length the chair-
an again resumed : "Where did you come from ?
We want to know where you were born, and brought
p ?" Mr. Murray answered, "Gentlemen, it is not
ny wish to give you unnecessary trouble. I was born
n England, shortly after I had attained my eleventh
ear, I accompanied my father to Ireland, where I con-
inued many years under his care ; when I was between
9 and 20, I returned to England, where I abode, liv-
ng generally in London, until I quitted it for this coun-
ry. Since I came into this country, my residence has
een in Maryland, Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, New-
York, Connecticut, Rhode-Island, Massachusetts, and
New-Hampshire." "What did you come into this
ountry for ?" "In pursuit of retirement, but concur-
ent circumstances rendered me a preacher." "Have
ou any credentials ?" "Yes sir.". "Show them."
I have none present, there are many in this town who
ave heard me, and received my testimony ; they are
ny credentials. "Ay, that is nothing—you see he
has no *authority*. How could you think of preaching

without authority?" "When I came into this country there was no war, I believed it to be a land of civil, and religious liberty—every Charter, and every Law made among yourselves, breathed a spirit of toleration, I felt assured I should be allowed liberty of conscience, my intentions were upright; a conviction that God had ordained me to proclaim the gospel, has been powerfully impressed upon my mind, and I am still convinced, that I ought to preach the Gospel." "How long do you intend to stay in this town?" "I do not precisely know; but certainly until the weather and roads shall be good." "The weather will do, and it is pretty good travelling now." (At this time the winter having been extremely severe, the roads were nearly impassable.) "I do not believe I shall quit Gloucester until April, about that time I expect to commence a journey to Philadelphia." "The town is very uneasy at your continuance here, and we are a committee of safety. We are to take up all strangers and send them out of town." "Sir, I have already been warned out of town, and if you be apprehensive of my becoming a charge, I can procure bonds." One of the committee addressed the chair for liberty to speak, which having obtained, he said: "Your stay in this town, is cause of uneasiness to many, you hurt the morals of the people, and a great many who hear you are enemies to the country." Mr. Murray responded—"Those who hear me, and believe what I deliver, can never be injured in their morals." "I do not believe you." "You have not heard all I have said in defence of my persuasion." "I have heard enough, I neither *believe nor like it.*" "Well, sir, there is no act of assembly to compel you to hear; but you should remember your neighbour is entitled to equal liberty with yourself." "You deliver very erroneous principles." "My principles are all to be found in the sacred records of divine truth." "Ay, so you say." "I was not apprized that I was cited before a spiritual court." Mr.

Murray then addressed the chair—"Sir, this gentleman asserts that I associate with a great many enemies of this country. I demand that they be pointed out. If I associate with an individual of this description, it is unknown to me." A gentleman at the chairman's elbow observed: "Mr. chairman, I think we have no business to answer this man a single question, we did not send for him to answer his questions, but to ask questions of him." The chairman then repeated, that the town was very uneasy, and advised Mr. Murray to depart to prevent further trouble, to which he answered. "Sir, I have been nearly seven years in this country, perhaps no one has a more extensive acquaintance, I have many friends and many enemies. I feel that I am a friend to all mankind, and I am happy that no circumstance of my life can prove the contrary. I was invited to this town, and I have been cordially received, but it seems I am suspected, because I associate with many who are enemies to this country. I associate with Captain W. S., pray is he an enemy. During my residence in this place, I have never heard a syllable uttered, which this committee ought to consider as reprehensible. I am not acquainted with a single individual who appears to me an enemy to this country; two or three worthy characters I know, who do not perfectly approve every measure which has been adopted. I have recently endeavoured to recollect how many gentlemen, the circle of my connexions from Maryland to New-Hampshire contained, who were suspected of being unfriendly to the present order of things, and I could number but five persons, not an individual of whom has ever been proved inimical to American prosperity. For myself, I rejoice in the reflection, that I am a staunch friend to liberty, genuine liberty. It is well known that I have laboured to promote the cause of this country, and I rejoice that I have not laboured in vain. I am so well known, and I have the happiness to be so well respected, that his Excellency, General Washington, appointed me

to officiate as Chaplain to several Regiments. I should have imagined this fact would have been sufficient credentials here. I have injured no person in this town, I am invited to meet my friends, in the house of a friend, where they desire me to read the Bible, to comment thereon, to unite with them in solemn prayer to Almighty God, for the continuance of his mercies to us, as a people, and not unto us only, but to a once lost, and now redeemed world." A member of the committee observed, that they could not be answerable for any thing that might be done by a MOB, and, it was not in their power to prevent it, if he did not, without delay, leave the town. Mr. Murray, laying his spread hand upon his breast, answered: "Sir, I feel such a consciousness of innocence here, that I know not what it is to fear. It is with perfect composure that I commit myself to God, and the Laws of this Commonwealth. If I have broken any law, let me be punished by law; but I bless God I am not a lawless person. Sir, I am a stranger to fear, I have committed no action worthy of punishment. Sir, I know not what it is to fear. No man can have any power over me, except it be given to him from above, no injury can be done me, but by the permission of my God. But I am not afraid: the worst this MOB can do, is to deprive me of a life, which I have been many years quite willing to resign. Sir, I commit myself, and my cause to the Ruler of Heaven and of Earth." One gentleman observed, that the rule upon Earth was delegated to them, or words to that effect—when Mr Murray replied: "Sir, I conceive the God of Heaven is the only Ruler in Heaven above, and in earth beneath."—and, addressing the chair he added: "Sir, I have answered every question you have thought proper to ask—and as I find it difficult to speak, I am so very ill, I will take leave to wish you a good evening. Gentlemen, good night"—when without interruption, he departed.

Alas! alas! how tyrannical is the dominion of prejudice! *in this* instance it precipitated men, respectable

men, who in the common occurrences of life, had uniformly preserved a decent reputation, upon a procedure the most absurd and unwarrantable. Interrogations so unceremoniously made, to a person, who, as the almoner of his God, had the preceding year, fed large numbers of their almost famished poor, who had never committed any act of violence, or discovered the smallest inclination to aid the enemies of the new world, was, as we trust, a singular outrage. But Mr. Murray was a Christian, and after the way that *they* called *heresy*, so worshipped he the God of his fathers, he could not therefore be allowed to merit either confidence or gratitude.

On the Christmas day of 1780, Mr. Murray first preached in a small neat building, erected for his use, by the Gloucestenians. His adherents, associated for public worship, had, as they believed, organized themselves, and solemnly covenanting together, they conceived themselves an *Independent Church of Christ*. A writing was prepared, signed by every individual of the congregation, in which, after dilating upon the fundamental principles of the faith they had embraced, they professed to acknowledge, as Christians, no Master but Jesus Christ, receiving as their guide in spiritual matters, only the word and spirit of the Redeemer; but they pledged themselves to the community at large, and to each other, to yield obedience to every ordinance of man, to be peaceable and obedient subjects to the powers ordained of God in all civil cases. But as subjects of that King, whose kingdom is not of this world; they denied the right of any human authority to make laws for the regulation of their consciences; they rejoiced in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and they determined no more to be entangled by any yoke of bondage. They professed a disposition to live peaceably with all men, to avoid unnecessary disputation; and, should they be reviled, to endeavor in patience to possess their souls. We make from this solemn instrument the following extract.

"As an INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF CHRIST thus bound together by the cords of His love, and meeting together in his name, we mutually agree to receive as our minister, that is, our servant, sent to labour amongst us, in the work of the Gospel, by the great Lord of the Vineyard, our friend and brother JOHN MURRAY. This we do, from a full conviction, that the same God, who sent the first preachers of Jesus Christ, sent him; and that the same Gospel they preached we have from time to time received from him. Thus, believing him a Minister of the New Testament, constantly declaring the whole counsel of God, proclaiming the same divine truth that all God's holy prophets from the beginning of the world have declared; we cordially receive him as a messenger from God. And as it hath pleased God to open a great, and effectual door, for the preaching of His Gospel, by this His servant, in sundry parts of this great continent; whenever it shall please his, and our divine Master, to call him to preach the everlasting Gospel elsewhere, we will wish him God speed; and pray that the good will of Him, who dwelt in the bush, may accompany him, and make his way clear before him."

Thus, we repeat, the little congregation in Gloucester considered themselves an INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF CHRIST. They were conscious that they had, in every instance, demeaned themselves as good citizens, and that their utmost efforts had uniformly been embodied, for the advancement of the public weal; they felt themselves deservedly invested with the privileges and immunities of free citizens, entitled to those liberties, with which God and nature had endowed them, and which they believed to be secured to them by a constitution of government, happily established by the people of this commonwealth. Dissenting essentially *from* the doctrines taught by the established minister,

they had borne an early testimony against his settlement; and they humbly hoped, it would be sufficient for them to believe the Holy Scriptures, and to adopt the pure system of morals contained therein, as the rule of their conduct, and the man of their counsel. They rejoiced in the liberty of free inquiry, guaranteed by the strong arm of government; and they felicitated themselves, that they had been ushered into being at a time when that fearful period had gone by, which, arming the Religionist with the potent vengeance of civil authority, wrapped the whole world in a cloud of impenetrable darkness, debilitated the human intellect, by closing the door of free inquiry, and gave birth to eight hundred years of ignorance, and barbarism, unequalled by any preceding era; whence arose an awful chasm in the history of the world, and men ceased to think, because thinking was a crime. The Gloucesterians adopted the idea of a respectable writer, who considered Ordination as nothing more than the solemn putting a man into his place, and office in the Church, a right to which he had obtained by previous election, which, together with his voluntary acceptance of such election, became a legitimate base, upon which was founded the relationship between pastor and flock. Thus, as the word ORDAIN signifies no more than to APPOINT, they conceived that the *election*, and not the *laying on of hands*, completed the ordination. Reposing upon the second and third article in the declaration of rights, the Gloucesterians exultingly said: "No subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshipping God in the manner, and season, most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; or for his religious profession or sentiments, provided he doth not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship. All religious societies shall, at all times, have the exclusive right of electing their

public teachers, and of contracting with them for their support and maintenance. And all monies paid by the subject to the support of public worship, shall, if he require it, be uniformly applied to the support of the public teacher, or teachers, of his own religious sect or denomination, provided there be any on whose instruction he attends." But while the Gloucesterians were confidingly singing a requiem to their cares, they beheld, to their great astonishment, and no small dismay, their goods seized by an officer, and sold at auction, for the purpose of answering the demands of the established minister. Articles of plate from one, English goods from another, and, from a third, the anchor of a vessel, on the point of sailing.

It was, as we believe, in the autumn of 1782, that this act of violence took place. An action was instituted by the independent church of Christ in Gloucester. Mr. Murray was urged to allow the prosecution to proceed in his name. His reluctance to this step was decided and affecting. He had passed through the country without even allowing, or accepting, contributions; and, to be considered a prosecutor for monies, said to be due to him, for *preaching the gospel*, which he had determined to promulgate *free as the light of heaven!* the very idea was a stab to his long cherished feelings: it appeared to him like prostrating the integrity of his character, and stripping him of those honours, which he had fondly hoped would remain forever unshorn. The situation of his mind, upon this occasion, may be gathered from two extracts of letters, addressed to him by a respectable gentleman: "You know the inducement I had to engage in this cause was to be emancipated from the shackles of a pontificate; and my aversion was ever determined, from having the suit brought in your name, as well from your abhorrence, as that the result, however favourable, would

not establish us upon the broad base of genuine freedom. However, I am now convinced from reflection, that our cause will be ruined, unless you assume it. Mr. Hitchborne was clear it ought to have been in your name before; at our pressing request, he drew the last writ. Mr. Sullivan has declared it *must* be in your name. Mr. Pynchon (allowed on all hands to be deeply versed in the intricacies of the law) assured a gentleman, he would warrant success, and even undertake the conducting the cause, if the proper use were made of your name. Mr. Sewall's opinion is in unison with Mr. Pynchon. I hate delay and indecision, and shall lament if chicane and political views must prevail over the purest intentions."

To this letter Mr. Murray responded, in terms descriptive of much anguish of spirit, and his sympathizing friend immediately replied:—

"I essay not to communicate the impression which your letter has made upon me; would that pen and paper were adequate to express all that could be conveyed by the tongue. Shall I be condemned for being of an unsteady disposition, or shall I be justified in my change of sentiment, from the variety of events? Be it as it may it matters not; your letter has produced another alteration in my mind; your conflict between the resolution you have taken, and the interest of your friends, which, I am persuaded, is very dear to you, is carried on in your breast to a degree of agony. I see how distressing it is for you, *even in appearance*, to stand forth and contend for what you have so nobly held in sovereign contempt. In this point of view it ceases to be a question. Let the idea of interest perish; I had rather a large part of mine, dear as it is, should be wrested from me, than that you should sacrifice any portion of your peace, or your honour; therefore, I entreat you, my dear sir, do no violence to your feelings. Thank God, the truth of our cause does not depend upon the decision of a court

of judicature; and admit the worst, it is only what we are bidden to expect, that this world is opposed to the other. Justice, however, notwithstanding my sympathy for you, urges me to repeat that our lawyers see no rational prospect of success, but from your becoming a PRINCIPAL in the business. If you can bend your mind, well; take time to deliberate: delays in law, perhaps, are not so dangerous as in other affairs; at any rate, I entreat you to become more tranquil; I had rather make payment to parson F—— than that you should thus suffer."

The preacher, under the direction of many importuning friends, loaned his name, which step was to him a permanent subject of regret. Trials succeeded trials, review after review, at Salem, and at the supreme judicial court, held at Ipswich, in 1783, 1784, and 1785.

The pleaders seemed an invincible phalanx, and the mind-bending eloquence of the Hon. Mr. King was indeed a most potent aid. Men characterized the oratory of that gentleman, as persuading, commanding, and like an irresistible torrent, bearing down every obstacle. Many of the senior advocates seemed so to feel, and acknowledge the superiority of Mr. King, as to surrender to him the right of closing causes of great importance; and a high law character declared, that, had he a cause depending, of the greatest intricacy and magnitude, to be plead before the first tribunal in the world, he would prefer Mr. King as his advocate, to any man he had ever heard speak. Previous, however, to the adjudication of 1785, when a verdict in favour of the plaintiffs by the suffrage of the jury, (exclusive of the judges) was obtained, the political career of this celebrated character removed him from their counsel, and their cause was committed to, and ably supported by, Mr. afterwards Governor Sullivan, and Judge Tudor. The late Chief Justice Parsons, and Mr. Bradbury were counsel for the defendants. The Gloucesterians, in their appeal to the "*impartial* public," pertinently observed that the deci-

sion of the question, agitated respecting them, ultimately involved every citizen of the commonwealth, and instantly affected the several religious orders of Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Sandemanians, Quakers, and every other denomination of Christians, who, in this state, were called *sectaries*.

Upon the objection, that their teacher was not a preacher of piety, religion, and morality, they mildly observed: They were not convinced that the question could be determined from a revision of the motives he offered as to the rewards which are to be bestowed, or punishments inflicted in another world; they rather supposed it should be decided upon the evidence of his urging the people to piety and morality, as the foundation of the greatest good of which their natures were capable, and as a compliance with the will of their Almighty Creator and Preserver. They believed, that the scriptures affirmed, that God would punish men for sin, even in this world, in a manner which would *far*, very *far* overbalance the pleasures to be derived from vice. They conceived, that the idea that it was necessary to the good order of government, that the teachers of religion should thunder out the doctrine of everlasting punishment to deter men from atrocious crimes, which they might otherwise commit in secret, had long been hackneyed in the hands of men in power, but without any warrant from reason or revelation. Reason, without the aid of revelation, gave no intimation of a state of retribution beyond the grave; and the gospel brought life and immortality to light: nor, said they, was it until the Christian church was illegally wedded to state policy, that men in power dared to hurl the thunders of the Most High, at those who offended against government. But, they added, should the point be maintained, that courts and juries are authorized to determine, whether the teacher of a religious sect is a teacher of morality, from his opinion either of the cause, mode, or state of men's happiness or misery in another world, or from his

opinion of the nature, or proportions of the rewards for virtue or the punishments for vice in a future state, no sect or denomination could be safe, it being a matter resting on opinion only, without any earthly tribunal having the ability or authority to settle the question. Suppose an Episcopalian teacher should have an action in his name to recover the money, paid by his hearers. Perhaps he might be one, who had subscribed and sworn to the thirty-nine articles, *the truth of which is well supported by act of parliament:* an objection might be made from one of the articles, that tells us, God from all eternity elected a certain number to happiness, and predestinated all the rest of the human race to everlasting misery; and this of his own sovereign will, without any regard to the merit of the one, or the demerit of the other. A jury might be found, who would decide at once, that this doctrine is subversive of all morality and good order; for, if the state of every man be unalterably fixed from all eternity, and nothing done by him can in any wise change the divine decree, why, then the *elect* may conceive themselves justified in seeking to injure those, whom God from eternity has consigned to perdition.

But, should an Arminian be in trial, and it appeared he taught his people it was within their own power to procure future happiness a jury might not be able to distinguish between the *prescience* and the foreordination of God; and it might be called impiety to allege, that the infinitely wise being did not from all eternity know the ultimate fate of all his creatures. It would at least be called derogatory to the honour of the Most High, to suppose any thing to be contingent with Him; and therefore a teacher of such principles might in the eye of some persons be viewed as a teacher of impiety and immorality. From these and various other considerations, the Gloucesterians humbly conceived,

that religion was a matter between an individual and his God; that no man had a right to dictate a mode of worship to another; that, in that respect, every man stood upon a perfect equality; and they believed that the paucity of their numbers, and the prejudices of their enemies, had pointed them out as proper objects for the first essay of religious tyranny; hence they rather chose to seek redress from the great law, made by the people, to govern the Legislature, than from the Legislature itself; believing they should betray the freedom of their country, if they timidly shrunk from a trial, upon the great principles of the constitution, indeed they seemed to consider themselves as the Handens of our religious world.

In the course of the month of September, 1785, a writ of review was again served, and the final decision was referred, and deferred, until the June of 1786, when a *conclusive* verdict was obtained in favour of the plaintiffs. Mr. Murray was then in the state of Connecticut. We transcribe an extract from a letter, which wafted to the eye and ear of the promulgator intelligence of the emancipation of his adherents.

"Last Tuesday our party with their cloud of witnesses were present, and called out at the bar of the Supreme Judicial Court. The cause was opened by Mr. Bradbury, and replied to by Mr. Hitchborne; the court adjourned to the succeeding morning. I arrived just in season to hear it taken up by Mr. Parsons, and closed by Mr. Sullivan. I wish for an opportunity to render my acknowledgements to this gentleman. He displayed upon this day an eloquence, not less than Roman. The judges summed up the whole. The first was ambiguous, the second was so trammelled, and inarticulate, as to be scarcely understood; but the remaining three, have acquired a glory *which will be as* lasting as time. The conduct of

Judge Dana attracted particular notice. You may remember he heretofore laboured against us; there appeared a disposition to traverse our counsel; in his comments on the constitution, those parts, which made for us, he turned against us; he asserted the tax was not persecuting, but legal; religious societies were bodies corporate, or meant to be so; sect and denomination were promiscuously used and synonimous: and the whole was delivered with a sententious gravity, the result of faculties, laboriously cultivated by experience and study. But a revolution had now passed in his mind, and when he noticed that article in the constitution, which directs moneys to be applied to the teacher of his own religious-sect, he said, the whole cause depended upon the construction of that clause. He had heretofore been of opinion, it meant teachers of bodies corporate; he then thought otherwise; as the constitution was meant for a liberal purpose, its construction should be of a most liberal kind; it meant, in this instance, teachers of any persuasion whatever, Jew or Mahometan. It would be for the jury to determine, if Mr. Murray was a teacher of piety, religion, and morality; that matter, he said, had in his opinion been fully proved. The only question therefore before them was, if Mr. Murray came within the description of the constitution, and had a right to require the money. "It is my opinion," he decidedly declared, "that Mr. Murray comes within the decription of the constitution, and has a right to require the money." The jury received the cause, and departed the court at half past three. In the evening they returned, with a declaration, that *they could not agree.* The Chief Judge, with some asperity, ordered them to take the papers and go out again; *they* continued in deliberation through the whole night. *Thursday* morning they came in again, declaring their

unanimous agreement, that the judgment obtained the preceding year was in *nothing erroneous*. Thus have we gained our Cause, after trials of such expectation and severity. We rejoice greatly. It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."

Mr. Murray continued uniformly to devote the summer months to his multiplied adherents, from Maryland to New-Hampshire; in what manner, is copiously described in his Letters and Sketches of Sermons. In the February of 1783, we find the Preacher, as usual, deeply interested in the cause of his Great Master, and suggesting, in a letter to his friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Noah Parker, the propriety of an annual meeting of the heralds of redemption; his words are: "Indeed it would gladden my heart, if every one who stands forth a public witness of the truth *as it is in Jesus*, could have an opportunity of seeing and conversing one with another, at least once every year. I believe it would be attended with very good effects. Think of it, my friend, and let me know the result of your deliberation. I think these servants of the Most High might assemble one year at Norwich, one year at Boston, and another at Portsmouth, or wherever it may be most convenient. I have long contemplated an association of this description; and the longer I deliberate, the more I am convinced of the utility which would be annexed to the regulation." In the September of 1785, the Preacher, writing to the same friend, thus expresses himself: "Although very much indisposed, I am commencing a journey to Oxford, where I expect to meet a number of our religious brethren, from different towns, in which the gospel has been preached and believed, for the purpose of deliberating upon some plan, to defeat the designs of our enemies, who aim at robbing us of the liberty, wherewith *the* constitution has made us free. On my re-

turn, I shall communicate to you the result of our meeting." Upon the close of the same month of September, he thus writes: "Well, I have been to Oxford, and the assembly convened there was truly primitive. We deliberated, first, on a NAME; secondly, on the propriety of being united in our common defence; thirdly, upon the utility of an annual meeting of representatives from the different societies; and fourthly, upon keeping up a constant correspondence by letter. Each of these particulars are to be laid before the societies, represented by their delegates on this occasion, and, if approved, their approbation to be announced by circular letters, to the several societies. Mr. Winchester delivered a most excellent sermon; his subject was, "but though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." By the desire of Mr. Winchester, I closed the subject.

Thus was a convention formed, and, we may add, organized, by the Father of Universalism in this country. But, alas! in no long time, a root of bitterness sprang up, which destroyed his pleasure in the association. Yet, in the last stage of his pilgrimage, he frequently regretted, that his attendance upon this convention had not been more uniform; as he might possibly, by his years and his experience, have met and obviated the difficulties which distressed him. Mr. Winchester, searching the bible for arguments to confute Mr. Murray, became himself a Universalist, but he was a Universalist of the CHAUNCIAN school. He was a man of pure morals, and an ardent lover of the Redeemer.

At this period, in addition to the houses erected in Gloucester, and in Portsmouth, a convenient place for *public* worship was procured by the Universalists in *the city of* Philadelphia; and, in the city of New-York,

rch had been purchased, which they forbore to until it could be dedicated by the peace-speaking of the Promulgator. In the course of the autumn, nter of 1785, the Bostonians purchased a meeting- in Bennet-street. This house they enlarged and ified; here Mr. Murray was occasionally their ating minister. And in the metropolis of Penn- nia, New-York, and Massachusetts, he was ear- solicited to take up his residence.

evious to the decision obtained by the Glouces- s, a prosecution was commenced against their cher, for performing the marriage ceremony. Per- ed that he was commissioned by his God to preach ospel, and knowing that he was ordained by the le to whom he administered, he believed himself rized to receive the nuptial vows of as many g his adherents, as, furnished with the requisite icates, made application to him for this purpose. gle instance was selected by his implacable foes, a special verdict obtained, which condemned the cher to pay a fine of fifty pounds. But this was ll; he had frequently performed the marriage nony. Prosecution would most unquestionably ed prosecution; and the sum total of multiplied cements would involve difficulties not easily sur- ted. Prudence whispered the persecuted man of that he ought to absent himself until the interfer- of the Legislature could be obtained; and inclina- pointed his way over the pathless deep, for the se of once more visiting his native shores, holding t converse with a few select friends, and folding to lial bosom his venerable mother. Assured of the riety of a step so important to his numerous Ameri- connexions, on the 6th of January, 1788, he em- ed for England. Noble provision was made for by the Bostonians, and all the expenses of the

voyage defrayed. Russell, the benevolent Russell, was his friend. Russell, the philanthropist; who, like his God, delighted in speaking peace to the sons and daughters of adversity. Dear, sympathising friend of man! to the children of sorrow thy memory is right precious. Had thy stinted abilities been commensurate with thy will, the voice of gladness would have resounded in every dwelling. Nor Russell alone: many pressed forward, whose liberal hearts devised liberal things; and substantial manifestation of affection to the preacher were abundant and munificent.

During Mr. Murray's absence, the Legislature was addressed. We regret that we cannot exhibit a complete copy of the petitions which were presented, but such extracts, as we can command, we transcribe:

"To the Honourable Senate, and the House of Representatives of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, assembled in Boston, in February, 1788; John Murray, of Gloucester, in the county of Essex, would humbly represent to your Honours, that about seventeen years ago, he came into this country, which he considered as the asylum of religion and benevolence; that on his arrival he began to preach the gospel of peace, in doing which he met with many cordial friends, some of whom, namely, a society of Christians in Gloucester, distinguished themselves by their uniform attachment to the message, and the messenger; and after your petitioner had occasionally laboured among them, for a considerable time, they associated together as an Independent Church, built a meeting-house, and invited your petitioner to reside with them, as their settled minister; and, in the month of December, in the year 1780, did *appoint*, set *apart*, and *ordain* him to the work of the ministry, and to be their teacher of piety, religion, and morality; that ever since that period, he has considered himself, and

has been considered by the people he has statedly laboured amongst, as their ordained minister, and though your petitioner has, on sundry occasions, visited, and laboured amongst his Christian friends, in other places, it has always been with the consent of his people, they still looking on him, and he on himself, as their ordained minister. It also appears, that the people, among whom your petitioner has frequently laboured, have considered him in the same light; as they have formally requested licence of his people of Gloucester, who, after consultation, granted that license. Another circumstance, that tended to confirm your petitioner in the belief of his being *an ordained minister* in the strictest sense of the word, and according to the letter and spirit of the law, was the verdict given in favour of him and his people, by the Honourable Supreme Court and jury, when, after suffering much abuse from their persecuting opponents in Gloucester, they were reduced to the necessity of applying to the laws of their country, for redress and protection. But their opponents, dissatisfied with the verdict then obtained, demanded a review; after which review, the former verdict was confirmed by the full, and decided opinion of the honourable court given in their favour.

"Being thus by constitutional right, and legal decision, established as an independent minister, settled with, and ordained by, the joint suffrages of the members of that Religious Society, your petitioner supposed his troubles from his persecuting enemies were at an end. And upon consulting council learned in the law, who gave it as their decided opinion that he was an ordained minister, he proceded to perform the ceremony of marriage to such of his hearers, who made application to him for that purpose. But some of his opponents, unacquainted with the independent mode of *ordination*, and presuming your petitioner was not ordained, be-

cause the same ceremonies were not made use of in his ordination, to the use of which they were accustomed, brought the question of your petitioner's right of officiating as an ordained minister, before the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, who gave it as their opinion, that he was not an ordained minister, in the sense of the law, as the forms of his ordination were not sufficiently notorious. Your petitioner, and the people who ordained him, conceived his ordination was sufficiently notorious, as the article was subscribed by every member of the society; and the honourable court considered him a public teacher of Piety, Religion, and Morality. The recent adjudication of the honourable Judges has involved your petitioner's little flock, in Gloucester, in expense, and exquisite distress, and your petitioner is ruined, unless your honours can interfere for his relief. He must not only satisfy the heavy penalty already forfeited, to his said opponents, and prosecutors, but he is liable to repeated forfeitures of like penalties for every marriage he has performed, since he has conceived himself the ordained minister of that people, which must involve his friends in expense, or consign him to a goal. Nor is this all; supposing his ordination invalid, he is, by the letter of the law, liable to ignominious punishment. Now, as equity is said to be that interference of the supreme power, which alleviates, where the law, by being too comprehensive, has involved a case, to which it was not perhaps meant to extend; and as he, and his people, his council, and the world at large, supposed him ordained, as much as an Episcopalian, or any other teacher, however different the mode of ordination, he most humbly prays your honours, to indemnify him for any farther prosecution, for any marriage he may have solemnized, under his supposed right; and by this means rescue him from *the* persecuting power of his malignant adversaries, re-

store the exercise of religious rites to his oppressed, and afflicted people, establish in the Commonwealth, in which he has long had his residence, that peace which has been broken by the malice of his enemies. Your petitioner would in person have waited on such committee of your honours, as may be appointed to consider this petition, but his well grounded fears that prosecutions would be multiplied upon him, by the zeal of his religious adversaries, has necessitated him to absent himself from the country of his adoption, and his dear people, until such time as the clemency of your honours might be obtained in his behalf."

The Congregation in Gloucester, addressed the Legislature in a separate petition, and the Judges, Sullivan and Dawes, co-operated with Mr. Russell, in persevering efforts to obtain a decision. The petitions were referred to a committee of three gentlemen, of great respectability, who speedily prepared, and handed in their report, which was laid upon the speaker's table, whence it was drawn forth by the speaker of the House, James Warren, esq. accepted by a handsome majority, and sent up to the Senate for concurrence. The report was called up from the President's table, by the Honourable Mr. Dalton, when, after a debate of two hours, it passed the Senate, almost unanimously. This most acceptable result was made known to the deeply interested Gloucesterians, by a writing, of which the following is a verbatim copy :—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the House of Representatives, March 17th, 1788.

"WHEREAS John Murray, and others, have represented to this court, that the said Murray, esteeming himself legally qualified, had solemnized certain marriages, and that, by a decision had in the Superior Judicial Court, it was determined that the said Murray had

no such authority, praying that he may be indemnified. Resolved, that the said John Murray, be, and he hereby is, indemnified from all the pains, and penalties, which he may have incurred on account of having solemnized any marriages, as aforesaid, for which there has not been any prosecution commenced, or had; and the said Murray may, upon trial for any of the offences aforesaid, give this resolution in evidence, upon the general issue, which shall have the same operation, as if specially pleaded.

Sent up for concurrence. JAMES WARREN, *Speaker.*

In Senate, March 27th, 1788.

Read and concurred. SAMUEL ADAMS, *President.*

Approved, JOHN HANCOCK.

True copy; attest,

JOHN AVERY, JUN. *Secretary.*

Meantime, the persecuted, and now NOBLY REDRESSED promulgator, was speeding across the great waters. His passage over the Atlantic was uncommonly boisterous; the European winter of this year was very severe. More navigation, and lives, were lost, in the January and February of 1788, upon the tremendous coast of Cornwall, than had ever before been known, in any one season. At length, however, the Chalky Cliffs of his native shore met his gladdened view, and the heaven-protected vessel cast anchor in the commodious harbour of Falmouth. Mr. Murray was an entire stranger to this part of England; but, by the Bostonians and Gloucesterians, he had been furnished with recommendatory letters, thus worded—

"WE, the Subscribers, members of the Christian Independent Church in Boston, do, on behalf of ourselves and our brethren, by these presents, certify to *all* whom it may concern, that the bearer, Mr. John

Murray, (settled Minister of the Independent Church in Gloucester) for more than fourteen years past, hath occasionally laboured among us, in this place, much to the edification, and consolation of God's people; and we bless God, therefore, and most sincerely pray, that the good will of Him who dwelt in the Bush may accompany him on his way, and bring him back to his numerous friends, richly laden with the blessings of the Gospel of peace."

"Signed by the most respectable members of the Church." Gloucester, January 4th, 1788.

"Be it known universally, that We the elders, on behalf of the Independent Church of Christ in Gloucester, do certify that the bearer, Mr. John Murray, is, and has been for many years past, our *ordained* minister, and we pray God to preserve him, and return him to us in safety."

(Signed) WINTHROP SARGENT,
EPES SARGENT,
DAVID PLUMMER.

Mr. Murray was received in Falmouth, with fraternal kindness. The Sunday succeeding his arrival, the pulpit of a gentleman, once in connection with Mr. Whitefield, was thrown open to him, where he preached forenoon and afternoon, and continued delivering evening lectures until February 14, when he resumed his journey by land, to London, proclaiming glad tidings from the pulpits, as he passed along, to which free access was granted him; at Truro, Cheswater, Tregony Mevegessey, St. Austle, Looe, in the several churches at Plymouth, and Plymouth Dock, Exeter, Wellington, &c. &c. he delivered his God-honouring, man-restoring message. Several clergymen always attended his lectures, and one gentleman accompanied him even to Exeter. *We select a few* of the subjects, upon which he de-

lighted to dwell. The lights ordained by the Creator *for signs*, Genesis iii. 15. The dress of the Jewish High Priest, the 1st Psalm, the 89th Psalm, Zechariah ix. 9, 1st John, 4, and many passages drawn from Isaiah, and the Epistles of the Apostle Paul. His manner of passing his time, and the devout propensities of his pious heart, may be gathered from a short extract from his journal, a journal replete with beauty and interest, to the christianized mind, and containing descriptions and remarks, worthy the writer :—

"I am delighted with walking through the fields; the gardens are so very beautiful, the fields are so very green, the linnets and goldfinches so busy on the hedges preparing their habitations. These songsters of the groves, which are vocal on every spray, are to me like old and pleasing acquaintance, not seen nor heard of for a great number of years, while the fascinating choristers, in whom I have taken so much delight, seem, by their cheering notes, to welcome me as I pass along their native fields and hedges. The primroses, and a variety of other sweet flowers, are already in full bloom; in short, every thing wears a cheerful appearance. How grateful ought I to be to the Author of every good, who, in this dear country, follows me with the same loving kindness and tender mercy, with which he followed me in the dear country I have left. The numerous friends, with whom I occasionally sojourn, are as anxious to detain me with them, and lament the necessity of my departure, precisely as did my American friends; their hearts swell with transport, while I *simply* declare the gospel of the grace of God, and they reiterate their expressions of admiration of the gracious words, which God enables me to utter, in like manner as did the good Gloucesterian Elder, Mr. Warner, on my first visit to that place. We mingle our supplications and addresses, our thanksgivings and our

praises, and our hearts burn within us, while we converse of the goodness of our God, and the gracious purposes of redeeming love. Surely it would be ill judged, if not cruel, in such circumstances, to dash the cup of felicity from the lips of these humble dependents upon the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, because perhaps they do not see to the end of the divine purposes. I never will preach any thing but the gospel of God our Saviour, any where; but I will leave those dear people to draw their own conclusions, and, in the interim, I will feed them with the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby. The inhabitants of this place (Falmouth) are very friendly, religious people. May God grant them peace, and give them abundant consolation in believing. The people every where hear with AMERICAN ATTENTION. Clergymen, wherever I sojourn, are generally my hosts. Gospel, unadulterated gospel, is pleasant to the believing soul; I content myself with showing that man is lost by sin; that the law is the ministration of death; that the gospel is a divine declaration of life, by Jesus Christ, to every creature. Yes, I will continue to preach the gospel freely to every creature. I will endeavour to point out its glories, and the many advantages attendant on believing the divine report. This, by the grace of God, shall still be the business of my life. Many clergymen attend me in my progress, no less than seven have been among my audience at one time; and on my descending from the pulpit, they usually take my hand, and devoutly thank me for bearing so good a testimony for Jesus Christ; for speaking so well of the Redeemer, adding, that it is a pity I should do any thing but preach. Numbers flock around me, and, in fact, were I an angel descended from above, I could *not be followed* with more uniform attention."

London is two hundred and twenty miles from Falmouth. The Preacher did not reach that metropolis until the 16th of March, and his time was most delightfully passed in the service of God the Saviour. Upon one occasion, his entrance into one spacious place of worship was hailed by the musical choir, devoutly chanting

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

Yet, even in this short visit to his native island, the Promulgator went through *evil* as well as *good* report. We subjoin a specimen of each. A gentleman of Falmouth, writing to his friend in Tregony, thus expresses himself:—

"Mr. Murray will shortly be in your town; we have attended upon him here with inexpressible delight; three such sermons, as he has delivered, my ears never before heard; such a preacher never before appeared in this town. I am convinced his ideas are all his own, I never heard any thing like them; his mind seems clearly informed, and his heart very much warmed by the love of God." But the following advertisement appeared in a London paper.

"Mr. Murray is an American, the most popular preacher in the United States. In the conclusion of one of his sermons, preached on that continent, he endeavoured to enforce, with all the powers of eloquence, the necessity of establishing in those states the same Olympic games, which were for many ages established among the Grecians." But this was not all; it was *storied*, that he had left America in consequence of a *criminal prosecution*.

Arriving at London, he was once more enriched by the maternal benediction. He found his venerable parent in the enjoyment of a fine green old age, and again she rejoiced in the presence of her son. In London, and at Hampstead, in the meeting-house once occupied by Mr. Whitefield, he delivered his message of peace. Patronized in the city of London, by an opulent family, who cherished him as a son, he was strongly solicited once more to take up his abode in that metropolis; but the providence of God had not so decreed, and, after continuing there a short time, he departed thence, and journeyed to Portsmouth, for the purpose of being in readiness to commence his return to America. In Portsmouth, he was again a solitary stranger; but he had not been more than four hours in that celebrated and important emporium, ere he was engaged, by a respectable clergyman, to preach a lecture, which had been previously announced. In Portsmouth he tarried two weeks, preaching frequently. On his first lecture, he was solicited by a Dr. Miller to accompany him to his habitation, where he abode until he departed from that town. The circle of his acquaintance soon became large, among whom he numbered very respectable friends. When the clergymen, with whom Mr. Murray associated, during his last residence in England, became ascertained of his *full* and *comprehensive views of the magnitude and extent of the redeeming plan*, although very few adopted his ideas, yet they still continued warmly attached to the preacher; and the letters they addressed to him, after his return to America, which are still in being, would fill a volume. A few of the Preacher's responses are contained in the volumes of Letters and Sketches of Sermons.

Mr. Murray proceeded to Cowes, upon the Isle of Wight, and from thence embarking for America, com-

menced his voyage with a fair wind, which soon changing, they were under the necessity of dropping anchor in Portland harbour, where they were long wind bound. His passage was uncommonly protracted; but, fortunately, the passengers united to give it every charm, of which society is susceptible; and, when we add, that our late respectable President, the Honourable John Adams and Lady, were of the number, the pleasures of the voyage will be nothing doubted. Books, music, and conversation, varied the tedium of the passing weeks; nor was the Preacher debarred the exercise of his sacred avocation; Mr. Adams requested he would officiate as their teacher, every Sunday, and accordingly the ship's company, and the passengers, were, upon this holy day, collected round him. His first subject was the third commandment. They united in their addresses to the throne of grace, and in hymning the praises of their God.

Again reaching the shores of this New World, the voice of exoneration and of FREEDOM bade him welcome; and the glad acclamations of joy resounded among his congratulating, and most affectionate friends. A summons from the Governour, to attend a select party at his house, met him on the day of his arrival, and every liberal mind partook the rational hilarity of the moment.

The Gloucesterians, determining no more to hazard invidious prosecution, and its train of evils, appointed a day, the Christmas of 1788, on which to *renew*, the ordination of their Pastor; and, after assembling, and effectuating their purpose, that they might bestow upon the solemn transaction all possible publicity, they procured its insertion in the Centinel of January 3d, 1789, from which paper we transcribe it verbatim:—

"Last Thursday week, Mr. John Murray was ordained to the pastoral charge of the Independent Church

of Christ in Gloucester. After Mr. Murray had prayed, and one of the congregation had announced the intention of the meeting, and presented him, formally, with a call, Mr. Murray replied:

"Persuaded of the truth of the declaration, made by the compilers of the shorter catechism, that God's works of providence are his most holy, wise, and powerful, preserving and governing all his *creatures*, and all their actions; and having a full conviction that the affairs of the Church are, in an especial manner, under his immediate direction; and that you, my Christian friends and brethren, are now, as formerly, under the directing influence of that divine spirit, which, taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them unto me, constrained me to become a Preacher of the everlasting Gospel, and directed you to set me *apart*, and ordain me, to be your Minister; I now again, with humble gratitude to my divine Master, and grateful affection for you, my long tried, and faithful christian friends and brethren, most cordially accept of this call."

One of the Committee then read the vote of the Church: "Resolved, that we, the proprietors of the Independent Meeting-House in Gloucester, the members of the church and congregation usually attending there for the purpose of divine worship, do, by virtue of that power invested in us by the great High Priest of our profession, the Bishop of our souls, and the Great and only Head of the Church; and according to the institutions of the first churches in New-England, and in perfect conformity to the third article of the declaration of rights, in this public manner, solemnly *elect* and *ordain*, constitute and appoint Mr. John Murray, of said Gloucester, clerk, to be our settled Minister, Pastor, and teaching Elder; to preach the word of God, and to inculcate lessons and instructions of piety, *religion*, and morality, on the congregation; and

to do, perform, and discharge all the duties and offices, which of right belong to any other minister of the Gospel, or public teacher of Piety, Religion, and Morality; and it is hereby intended, and understood, that the authority and rights hereby given to the said Mr. John Murray, to be our settled, ordained minister, and public teacher, are to remain in full force, so long as he shall continue to preach the word of God, and dispense instructions of piety, religion, and morality, conformably to our opinions, and no longer."

"The Committee then solemnly presented him the Bible, saying, on its presentation: "Dear sir, We present you these sacred scriptures as a solemn seal of your ordination to the ministry of the New Testament, and the sole directory of your faith and practice." His acceptance was affecting; as what comes from the heart reaches the heart.

"With my full soul I thank our merciful God, for this inestimable gift. With grateful transport I press it to my bosom; I receive it as the copy of my FATHER'S WILL, as the deed of an incorruptible inheritance; as the unerring guide to my feet, and lanthorn to my paths. Dear, precious treasure, thou hast been my constant support in every trying hour, and a never failing source of true consolation. I thank you, most sincerely do I thank you, for this confirming seal, this sure directory; and I pray that the spirit, which dictated these sacred pages, may enable me to make the best use thereof." A sermon by Mr. Murray, from Luke v. 2, succeeded, "*The harvest is great, but the laborers are few,*" &c. &c.

"The solemnity, attention, and christian demeanour, that attended the whole transaction of the ordination, and every other occurrence of the day, gave universal satisfaction to a numerous audience."

Days of tranquility now succeeded; weeks, months, *nay years* rolled on, and harmony, unbroken harmony, *presided*. Religion shed her balmy influence, her mild-

irradiating, passion-subduing consolations; and we were ready to say, stability dwelleth even in our times. But alas! we too soon experienced that "bliss, *sublunary bliss*," was not the durable possession of mortality.

It was in this interval, of most pleasant memory, that Mr. Murray, in the summer of the year 1790, then on a visit to his Pennsylvania, Jersey, and New-York connexions, was, by the Universalists convened in the city of Philadelphia, associated with Mr. William Eugene Imley, to present an address to the immortal Washington, then President of the United States. We proceed to transcribe the address.

To the President of the United States.

The Address of the Convention of the Universal Church, assembled in Philadelphia.

SIR,

Permit us in the name of the Society which we represent, to concur in the numerous congratulations which have been offered to you since your accession to the government of the United States.

"For an account of our principles, we beg leave to refer you to the pamphlet which we have now the honour of putting into your hands. In this publication it will appear, that the peculiar doctrine, which we hold, is not less friendly to the order and happiness of society, than it is essential to the perfection of the Deity. It is a singular circumstance in the history of this doctrine, that it has been preached and defended in every age since the first promulgation of the Gospel; but we represent the first society, professing this doctrine, that have formed themselves into an independent church. Posterity will hardly fail to connect this memorable event with the auspicious years of peace, liberty, and free inquiry in the United States, which distinguished the administration of General Washington.

"We join, thus publicly, with our affectionate fellow citizens, in thanks to Almighty God, for the last of his numerous signal acts of goodness to our country, in preserving your valuable life, in a late dangerous indisposition, and we assure you, Sir, that duty will not prompt us, more than affection, to pray that you may long continue the support and ornament of our country, and that you may hereafter fill a higher station, and enjoy the greater reward of being a king, and priest to our God.

"Signed in behalf, and by order of the convention.
"JOHN MURRAY.
"WILLIAM EUGENE IMLEY."

PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

"*To the Convention of the Universal Church, lately assembled in Philadelphia.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"I thank you, cordially, for the congratulations, which you offer on my appointment to the office I have the honour to hold in the government of the United States.

"It gives me the most sensible pleasure to find, that, in our nation, however different are the sentiments of citizens on religious doctrines, they generally concur in one thing: for their political professions, and practices, are almost universally friendly to the order and happiness of our civil institutions. I am also happy in finding this disposition *particularly* evinced by your society. It is moreover my earnest desire, that the members of every association, or community, throughout the United States, may make such use of the auspicious years of peace, liberty, and free inquiry with which they are now favoured, as they shall hereafter find occasion to rejoice for having done.

"*With* great satisfaction, I embrace this opportunity,

to express my acknowledgments for the interest, my affectionate fellow citizens have taken in my recovery, from a late dangerous indisposition. And I assure you, Gentlemen, that in mentioning my obligations, for the effusions of your benevolent wishes on my behalf, I feel animated with new zeal, that my conduct may ever be worthy of your good opinion, as well as such as shall, in every respect, best comport with the character of an intelligent, and accountable being."

And now, a large number of Mr. Murray's first friends in Gloucester were numbered with the dead. He had himself again become the head of a family. The times were oppressive, and he considered it his duty to provide for those of whom he had taken charge. The Bostonians were solicitous to hail the Preacher, as their settled Pastor; and it was certain his usefulness would, in the Metropolis, be more extensive. A partial separation from the Gloucesterians was, by mutual consent, effectuated. It was however stipulated, that Mr. Murray should occasionally visit them, and that they should be allowed to command his presence, upon every distressing, or important exigence; and the distance being no more than an easy ride of a few hours, the adjustment was accomplished, without much difficulty. Yet did the Preacher continue dissatisfied, until the establishment of his successor, in the midst of his long-loved, and early friends.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Jones, a native of Wales, whom he had induced, by his representations, to write

with him in his American mission, is a gentleman of great respectability, of the purest morals, and high in the ranks of integrity. Mr. Jones was educated at the college established by the Countess of Huntington; in which connexion he continued, until his attachment to the doctrines of the gospel, in their most unlimited import, became the signal for his exclusion. The installation of Mr. Jones, in Gloucester, gladdened the heart of the philanthropic preacher, and his satisfaction was complete. The Gloucesterians love and respect their pastor, and their unanimity is unbroken. They have erected a new and elegant house of worship. In Salem also, in Portsmouth and Charlestown, in New York, and in Philadelphia, commodious buildings are reared to the honour of OUR SAVIOUR.

On Wednesday, 23d of October, 1793, the installation of Mr. Murray, took place in the Universal Meeting-house in Boston; the Presiding Deacon, addressed the church and congregation.

"Brethren, it having pleased the Father of mercies to unite in bonds of Christian love and affection the hearts of the people, usually worshipping in this place, in the choice of Mr. John Murray for their Pastor and Teacher. We have accordingly assembled together, at this time and place, for the solemn purpose of ratifying here below, what we humbly trust is already recorded in heaven. It is the duty of all men, at all times, and in all places, humbly to implore the direction of the great Head of the Church, in all their lawful undertakings." (Then followed an appropriate prayer by Mr. Murray.) After which, the Deacon demanded of the church and congregation, as they had heretofore expressed their desire, that Mr. Murray should become their Pastor, and Teacher, if, at this time, they continued of that mind, they would publicly confirm it, by *vote—which was unanimous*. He then requested Mr.

Murray's answer, which being given in the affirmative, he concluded his address: "I, therefore, in the name and behalf of this church and congregation—*supported by the constitution of this Commonwealth*, declare you, John Murray, to be the Pastor and Teacher of this First Universal Church in Boston; and in their name I present unto you the sacred Volume, as the rule of your faith and practice, and as containing a perfect and complete revelation of the perfections and will of God; and I furthermore declare unto you, that so long as you continue to preach the gospel, as delineated in these sacred pages, which is glad tidings of great joy to every creature, as the purchase of the blood of Immanuel, so long you shall be considered as our Pastor, *and no longer*. And now, dearly beloved Sir, "*I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick, and the dead, at His Appearing, and His Kingdom; to Preach the Word, be Instant in Season, out of Season; Reprove, Rebuke, Exhort, with all long Suffering, and Doctrine. In all things showing thyself a Pattern of Good Works: In Doctrine showing Uncorruptness, Gravity, Sincerity, Sound Speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part, may be Ashamed, having no Evil thing to say of you. A Workman that needeth not to be Ashamed, Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth.* And now, Sir, commending you with the Church, and Congregation over which the Holy Ghost hath made *you Overseer*, to the care and protection of Him "that *loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood*," earnestly beseeching Him, to build us all up in the unity of the One Spirit and in the bond of peace. Now unto Him who is abundantly able to perform all these things for us, and to present us ALL faultless before the throne of an Infinite Majesty, be all honour, glory, *dominion*, and power, throughout the ages of *time, and a wasteless* eternity, Amen."

Mr. Murray's reply was animated and replete with affection; after which, a hymn was performed by the choir of singers, accompanied by the organ. Next, an excellent discourse by Mr. Murray, from 1. Cor. ix. 14. "For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." A collection for the distressed inhabitants of Philadelphia succeeded the sermon, and an anthem suited to the solemnities of the occasion was most admirably chanted. The whole was conducted with strict decorum, to the satisfaction of a very numerous, respectable, and attentive audience.

Perhaps no congregation were ever more unanimous, and more perfectly satisfied with the Pastor of their election, than were the people worshipping in the Church in Bennet-Street; and perhaps no Minister was ever more unfeignedly attached to the people of his charge, than was the long-wandering Preacher. Both the minister, and congregation might truly be said to worship the Most High in the beauty of holiness. The ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered agreeably to their ideas of its genuine import. Parents brought their children into the great congregation, standing in the broad aisle, in the presence of the worshippers of God; the father received the babe from the hands of the mother, and presented it to the servant of God; who, deriving his authority for this practice from the example of his Redeemer, who says, "suffer little children to come unto me," &c. &c. pronounced aloud the name of the child, and received it as a member of the mystical body of Him, who is the second Adam, the Redeemer of Men. How often has his paternal heart throbbed with rapture, as he has most devoutly repeated, "We dedicate thee to Him, to whom thou properly belongest, to be *baptized* with His own baptism, in the name of the

Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and we pronounce upon thee that blessing, which He commanded his Ministers, Moses, Aaron, and his Sons, to pronounce upon his people, saying, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

The preacher, however, never surrendered the persuasion, that he was *sent out* to preach the gospel, and his visits to his far distant friends were frequently repeated; yet these visits were always made by the assenting voice of the society, and he regarded every individual, congregated under his directing auspices, as in an essential and solemn sense his children. A gentleman, attending in the church in Bennet-street, addressing Mr. Murray by letter, thus observes: "I was very much pleased at your meeting; the orderly, respectable, and serious demeanour of your society; their silent, and fixed attention upon you, penetrated me with sentiments of attachment and satisfaction, and I forbore not to invoke the providence of God, that no froward or adverse spirit, should interrupt the harmony which now so evidently subsists between you."

Yes, it is indeed true, that Mr. Murray considered the interests of the people of his charge as *his own*. Most fondly did he cherish, and perseveringly did he seek, by every possible means, to advance their reputation. He sympathized with the afflicted, and largely partook their sorrows; while, so often as the course of events brought joy to their bosoms, his eye beamed gladness, and his tongue exulted to dwell upon facts, which illumined the hours of his protracted pilgrimage. His voice, at the bed of death, was the herald of consolation. Are there not uncounted numbers, still passing on, in this vale of tears, who, while attending upon their expiring relatives, have witnessed the divine

effects emanating from the luminous understanding of the preacher, and lighting up a blissful smile of anticipated felicity, amid the agonies of dissolving nature. To the aged he delighted to administer consolation; his presence gave a face of cheerfulness to those social hours, which the numerous classes, with whom he mingled, were wont to appropriate to enjoyment. Children lisped with infantile transport the name of the philanthropic preacher, and they were even eloquent in expressions of unfeigned attachment. The pleasures of young people, if under the dominion of innocence, were uniformly sanctioned by their Preacher; and his appearance in well regulated circles of hilarity, so far from clouding, was always considered as the harbinger of highwrought entertainment. If we except a single instance, we do not know, that through a series of revolving years, the harmony subsisting between the minister and his congregation, suffered either interruption or diminution. This instance originated in political pertinacity. Party spirit occasionally ran very high; and federal and democratic leaders were among the adherents of Mr. Murray. A July Oration was to be delivered; much invidious disquisition was afloat; but it is fruitless to delineate; suffice it to say, that this oration, and its consequences, were pregnant with anguish to an oft-stricken heart; but, blessed be God, the threatning aspect of affairs, which seemed to gather darkness, was soon dispersed, and the sun of righteousness seemed to break forth, with renewed splendor. Nor is it wonderful, that transient animosities existed; it is rather astonishing they were not more frequent. It was truly affecting, it was beautiful, and eminently consolatory, to behold persons of the warmest feelings, and strongest prejudices, depositing every dissenting, every foreign sentiment, at the foot of the cross, meeting, and *mingling* souls, and emphatically, although tacitly, say-

ing to every minor consideration, "Tarry ye here, while we go up to worship."

Too soon have the years of felicity fled away. They rise to view like the vision of some blissful era, which we have *imagined*, not *realized*. Suddenly we were aroused from our dream of security; the torpid hand of palsy blighted our dearest hopes; the Preacher, the Head, the Husband, the Father, was in a moment precipitated from a state of high health, and prostrated beneath the tremendous stroke of the fell destroyer. —— —— —— —— ——

CHAPTER VIII.

Record continued from October, 1809, to September, 1815, including the closing scene.

Portentously the dense, dark cloud arose;
Long was the night, surcharg'd with clust'ring woes;
But, blest religion, rob'd in spotless white,
With torch of faith, pointing to realms of light,
March'd splendid on; wide o'er the brightening way,
Leading the saint to never-ending day.

It was upon the nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and nine, that the fatal blow was given to a life so valuable, so greatly endeared, so truly precious; but, although the corporeal powers of the long active preacher, became so far useless, as to render him as helpless as a new-born babe; although he was indeed a complete cripple, yet the saint still lingered; was still detained by the all-wise decree of the Most High, a prisoner in his clay-built tenement, nor did his complete beatification take place until the Sabbath morning of September 3d, lacking only a few

days of six complete years. Yet was his patience, so far as we have known, unexampled. No murmur against the inflictions of heaven escaped his lips; praises of his paternal Creator were still found upon his tongue, and the goodness of his God continued his enduring theme. Unwavering in his testimony, he repeatedly, and most devoutly, said: "No man on earth is under so many obligations to Almighty God as myself; yes, I will adore the great Source of Being so long as I shall exist, and every faculty of my soul shall bless my redeeming Creator." Yet, it is true, that when the once *cheerful sabbath bells* vibrated upon his ear, he would frequently lift towards heaven a humid eye, and mournfully articulate: "Alas! alas! it is not with me as heretofore, when I could hear the tribes devoutly say, "Up, Israel, to the temple haste, and keep this festal day:" Soon, however, his mind was hushed to peace, by calm, and firm confidence in his God, and he would add—"Well, well, when I awake in thy likeness, I shall be satisfied. We are asleep in the present state; we are asleep in the likeness of the earthy man; all our uneasy sensations are unpleasant dreams. Pleasures, derived from mere terrestrial enjoyments, detached from intellect, are also dreams, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, shall not leave a wreck behind. But if my life have been a continued sleep, and the greater part of my pains, and pleasures, dreams; yet, while this deep sleep has been upon me, the Almighty hath instructed me; yes, blessed be His name, the roof of His mouth is as the best wine, which goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those who are asleep to speak. O! for more of this best wine, that my lips may show forth his praise, that I may drink and forget all sorrow."

Thus was the tenor of his mind generally acquiescent, and his impatience to be gone was frequently

subdued, by an operative conviction of the sovereign wisdom, as well as paternal love of Deity. His bible was his constant companion. Seated by his affectionate assistant, in his easy chair, and the book of God opened before him, the man of patience, during six succeeding years, passed the long summer mornings from the sun's early beams, in examining and re-examining the WILL OF HIS AUGUST FATHER. He had, through a long life, been conversant with a variety of English authors. Poets, dramatic writers, essayists, and historians, were familiar to him; he took great delight in perusing them; but, travelling through those multiplied pages, might be termed his excursions, while the sacred volume was his INTELLECTUAL HOME. Many hours in every day were devoted to the attentive perusal of the scriptures, and yet his sentiments were unvaried; not a single feature of the system, he had so long advocated, was changed.

Mr. Murray was fond of calling himself the Lord's prisoner; and he would add, I am, by consequence, a *prisoner of hope*. During his confinement many respectable gentlemen, clergymen in Boston, visited him. One or two repeated their visits, and they apparently regarded the new white-haired servant of God, with kindness and respect. One clergyman questioned him respecting his then present views, wishing to be ascertained if his faith were still in exercise, if he were willing to depart. "O yes, yes, yes," exclaimed the long-illumined christian, "the glorious manifestations of divine love still brighten upon me. Right precious to my soul are the promises, the oath of Jehovah; and, sir, so far from shrinking from my approaching change, my only struggle is for patience to abide, until the time appointed for my emancipation. I would cultivate a humble, child-like resignation; but hope deferred, doth indeed too often make the heart sick." Another gentleman congratulated him on his ap-

parent convalescence—"Oh! sir," he returned, "the voice of gladness suits not my present feelings; it is, as if, when I believed I was voyaging to my native shores, where health, happiness and peace awaited me, borne onwards by gales the most propitious, and supposing myself almost in the moment of obtaining the long desired haven, when suddenly driven back by some adverse circumstance, instead of being soothed by condolence, I am pierced to the soul by the discordant sounds of felicitation." Yet, we repeat, the revered teacher was in general astonishingly patient, resigned and even cheerful. He was frequently heard to say, that he had experienced, in the course of his confinement, more of the abundant goodness of his God, than through the whole of his preceding life; and those, most conversant with him, could not forbear observing, that the protracted period which would in prospect have risen to the eye with a most melancholy, if not terrific aspect, taken as a whole, exhibited the saint more equal, calm, and dignified, than any other six years of his existence. A respectable gentleman, not of his persuasion, but candid and benign, remarked, that his character was elevated to no common height; that his uncomplaining endurance of suffering, and the unwavering steadfastness of his faith, had stamped his testimony with the seal of integrity, and gave that confirmation to his confidence in his own views of sacred writ, which could not fail of rejoicing the hearts of his adherents.

The chamber of adversity was occasionally illumined by the presence of a few fast friends; and one sympathizing, kind-hearted, affectionate brother was so uniform in his appearance, with the close of every week, that we might almost have designated the day, and the hour of the evening, by his approaches. Nor was the demise of his teacher the period of his kindness; his countenance, his aid, his commisseration, his society, are still loaned to the solitary, the bereaved family. Dear faithful man! May the rich blessing of Almighty God rest upon thee and

thine, until thou hast finished thy mortal career, and mayest thou in the regions of blessedness, renew, with thy beloved teacher, that friendship which, while tenanted in clay, thou hast so well known to appreciate.

To three other gentlemen, *devoted adherents* to the lamented deceased, warm acknowledgements are, also, most righteously due. Their kind, and still continued attentions, are gratifying proof of their attachment to him, who was so dear to them, and gratitude hath, with mournful alacrity, reared her altars in the bosoms of the widow, and the fatherless.

Some strange occurrences were noted, which filled the heart of the venerable man of God with sorrow, unutterable sorrow. Every thing seemed to point his passage homeward to the sky, and upon Lord's day morning, August twenty-seventh, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, at four o'clock, an especial summons was despatched by the Most High, to recal his long-tried servant; but alas! we did not recognize the messenger; we rather believed, that the circumstances, which marked the acknowledged change, would look with a friendly aspect upon the health of the beloved man, during the succeeding autumn and winter; but the honoured sufferer himself, apparently better informed, anticipatingly observed—"Who knows, perhaps the liberating hour is at hand;" and his feelings are always elated and depressed, in exact proportion as the moment of his departure seemed to advance, or recede. The progress of the new disease, was astonishingly rapid. A physician was summoned, who permitted the indulgence of hope. On Tuesday, 29th, his complaints evidently abated, insomuch, that while the features of his strongly marked face expressed the deepest mortification, he tremulously exclaimed, "Am I then once more thrown back, the melancholy subject of alternate hope and fear?" On Wednesday, every symptom increased, he obtained little rest, and hope manifestly triumphed in his bosom. Another physician was called in,

whose doubtful answers to proposed questions created much alarm. He seemed to consider nature as surrendering her offices. In the course of Thursday, 31st, he repeatedly, and earnestly said, "I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God, my Saviour, that I suffer no pain, either of body, or mind." To a young, and tenderly interested friend, he smilingly observed, "I am hastening through the valley of the shadow of death; I am about to quit this distempered state; yet a little moment, and I shall be received into the city of the living God, with the innumerable company of the apostles, and spirits of just men made perfect, and I shall continue for ever, in the presence of my divine Master."

His family solicited his blessing. "You are blessed," he replied, with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus; and, remember," he added, fixing his dying eyes upon them, "remember, that however tried in this world, there is another, and a better state of things; and that, although pierced in this vale of tears by the arrows of unkindness and ingratitude, there is one who loveth you, with an everlasting love, and who will never leave you nor forsake you"

On Friday morning, September 1st, some expressions gave positive proof of his sanity; but as the day advanced, his derangement was supposed unquestionable, and from this hour, until Saturday evening, a little after sunset, he continued, with few intervals, incoherently repeating the most consolatory passages in the book of God. His right hand was constantly in motion, and when any one approached, whatever might be the question, the answer was ready. "To HIM," said the expiring christian, "SHALL THE GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE BE, AND HIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS. I am blessed with all spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus. Nor I alone, *Christ Jesus hath tasted death for every man.*" These God-honouring, man-restoring truths, were audibly *articulated*, while voice and strength continued; and when

speaking only in a whisper, to the listening ear applied to his moving lips, it was ascertained that the same consolatory assurances still dwelt upon his tongue. Was this delirium? or, if it were, was it not a delirium irradiated by the powerful influence of redeeming love? Did not the luminous truths, upon which the noble, the capacious mind, had so long reposed, beam refulgent over the scattering fragments, then dissolving, which had for a term of more than seventy years, embodied the immortal tenant?

Almost immediately after sunset, on Saturday evening, he ceased to speak; his right hand no longer waved, and he continued in the same position, in which the enduring kindness of his faithful assistant had placed him, until six o'clock, Lord's-day morning, September third, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen; when, without a sigh, or a struggle, or a single distortion of countenance, he expired. His long-imprisoned spirit escaped to the God who gave it.

It did not appear, through the whole of Friday and Saturday, that he suffered the least pain, except when an attempt was made to move him. His breath grew shorter and shorter, like the sweet sleep of a tired infant, until it could no more be distinguished. He departed this life in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Sacred be the scene which immediately succeeded. We do not wish—we attempt not to lift the veil; but we exult in the conviction, that we shall, ere long, follow the emancipated spirit to the abodes of blessedness.

The interment could be deferred only until Monday evening, September 4th. The ebbing attachment of certain individuls now reverted to its pristine channel. Funereal honours *were promptly* and *unanimously* decreed. The children of the society, distinguished by a badge of mourning, preceded the body; a long, solemn, well ordered and respectable procession followed the train of mourners; private carriages were added to those appointed by the society; the body was deposited upon stands in the

aisle of the Church; the pulpit and galleries were hung with black; religious exercises were performed; when it was entombed with the ashes of those to whom he had been fondly attached. Every thing, which immediately referred to the sacred, the INDIVIDUAL remains of the deceased, was liberally provided by the religious adherents of the promulgator, and the arrears which *would* have been due to the family, had the vote of March, 1815, been similar to that of March, 1814, were paid, to a single farthing.

CHAPTER IX.

Conclusion.

And now the feverish dream of Life is o'er.

HAD we talents, we would exhibit a portrait of the deceased: But, besides that we feel ourselves inadequate to a task so arduous, we are not perfectly convinced of its propriety. Friendship might be too warm, and admiration too lavish. His colleague has been his eulogist, and no friend of the deceased will pronounce the panegyric an exaggeration. Perhaps it does not contain a more just, or a more happy paragraph than the following: "Without a second to aid him, you saw him pass along these shores from Maryland to New Hampshire, like the lonely Pelican of the wilderness, publishing, as with the voice of an angel, the tidings of everlasting life to the whole world, in the name and through the mission of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It has been said, that persuasion dwelt upon the lips of our philanthropist. The pages of recollection furnish many instances of his powerful, and soul-subduing eloquence. We are impelled to select, from the fading Record, two facts, which are well authenticated:—

A London mob had assembled in great force, with the most destructive and murderous designs. Time honoured edifices were to be demolished, and the weapons of death to be pointed at the most valuable lives. This scene of riot was exhibited during the troubles relative to Mr. Wilkes; all was tumult and tremendous uproar; an attempt at reasoning was stifled by outrageous clamour; the efforts of peace officers were fruitless, and the military was on the point of being called into action, when Mr. Murray, returning from some religious meeting to his peaceful home, found himself in the midst of the infuriated rioters, and instantly mounting a stand, which opportunely presented, he harangued the lawless multitude; and, by soothing their prejudices, addressing their passions, and pointing out the only legitimate steps for the purpose of obtaining redress, he first obtained silence, next softened and ameliorated their passions, and finally dispersed without mischief a most enraged populace. A nobleman, seizing him by the hand, impressively said, "Young man, I thank you; I am ignorant of your name, but I bear testimony to your wonderful abilities. By your exertions, much blood and treasure have this night been saved."

The second instance which we present is nearer home. A motion was made in the legislature of a sister state, then province, to raise a sum of money for the relief of the Bostonians, suffering from the severe decrees of a British ministry. Mr. Murray attended the debates; the motion was seconded, and supported, with spirit and judgment, and it was opposed with some violence, and little reason. It was put to vote, and lost by a majority of twelve persons; Mr. Murray's particular adherents voting against it. It happened he was, on that day, to dine at the house of a Doctor B———, one of the triumphant majority, with several gentlemen on the same side of the question, when his powerful animadversions, and reasoning upon the subject, wrought so great a revolution, as to produce a reconsideration of the vote, and

the motion for succouring the Bostonians, passed by a majority of nine persons.

Mr. Murray has been accused of licentious opinions and practices. His letters to his friends would fill many volumes; addressed to the private ear of those he best loved, they ought to decide upon his opinions; and, for his life, perhaps no man of abilities so stinted was ever a greater blessing to mankind. We indulge ourselves with giving one letter, written to the son of a most intimate friend:—

"You are placed at school for two purposes; the improvement of your understanding, and the formation of virtuous principles. It cannot be doubted that the improvement of the heart is esteemed by those to whom you are most dear, beyond the most cultivated intellect. It is your business to unite these estimable objects; your heart and understanding should be emulous in pursuit of excellence. Ethics, improved and elevated by the christian religion, become the guides to real wisdom and solid happiness; these they could never have attained in the schools of heathen philosophy. It is not expected that you should thus early be engaged in the profound disquisitions of theology. The plain doctrines of the religion, which it is hoped you will profess, have been explained to you; but the principal business is to open your heart for the reception of those sentiments and principles, which will conduce to the direction of your actions, in the employments and engagements of your subsequent life. Permit me, however, to remind you of the necessity of reading the scriptures, that is, of drinking the sacred waters at the fountain head. But, to read the scriptures with advantage, judgment is necessary, and as your judgment is not yet matured, you must submit to the direction of your instructers. The plainest, and most perspicuous passages will for the present, best deserve and reward your attention. The historical parts of the Old Testament will entertain you, if you consider them only in a classical

point of view, as valuable passages of ancient history; but I would call your attention more immediately to the books which are most replete with *moral* instruction, such as the Proverbs of Solomon, the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, and the admirable book entitled, Ecclesiasticus. I trust the time will come, when the prophecies will most pleasingly instruct you; at present you will peruse them for the poetical beauties, which they confessedly display. Isaiah abounds with fine passages of this description, and Jeremiah is by no means deficient in this line. You have no doubt read Pope's Messiah, and could not but have observed, that its most pleasing imagery is selected from Isaiah. If you read the Old Testament with a taste for its beauties, you will accomplish two important purposes; you will acquire a knowledge of the Holy Bible, which is your duty, and you will improve your taste and judgement. The New Testament requires the attention of every one, who professes himself a christian. You must read it with that humility, which becomes a finite being, but more particularly a young person; you will do well to pay especial attention to the sermon on the Mount, and to that admirable epitome of all moral philosophy, the RULE OF DOING TO OTHERS, AS WE WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO US. If you pay due obedience to this precept, you will never hesitate in determining what part you are, upon every occasion, to act. It is proper you should familiarize your mind to the *language* of scripture; although you may not fully comprehend the sacred writings, you will thus treasure up in your memory many useful passages, which may become in future highly consolatory. An early acquaintance with the letter of the old and new testaments, has been found substantial props through lengthening years; but all this, my dear young friend, will avail but little, un-

less you add thereto *prayer* and *praise*. Make it therefore a rule, never to be violated, to pray night and morning. The Redeemer, while clothed in humanity, earnestly and fervently addressed the Deity; forget not, therefore, to offer your private addresses to the Father of your spirit, at retiring to rest, and with the early dawn. Your age is the age of inadvertence; you enjoy health, and you are a stranger to the cares of the world. Cheerfulness does indeed become you, but let me pray you to consider the value of time, and the importance of appropriating it to wisdom. Consider your parents; the anxiety they experience upon your account; most ardently do they desire your improvement. Laudably ambitious, they are solicitous that you should be eminent, in whatever profession or employment you may be destined to engage. To see you contemptible, would fill them with the extreme of anguish; and, trust me, nothing will rescue you from contempt, but individual merit, a good disposition, adorned by literature, and embellished by the lighter accomplishments, and especially elevated by christianity. Your parents have laboured indefatigably, to promote you; but it remains with yourself to give success to their endeavours. The mind is not like a vessel, into which we may pour any good quality, whatever the director may choose; it is rather like a plant, which, by the operation of its own *internal powers*, imbibes the nutriment afforded by the earth. I repeat; it is certain, that instructors can serve you only, in conjunction with your own efforts. Let me then entreat you to exert yourself, if you have any regard for those parents, whose happiness so much depends upon your conduct; if you have any regard for your own honour, felicity, and prosperity; if you hope to be useful, and respected in society.

"Always consider me as your friend and servant,

JOHN MURRAY."

If the testimony of respectable cotemporaries; of men who disdained flattery, and whose judgment was unquestionable; who delighted to address our departed friend in the strains of panegyric—if these vouchers were permitted to decide in his favour, we could produce a cloud of witnesses. We content ourselves with a few extracts, from the many letters which might be produced. General Greene thus writes: "You may remember, I promised you a letter at the close of every campaign. Had I the tongue of a Murray to proclaim, or the pen of a Robertson to record, the occurrences of this campaign should be delineated to the honour of America. The Monmouth battle, and the action upon Rhode-Island, were no small triumphs to us, who had so often been necessitated to turn our backs. To behold our fellows, chasing the British off the field of battle, afforded a pleasure, which you can better conceive, than I describe. If, my dear Murray, I had before been an unbeliever, I have had sufficient evidence of the intervention of Divine Providence, to reclaim me from infidelity; my heart, I do assure you, overflows with gratitude to Him, whose arm is mightier than all the Princes of the earth. In the midst of difficulties, and I have encountered many, my heart reverts to you; were you addressing me from the pulpit, you could convince me that considering the World to which I am hastening, I have not the least cause of complaint —I sigh for an opportunity of listening to the music of your voice.

"Are you and the priests upon any better terms? Or are they as mad with you as ever? Well, go on, and prosper, and may God bless you to the end of the chapter." Again, General Greene writes: "It is, my dear sir, a long time since you and I have had a friendly meeting. God only knows when we shall be thus blest. It is impossible for me to give you an

adequate idea of the distress of the once happy people of New-Jersey; I know your fancy is lively, and your genius fertile; give your faculties full scope, in drawing a picture, and it will still fall far short of the original. How greatly would you be pained were you present; you who sympathize with every thing in distress, and feel, and share the miseries of all around you. Oh, my dear friend, may God preserve you from such complicated distress. Soon after you left me upon Long Island, I was seized with a violent fit of sickness; my restoration was unexpected, but my health is now confirmed. Oh what would I give for a few hours uninterrupted conversation with our dear Murray. I beseech you to visit Mrs. Greene in Coventry." One more extract from the letters of General Greene shall suffice. "Once more, on the close of the campaign, I am to announce to my very dear friend, that I am still an inhabitant of this globe. We have had a hard and bloody campaign, yet we ought rather to dwell upon the mercies we have received, than to repine because they are not greater. But man is a thankless creature; yet you, dear Murray, know, that the mercies of God are happily proportioned to our weakness. Retired to winter quarters, the social passions once more kindled into life. Love and friendship triumph over the heart, and the sweet pleasure of domestic happiness, call to remembrance my once happy circle of friends, in which you my dear Sir, appear in the first rank. My friendship for you is indeed of the warmest description. My attachment was not hastily formed, and it will not easily be relinquished. I early admired your talents; your morals have earned my esteem; and neither distance nor circumstances will diminish my affection."

The subjoined extracts are from letters written by gentlemen of high respectability, in the mercantile,

literary, and christian world. The first extract is from a letter, soliciting a visit from the Preacher.

"The grand, the glorious expedition, in which you are engaged, to disseminate truth, and knowledge; the assurances we can give you how little is known here, and how eagerly it is wished, that the ways of God to man should be made manifest, will I trust induce you to make an exertion in our behalf. My ardent prayer is for your life, and health. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few; yet I trust in God, that the beams of light will irradiate this benighted world, and that he will accelerate that eternal day, when the Son shall give up the kingdom to the Father, and God shall be all in all."

"You solicit me to write; my writing can afford you no novelty, for what intellectual ground is there, that you have not trod, or that I can mark out, which you have not before observed. I am wearied with reiterated reflection, and I pant for that sky, where I may range without confinement. The simple truths of the gospel please me much. I rest in confidence that Christ died for me, rose again for my justification, and will make me completely blessed; that I am essentially united to, and a part of that nature, which pervades all space, and a spark of that fire, that shall escape to heaven, its native seat. I recollect your preaching with pleasure, and I bless God for the light he has been pleased to convey to my mind, through your instrumentality; may your labours be blest with success; but I predict *the genuine Gospel labourers* will be but few. Poor man! you must stand singly opposed, without human aid: be persuaded that the conflict will be inferior to your strength. I really despise the world, for their treatment of you; but you know who says, "*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the World.*" What mildness was there in the majesty of the person

of the Redeemer! He could have been no other than the Deity, enrobed in a mantle of flesh. I venerate the liberal, the magnanimous principles of your general and your colonel; and I love them for their friendship for you, and the estimation in which they hold you. It is so rare to meet with liberal and enlarged minds, that when I do, I exult at the discovery, and my soul leaps to embrace them. Should you have a vacant moment, you will do well to fill it, by writing to us, your children."

"Never, my dear Murray, can I forget you, while memory holds her seat in this benighted vale. The impressions are too lasting to be effaced, and so deeply are they marked together, that, when the ideas of the great redemption arise in my mind, those of Relly and Murray, are inseparable therefrom, as the mediums through which sublime truth beamed upon my soul. I am desirous of anticipating that adult age, you so beautifully describe, when knowledge shall be conveyed, not by the obstructed tongue, or tardy pen, but by intuition. But, my dear sir, you must wait till that expected day, before I can tell you how much I esteem, how much I love you. Among a number of things you have taught me, I reckon it not the least, that the disposal of human affairs is in the direction of a Being, whose operations will always produce the best consequences. I, however, find it difficult to suppress the indignation I feel at the treatment you receive. What shall cure these distempered minds? what shall compose the tumult of their frenzy, or rouse their feverish repose? not the skill of an Isaiah, nor the prayers of a Paul; nothing short of the prescription of the grand Physician, who is the Healer of the Nations, and the application of that tree, whose leaf is for medicine. My wishes for you in this case are vain; but I can never appreciate the aspirations of my heart; not that

you may be exempt from the conflict, but that you may conquer, and you will conquer; your reward is above, secure from the rage of impotent man, and the invasion of the grand adversary of human nature."

"To be possessed of your confidence and friendship, would be flattering to me in the highest degree. My wishes are to deserve both. You do indeed appear to me a *chosen one*, an *elect soul*. Call these expressions extravagant if you please, but they are as far short of what I feel, as language is inadequate to the expression of the refined taste of the mind."

"Among the almost innumerable systems, respecting our nature, being, and our end, in which the world has been so perplexed, and have exposed themselves so variously, none claims so fair a title to truth as the one you promulgate. But the world have not so liberally attributed goodness to Deity. Our benignant religion develops the goodness of God in the enlightening sun, the fructifying rain, the cheering wine, and the nutritious bread; in short, in a thousand million examples, with which nature so liberally abounds. Indeed we should seldom be unhappy, did we more constantly realize the presence of a redeeming God. I admire the candour of your mind, which is ever stepping forth, as the advocate of your friends, although I may occasionally drop from that stand in your friendship, which it would be my pride to maintain; it is a persuasion, which I can never relinquish, that the wanderings of my heart may be reclaimed in an instant. Your letters are present with me, they are under my pillow; I bind them to me as phylacteries, and I attentively watch for a moment of leisure, to acknowledge them. Murray, should you pass out of time before me, I should experience some exquisitely painful sensations. O! may you be for a long, long time to come, invulnerable to the shafts of disease; yet why should I

wish to turn the dart, that will give you passport to a life of bliss and immortality! You who agonize at the present state of existence. No, let me neither accelerate, nor retard, even by a wish, that period of humanity, but invoke our common Father that we may be strengthened by the way, and with faith and patience quietly wait the expected release."

"Your letter, my dear Murray, is like a great magazine, full of instruction and entertainment. Were I to attempt to give it due and just consideration, I should write a volume, and probably not succeed at last. *You* say, and *I* believe it, that we shall be built up again upon a superior principle. The world is so involved in the wicked one, that I am really glad to find any one willing to allow the goodness of God, in any view; it is at least one step toward a just way of thinking. I pray you to be content with your present standing, you are too infirm to visit far from home; where you speak, you are heard by many strangers, who enter your Capital, whom you know not, but who hear, and know you; so I think your station is clearly pointed out, to which you do well to adhere. I regret exceedingly, that I cannot attend your expositions of the ceremonial Law, in which I understand you are engaged. Those laws are a deep and rich mine of instruction. The Scriptures are ONE, like a great EPIC; their action is ONE, the RESTORATION of a LOST NATURE. The subordinate parts evidently point to the great HEAD and captain of our salvation. Go on, my dear sir, and may you be the means of bringing many sons to glory. Allow me to say, you ought to write more frequently; your diligence and activity are well known to me, but it seems incumbent upon you to give to the world your explanations of the sacred writings. Yes, I repeat, you would do well to bestow some portion of your time to record and elucidate, many passages which, when

you are gone, may speak for you. The event of your death, however dreaded, must be met by the greater part of your hearers, and, although they may have remaining to them the sacred writings, yet your are aware, that a preacher is necessary. I have compared you to some of the general elements of life, whose good and salubrious existences are not known, until they are lost. I consider you employed in removing the scales from the darkened eye, fortifying the timid mind against the approaching dissolution of nature, securing it from the blandishments of delusion, and leading it to arm against the terrors of calamity and pain. I myself am indebted to you in hundreds of instances for light, and most important information. I need not repeat my best wishes to you; they present themselves to me in full, whenever your memory occurs to me. I feel that it is hereafter, when you and I are liberated, that I shall derive a part of my happiness from the perfection of your friendship. May the least and lightest pains infest you here; this is the utmost a mortal dare wish, or request."

"Yes, my dear Sir, I am now sensible of the value of existence; and the assurance of immortality has become my greatest happiness. The time was, when to my serious moments, immortality appeared garbed in horror; many a time have I wished I had never been born; but, blessed change, I can now perceive that light, which shined in me, even then,—although my darkness comprehended it not; but, blessed be God, my eyes are at length opened. O! may God, all-gracious, watch over you, and preserve you from every evil. The Almighty in great mercy hath loaned you to a benighted world; may the rich blessing be long continued."

"Gratitude, dear and honoured Sir, calls upon me to acknowledge my great obligations for the glorious

declaration of those important truths, of which, until I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Murray, I was entirely ignorant. From that blessed era, I date the commencement of my terrestrial felicity. It is to you, as an instrument, I am indebted for a glimpse of the beautiful harmony of the sacred writings; I can now behold, with devout admiration, the great salvation promised us by the word, by the OATH of Jehovah, in that holy book, which, although possessed by many, is neither understood nor valued, except by a few *elected* individuals. I much wish for your continued instruction; and I know you take pleasure in considering it your duty to impart your knowledge of the Redeemer to the creature, whom He hath purchased with his blood. Would it were the will of God to give you a permanent standing among the circle of my friends, who are so greatly devoted to you; then, dear Sir, would our heaven be commenced upon earth, and all would be one continued scene of uninterrupted praises and thanksgiving, for the great Redemption, wrought out by the death and sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Murray, how greatly you succeed, when engaged upon a theme which I emphatically call YOUR OWN. love to hear you speak upon any subject; but on this, you are, I had almost said, divine; your whole soul seems engaged, when dwelling upon the Redeemer, and His love to man; nothing but the voice of the God who made you, and who hath so wonderfully endowed you, can exceed the honied accents of your heaven-inspired tongue. Do you wonder that I am daily wishing myself among the number of your hearers, your happy hearers! but how contrasted is the life of a soldier, to that of the peaceful Christian, seated at the feet of Jesus."

A respectable gentleman, writing, nearly two years *since*, from the City of Philadelphia, and speaking rel-

ative to the recent publication of the venerable, the now departed saint, gratefully says: "These volumes, your Letters and Sketches, are all I hoped for, wished, or expected; they are much more. I bless God not only for the treasures of wisdom committed to his venerable servant, but also that his valuable life has been preserved to accomplish this work; a production, which will live, and be read with ineffable delight, when the rubbish of ages shall have been consigned to oblivion."

Should any curiosity exist respecting Mr. Murray's political sentiments, it may be sufficient to say, that he was in heart an AMERICAN. AMERICA was the Country of his adoption. He was decidedly and uniformly opposed to the oppression of the British ministry, and he would have embraced any upright measures to have procured redress; yet, perhaps, he would have been as well pleased, had England and America been united upon terms of equality and reciprocal benefit; nor can it be denied, that he was, indubitably, an Anti-Gallican. In our opinion, a total dereliction of Country stamps miscreant upon the individual, who harbours feelings, so reprehensible. England was the native country of the Preacher; the virtues flourished in his bosom, among which the amor patriæ glowed with no common lustre. He frequently amused himself with writing in numbers, which, so soon as written, he generally committed to the flames. The following inartificial lines, written one hour after he received intelligence of the demise of the celebrated and meritorious Earl of Chatham, may be considered as a correct delineation of his political views and wishes.

"Swift on the car of fancy borne along,
And safely landed on my native Isle,
I join the mourning train, assembled there,
And stand unnoticed near the hallow'd corse:
I mark the empty pageantry of state,
A pageantry, alas! not empty here,
For here are real signs of real woe;

All ranks, all orders, mingle in the throng;
Some raise the voice in majesty of woe;
Some silent stand as statues—pale with grief—
At sight of these, my tears more copious flow.

Hark—from yon seat a voice assails my ear,
Than music in its softest strains more sweet.
'Tis Camden! favoured sage, exalted chief,
He calls his mourning country to attend,
As thus he pours the elegiac strain.

"From life's low vale, where all was calm repose,
And, taught by heaven, the mind drank classic lore,
To the tumultuous scenes of busy life,
This peerless man, in hour of dread dismay,
By pitying heaven, in mercy to our land,
Was summon'd forth. He gracious heard, and came;
Hail'd by Britannia's united voice;
His royal master look'd benignly kind,
And bade him welcome to his arms, his heart;
For howsoe'er remote their varied spheres,
Congenial souls, 'twould seem, inform'd them both.

No longer view'd as servant, but as friend,
In all his Sovereign's councils he had part,
Their hopes and fears, their aims and ends the same.
The Nation gave her treasures to his care,
Himself the richest TREASURE she possess'd;
And anxious eyes from every rank were rais'd,
With serious awe, and steadfast hope to Him;
Nor were their hopes, their expectations vain.
New life, new views, fresh vigor nerv'd his arm;
All that was wrong, his vigilance set right,
And, what was greater far, preserv'd it so.
The foes he met, (for who from foes is free)
Were, to the peerless jewel of his worth,
Like toiling lapidary to the costly gem,
They made its brightness more conspicuous shine.

The fawning sycophant oft sought his smile,
But piercing eye-beams struck the caitiff blind;
The foes to virtue trembled at his nod,
While her glad sons flock'd hovering round their Sire.
The Merchant watch'd his eye; the sons of Art,
The swain who turns the glebe, but chiefly he
On glory bent, who plough'd the watery way,
Panting to grasp the treasures of the globe,
He carefully this Pole-star still observ'd,
And safely voyaged, with this star in view,
How wild, alas! he'll wander now 'tis hid.

The secrets of all states, blest heaven-taught sage,
To thy pervading eye were all unveil'd,

And every dark intrigue was known to thee.
The Gallic power trembled at thy nod,
And proud Castalia, cowering, bent to thee.
In dire suspence the awe-struck Nations stood,
Nor could predict where next would burst the storm.

Lo! as he points, our Castles float along,
And British thunders roll from shore to shore;
The sooty tribes of Afric shrink appall'd,
And China's crafty sons distrust their skill.

In this great Legislator's hand, our flag,
Like that fam'd wand into a serpent chang'd,
As Hebrew sages sung in days of yore,
Made every other flag obsequious bow,
And every Nation own'd or felt his power.
But, while remotest lands through fear obey'd,
His grateful Country serv'd with filial love,
And every son of Albion shar'd his care.

Nor did the British garden, blooming round,
Alone engage the heavenly labourer's toil!
With watchful eye he view'd those tender shoots,
Whilome transplanted to Columbia's soil;
Those tender lambs he gently led along,
And to their plaints still bent a parent's ear.
Dear, much lov'd offspring of this happy isle,
With us, sincere, ye mourn the common loss;
With us lament the Father and the Friend;
But while our bursting hearts deplore his flight,
Perfidious Bourbon ghastly grins his joy;
The Gallic Cock now feebly claps his wings
And thinks to hear the Lion roar no more.
Base, treacherous, cringing, dastard slaves, beware;
Although our Sun be set to rise no more,
The moon and stars shall guide the Lion's paw
To seize thee trembling in thy close retreat.
Already mark! he shakes his shaggy mane,
And growling rises from his murky den;
His eye-balls roll with rage---they shoot forth flames,
He grinds his teeth, and finds them solid still;
He tries his paws, and finds his talons strong.
Our groans have rous'd him; see, he sleeps no more,
But still the royal issue of this Isle
This highly favour'd regent of the main,
Secure my stand nor fear the Lion's rage.

What though the DEMONS of THIS LAND may strive
To set the gen'rous Lion on her sons,
The Lion shrinks---so ancient Bards declare---
Nor will destroy the issue nobly born.

But these perfidious, who would set him on,
With ghastly looks, and souls appall'd by fear,
Too late shall feel the horrors of despair."

But it is the RELIGIONIST we are solicitous to characterize; and although the sentiments of the Preacher may be gathered from his writings, yet, as this Volume may come under the eye of some individuals, who may not possess the publication to which we have so often alluded, it may be proper, in this place to attempt a brief outline of the most prominent features in his creed.

His full soul believed in one GREAT AND INDIVISIBLE FIRST CAUSE, or origin of all created beings; before this great First Cause ONE ETERNAL NOW, WAS, IS, AND WILL BE EVER PRESENT. Every thing which has past, is passing, or shall pass, was ordained in His eternal purpose, and actually passed in review before Him, ere ever the worlds were formed, or countless systems commenced their revolutions.

The God of our Philanthropist was OMNIPOTENT, OMNIPRESENT, and OMNISCIENT; consequently he performed all his will; was, is, and will be, present through all space, through time and through eternity. In the prosecution of His plans, myriads of angels, in their various orders, were by his Omnipotent power commanded into being; these cherubim and seraphim, angels and arch angels, surrounded the throne of the Most High. The morning stars sang together, and all the hosts of Heaven rejoiced.

But, strange as it may appear to our finite understanding, fell discord, with peace-destroying influence, reared his hydra, his tremendous head. Various conjectures hover round this phenomenon. The origin of evil has exercised intellects the most profound and erudite; but he, who can develop the arcana of the Almighty, may claim equality with his God. It should be our care not to attribute to Deity a mode of conduct irreconcileable with rectitude; and to keep close to

that revelation, which he hath graciously vouchsafed to bestow upon us.

The creation of man succeeded the fall of the angelic nature. God said,—*Let Us* make man, &c. &c. Speaking in the plural, with an eye to the *complexity* of that character He had predetermined to assume, and, as we before observed, *past*, *present*, *and future* constituted, to the ken of Deity, one complete whole; and thus were important occurrences garbed in language, suited to the elevation of the Godhead. In process of time, this august Creator, was to be enrobed in humanity and become the SON born; was to be exhibited as a HOLY SPIRIT of consolation, taking of the things of Jesus, and exhibiting them to the mind, thus speaking peace. Mr. Murray was at the same time a UNITARIAN, and a TRINITARIAN, beholding, constantly beholding the trinity in the unity. LET US make man in our image, after our own likeness.—*Yea*, verily, man may be considered as made in the image, and after the likeness of his Creator. The figure is striking; man is a triune being, body, soul, and spirit, yet no individual is considered as *three*, but *one* man, the TRINITY in UNITY. The Almighty, clad in garments of flesh, became the GOD-MAN, and speaking of himself *as man*, he says, my Father is greater than me; while, reverting to the divinity, he affirms, the Father and He are ONE. Philip, have I been so long with thee, and dost thou say, show me the Father? he who hath seen me, hath seen the Father. Was this true,—or was Jesus Christ an Impostor? In this view the scriptures are beautifully consistent. I am GOD THE SAVIOUR; a just God and a Saviour; THERE IS NONE BESIDE ME. This same evangelical prophet exultingly exclaims, Isaiah ix. 6. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the *everlasting* Father, the Prince of Peace. Such were the comprehensive views of Deity, which became

more and more luminous to the mental eye of the Preacher.

He believed, that the creation of human beings made a part of the divine purpose; in which sacred, uncontrolable, and irreversible purpose, the WHOLE FAMILY OF MAN were originally and intimately united to their august Creator, in a manner MYSTERIOUS, and as much beyond our limited conception, as the Creator is superior to the creature whom HE hath formed.

Adam the first was a figure of Adam the second. Adam the first, the prototype; Adam the second, the substance of the prototype, the Creator of all Worlds, the Lord from Heaven. The sacred scriptures abound with figures of this mysterious, this ennobling, this soul-satisfying UNION; among which, perhaps, none is more expressive than that of the *Head* and *Members* constituting one body, of which Jesus Christ was the immaculate Head. Hence the propriety and necessity, of looking with a *single* eye to Jesus Christ. We are members of the body of Christ, *who is the head of every man:* Should a single member of this mystical body be finally lost, the Redeemer must, through eternity, remain IMPERFECT.

A Law was given, to the complete obedience of which, everlasting life was annexed; but no *individual member* was ever able to fulfil this Law; it was only the head and members *collectively in their glorious head*, that was furnished with abilities adequate to a performance of such vast magnitude. Yea verily, *we* do indeed break the divine Law, in thought, in word, and in deed, and the lip of truth declares, he who offends in one point is guilty of all.

Why then was the commandment so exceeding broad? To convince mankind of imbecility; and that the rectitude they had forfeited, could never, in their own individual characters, be regained. But the plan of Deity was *without* an error; the revolution of time ushered in the

great Representative, or more properly speaking, the *Head* of the body; and the forfeit was paid, full atonement was presented, the ransom given, and, in this hour of NATURE'S JUBILEE, the prodigal family restored to their original possessor.

To make this truth manifest was the great business of our Promulgator. He was convinced, that only he, who believed, could be saved; and that he, who believed not, was indubitably damned. Hence he has frequently said, *he did not believe in universal salvation*, because he saw the majority of mankind were *not saved*. But he was a firm believer in UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION; because that sacred volume, which he steadfastly, and unwaveringly believed to be the word of God, assured him the price was paid, and the whole human family was *redeemed*.

It was the neglecting to distinguish between *salvation* and *redemption*, which so frequently drew upon the preacher the charge of prevarication, or, as it was termed by Mr. C——, *hiding*. An article of intelligence may be an *established fact;* it may most importantly affect us; but so long as the mind refuses to admit its authenticity, we are undeniably subjected to all those agonizing apprehensions, which we should endure, if no such fact existed; and it was the salvation from these mental sufferings, which Mr. Murray supposed consequent upon a preached Gospel; in other words, an exemption from those tortures, that consciousness of condemnation, which is most emphatically described, when it is said, He who believeth not, is, or shall be damned.

Yet it is an established truth, that every *believer* was once an *unbeliever;* every believer, then, was *once damned*, and it was only when he became a believer, that he *was saved* from those countless agonies, which erst times pierced him through with many sorrows. *But he was redeemed*, the price was paid, ere ever he

was called into existence. Thus, in this view, redemption and salvation are *distinct considerations*.

The Preacher unhesitatingly believed, *all* who *learned* of the Father would come to Jesus, and that *all* would *finally be taught of God*. He was a decided believer in the doctrine of angels of light, and angels of darkness, of ministering spirits of light, and of demons stimulating to deeds of darkness. He looked forward to a judgment *to come*, when countless numbers, among the children of men, would rise to the resurrection of damnation, and, ignorant of the genuine character of the Redeemer, would call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and hide them from the WRATH OF THE LAMB; and, believing himself a humble instrument in the hand of God, ordained by Him to the ministry of reconciliation, he was never so completely happy, as when declaring the gospel to be believed; and calling upon men, every where, to receive the glad tidings of salvation. He was persuaded that those, who lied down in sorrow, would continue unhappy wanderers, until the opening of that book, in which every human being, every member of Christ was written; yet he had no idea of any purgation for sin, save what was suffered by Christ Jesus, *who, by Himself, purged our sins*. Writing of Mr. Winchester to a friend, Mr. Murray thus expressed himself, "Mr. Winchester is full with Mr. Law, and of course preaches purgatorial *satisfaction*. According to these gentlemen, every man must finally be his own Saviour! If I must suffer as much, in my own person, as will satisfy divine justice, how is, or how can Christ Jesus be, my Saviour? If this *purgatorial doctrine be true*, the ministry of reconciliation, committed to the Apostles, *must be false*; "to wit, *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto them their trespasses.*" In fact, I know *no persons* further from Christianity, genuine Christianity, than such Universalists."

Mr. Murray supposed the inquietude of unembodied, or departed spirits, a natural effect, derived from a cause. As *unbelievers*, they cannot see the things which belong to their peace; but he greatly rejoiced, that however *at present* enveloped in darkness, there were, and are, things that *did* and *do belong to their peace*, that the day cometh, when *whatsoever is hid shall be revealed*, and, that at the period of the restitution of all things, the word, the oath of Jehovah was pledged, that every eye should see, and every tongue confess. The Preacher was persuaded that a *few*, even in the present dispensation, were elected out of the world, to embrace the truth, previous to their passing out of time. These judging themselves, are therefore not to be judged; Saints of God, they shall surround the Redeemer at his second coming, or be caught up in the air to meet the GOD-MAN; after which, the whole world shall be summoned at the imperial bar of the Sire of angels and of men, the Creator of all worlds: That a separation will then take place; the Judge, the Redeemer will divide them, as a shepherd divides the sheep from the goats; will separate every individual from that body of sin and death, of which Paul complained, being burdened; from that fallen spirit, which attaches to every individual in such sort as to the man among the tombs, rendering it a truth, that he who sleepeth, *apparently* alone upon his bed, is, nevertheless, still connected with his tormentor, and will so continue, until this glorious day of *separation*, and of *restitution*; when these two shall be separated, one from another, the one *taken, and the other left*. The fallen angels, figured by the goats, shall be ranged on the left hand, while the harrassed human nature, redeemed by the God who created it, shall be found on the right hand of the MOST HIGH. Thus, after the world is judged, out of things written in the books; after they are found guilty before God, and

every mouth is stopped, the BOOK OF LIFE SHALL BE OPENED, IN WHICH ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE REDEEMER, EVERY INDIVIDUAL OF THE HUMAN FAMILY, SHALL BE FOUND WRITTEN; and the ransomed of the Lord shall be declared denizens of that kingdom, where dwelleth felicity uninterrupted.

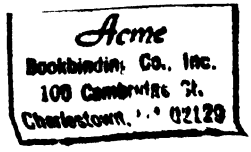
Such were the leading sentiments of OUR UNIVERSALIST; and he was firmly of opinion, that the doctrines of the Gospel, rightly understood, would teach men, every where, to be careful of maintaining good works, to love one another, and in all things to regard the best interests of their BROTHER MAN.

Conversant with the Preacher upwards of forty years, we never knew his testimony to vary, in the smallest degree. In joy and in sorrow, in health, in sickness, and in death, not a single cloud appeared to gather upon the Countenance of his God, or to obstruct, so far as it referred to his prospects beyond the grave, the clear sunshine of His soul.

If we except the Rev. John Tyler, episcopalian minister in Norwich, Connecticut, and the Rev. Edward Mitchell in the city of New-York, we do not know that the sentiments of any Preacher of Universalism, now upon this Continent, are *exactly* in unison with the departed Promulgator. But, if they build upon the great foundation, we devoutly wish them God speed.

Mr. Murray's last Marriage was the result of a strong and holy friendship, founded upon the Rock of ages; and, originating in devout admiration of redeeming love, it is fervently hoped, and unwaveringly believed, that this Union will be perfected in ANOTHER AND A BETTER WORLD.

THE END.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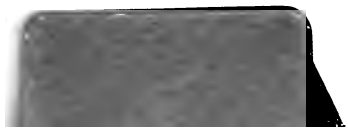
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